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Worship through drama

WORSHIP THROUGH DRAMA

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WORSHIP THROUGH DRAMA

by

RYLLIS CLAIR ALEXANDER
and
OMAR PANCOAST GOSLIN

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WORSHIP THROUGH DRAMA

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FOREWORD

THIS volume is a collection of twelve services of worship as they have been presented at the Riverside Church, New York City. In these services, for the first time, drama has been used consistently as a medium of worship. Sunday after Sunday, for an entire year, those who have attended these services have been inspired and challenged by a real experience of worship. The enthusiastic response of these congregations has convinced the authors that drama, as a fine art, should be used in the program of worship of every church, and may be made as effective as the instruction of preaching or the ministry of music. In each service the dramatic material has been used in the presentation of some central theme, with hymns, scripture readings, and prayers in keeping with that theme. In some instances a one-act play has been used; for others a series of episodes has served to develop the theme; again certain scenes have been adapted from a longer play.

The volume has been made possible by the generosity of those who have so graciously allowed their work to be included: Mrs. Mary P. Hamlin, Mrs. Mary Aldis, Mr. Henry van Dyke, and Mr. John Drinkwater. The authors are grateful to the editors of the Forum Magazine and to Mr. William C. White for the material used in the Russian episode in Service Number Six: to the Oxford University Press for permission to use Gilbert Murray's translation of the prayer to Zeus in Service Number Twelve: to Doubleday, Doran and Company for permission to reprint the Indian prayer from *The Indian How Book* by Arthur C. Parker:

to Professor Ozora S. Davis and Mr. Frank Mason North for the use of their hymns: to Mrs. George Sargent Burgess for permission to reprint the hymn by her aunt, Katharine Lee Bates: and finally, to Miss Caroline B. Parker of the Century Company for her cooperation in securing other hymn permissions. The authors wish to express their appreciation also to Mr. James Gould who has labored tirelessly to reproduce in the illustrations scenes from the various services as accurately and sympathetically as possible. For authenticity of costume in several instances they are indebted to the Eaves Costume Company, New York City.

August 14, 1930
New York City

R. C. A.
O. P. G.

PREFACE

THE characteristic Protestant tradition has centered its attention, so far as worship is concerned, upon a preaching service. The historic explanation of this fact can easily be given in terms of revolt against the older Roman habits of worship and the exigent need of a teaching ministry in the establishment of the new doctrine. Nevertheless, the limitations of worship, reduced to a few exercises of devotion appended to a sermon, are so narrow that we are facing now the inevitable rebellion against such a starvation diet.

Worship—being carried out of one's self by something higher than one's self to which one gives one's self—is a necessary function of the human soul. Many things besides preaching, and often much more efficiently than preaching, can contribute to true worship. Beauty, especially, whether of architecture, music, liturgy, or dramatic expression is now, as it always has been, a great servant of worship, when it is rightly used.

In the Riverside Church we are trying to offer to diverse temperaments various roadways of approach to the Eternal Spirit. On Sunday we use educational groups for the discussion of religion, preaching services, the silent, unprogrammed meeting of the Friends, the liturgical ministry of music, and worship through drama. This book represents some of the results of a year's experimentation in the last named field.

The use of so various a program of worship is not so much progress as restoration—the endeavor to recover for the service of the Church ministries of beauty that religion through the ages

has used and that Protestantism has too much neglected. Drama, in particular, can be most beautifully employed in the corporate expression of spiritual truth and aspiration, and especially among young people it has not only a long history, but, I am sure, a significant future.

This book, therefore, has meaning not only in its immediate contents, but as a symbol of the renascence of dramatic expression in the church. There is a long way to go before we have worthily worked out the latent possibilities of drama in modern religious life, but it is a road worth traveling. We cannot leave to the monopoly of secularism an agency of beauty so able to serve the spiritual life as is drama.

Harry Emerson Fosdick

WORSHIP THROUGH DRAMA

A DEFINITION OF DRAMA

To MANY people "drama" is synonymous with "theatre." To be sure, the theatre has much to do with the drama, with the way in which it is acted, and the type of drama which is in vogue. The managers not only choose the plays and the actors who are to play them, but they often determine the atmosphere which surrounds the play itself.

However, one should be careful not to confuse the theatre, which is merely a means of bringing the work of the dramatist before the public, with the drama which is a definite artistic form. The musician needs the orchestra to play his symphony; the architect needs the builder to put the stones of his cathedral into place. Otherwise the symphony would forever remain a mass of black dots on silent white paper, and the cathedral would continue to be a mechanical drawing or blueprint. Similarly, the drama is not created for the silent reader, but must be given life and being by means of actors, stage-setting, lighting effects, and any other device which will add reality to the presentation.

Drama is one of the fine arts and has always been given considerable attention by those who attempted to formulate any theory of art, from Aristotle down to the present day. As soon as we treat it as such, the purely secular aspects drop away and we can think of it as we think of music, painting, sculpture, architecture—an art which may be used as reverently in the church as any of these others.

It is well known that the drama of every nation had its origin in religious ceremony. Greek drama, both in its origin and

throughout its history, was closely connected with the religious rites and beliefs of the people. It began with the custom of offering thanks to the gods by means of hymns and dances. A recitation was added to the singing of the chorus. Then the speaker or actor, instead of merely alternating his recitation with the songs, began addressing his speech to the leader of the chorus. The dialogue concerned a myth relating to Bacchus or some other deity. Æschylus added a second actor, Sophocles a third and so the preponderance of dialogue was complete. Every great Greek tragedy treats some myth of the national religion, involving the struggle of humanity against such forces as fate, pursuing vengeance because of sin which must be expiated, or the necessity for sacrifice to appease an angry god. It was always produced as a part of religious worship, in a sacred locality, with an altar at the center of the theatre; hence the vitality of some of the masterpieces of Greek drama is without parallel in theatrical history.

Drama of modern times had its beginning in the festival services of the mediæval church, with choir boys and priests as actors. In the midst of the Easter service, just as the choir began chanting the antiphony of the resurrection, choristers representing Mary and her friends stepped forth into the chancel. Another with angel wings faced them.

Angel: Quem quaeritis in sepulchro,
O Christicolae?
Mary: Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum,
O Caelicolae!
Angel: Non est hic: surrexit sicut
praedixerat.
Ite, Nuntiate quia surrexit de
sepulchro.

The choir then shouted "Alleluia!" and the antiphony went on. The development from this Easter trope, as it is called, into

the mystery cycle is common knowledge. The church soon realized the tremendous power of dramatic representation. Other Bible stories were dramatized. The mediæval mind, filled with the childish love of the wonderful, seized upon the opportunity to present the miraculous stories of saints and heroes, and the mystery and miracle plays flourished for fully five hundred years. It was this enthusiasm for the dramatic together with the rediscovery of the classical drama that finally produced the great era of Elizabethan drama—Shakespeare, Marlowe, and all the rest.

Let us consider for a moment just what the dramatist does. Like any other artist, he endeavors to represent, or to use Aristotle's words, imitate life. He differs from other artists in the materials he uses. The painter uses pigments and canvas; the sculptor, stone and chisel; the musician, strings and pipes. The dramatist makes use of men and women; their thoughts, speech, emotions, actions. He would create a picture, not cold and lifeless, but living, moving, vibrant. He does not give an exact representation any more than any other artist. Whenever art imitates life exactly, it becomes a mere mechanical inventory. The artist instinctively chooses certain aspects of the life before him, disengaging them from other facts which seem less important to him, and trying to sift out the inherent truth and bring it into clearer light. In doing so, he of course idealizes his facts, either because his own personal ideas color choice and treatment or else because his insight into the dominant and significant characteristics of the facts influences him to emphasize what seems most expressive. When the idealization is subjective, we have romanticism and fantasy in art; when the idealization is objective, we get realism and the grotesque. In the greatest art we find personal preference perfectly balanced by keen power to observe things as they are.

Drama, therefore, is sure to reflect either the character of the dramatist or the character of his age. The church may influ-

ence the production of the drama in two ways: by encouraging the highest type of dramatist to write plays which will reflect his own idealism, and by insisting on the nobler characteristics of the age, thus raising the standard of realistic drama.

THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT IN WORSHIP

For a generation a battle has been fought over the truth or importance of certain theological dogma which have been a part of the heritage of the church. Our pulpits have been interested in presenting a solution to the intellectual difficulty that faces thinking men and women who are trying to adjust their religious experience to a rapidly changing world. To a large degree this problem has been solved, only to give way to the larger and more difficult problem—the development of the sense of a dynamic element in their religious belief with the power to transform life. In the transfer from an old to a new theology, those who were able to give up the old to accept the new often failed to build into their new idea the fundamental emotional basis which gave content to the old. The fear of hell was gone, and the hope of heaven became small incentive to a higher life. Thus religion now is in danger of becoming merely a philosophy to accept rather than a feeling which dominates and motivates our conduct.

To many others the intellectual schism between their early religious teaching and the facts of life has been too great. They have discarded the old theology and with it the other more important elements of religion. Among our young people particularly this experience has resulted in the modern "intellectual," a young cynic who reduces life from a spiritual adventure to a conditioned reflex.

If religion is to be significant, it must be built into the fundamental emotional life of men and women. This generation more

than any other is an age of sensation: we see more, hear more, feel more than any of our ancestors.

The essential value in the dramatic technique is that ideas are made so concrete, facts become so vivid, that an individual shares the experience of the dramatic presentation, and it becomes a real and significant part of his thinking and feeling. The importance of this technique is being applied in many realms other than the theatre. The salesman dramatizes the story of the commodity he is trying to sell, in modern advertising; the project method in modern education is a dramatization of the experience of learning; in fact, all along the line, the interests which attract the attention of the rank and file of men are those which are so dramatized that they seem to become a necessary part of human experience. In the realm of religion, the problem is not to make people think more about religion, but to have them feel it.

Historically, the church has tried to do this by building into its services of worship those elements which lift the soul of the worshipper to the highest level of inspiration and purposive conduct. The best art of the ages has been produced within the church—painting, music, architecture, sculpture—and the drama of human experience has been interpreted in mass and sermon, lifting individuals to new hope and clearer vision, helping them to experience their best selves. Through many years the church sought to conserve all that was highest and most beautiful in life. However, with the development of the Protestant Church, whereas there may have been a stronger emphasis upon the privilege to interpret faith intellectually, nevertheless there has been a distinct failure to recognize this other important element in religious experience. The Protestant Church has offered less beauty, less music, less symbolism, more preaching, more teaching—an attempt to regulate life by rule rather than guide it by inspiration.

It is this spirit which is a contradiction of the currents of our own time; and if the church continues to follow this method in the presentation of its truth, the men and women of today will seek their inspiration in other temples and will worship at other shrines than those housed within our churches.

In this volume the dramatic technique is presented as a valid idea of worship. It enables the presentation of ideas in so vivid a way that they become essential elements in the experience of those who worship. When we see a French woman embittered by the killing of her brother, torn between the desire for revenge and the plea of an enemy for protection, we enter into her struggle and learn through her victory the beauty and power of forgiveness. In the spiritual awakening of a blind Hebrew lad who recovers his sight and learns the cost of seeing and living for new truth, we realize keenly the tragic sacrifice which lights the way to the more abundant life. As we see young Francis of Assisi catch a vision of the life of service and self-denial, defying family tradition and friends in his determination to pursue his vision, we are reminded anew of our responsibility to share with others our blessings.

Through such experiences we learn the value of the dramatic technique in bringing to the Protestant Church and its services of worship the emphasis upon beauty and symbolism which they now lack. We are justified in using this art which through the ages has had so close a relation to the religious experience of all people. Drama lends itself naturally and significantly to the technique of worship which is needed today. It appeals primarily to the feelings and the senses by its use of light and color. The imagination is captured by the study of human experience which is unfolded. A sense of worship is gained by the participation of the actor and the communion of the worshipper through the drama that is portrayed. Honored by its traditional associa-

tion with religion, combining the possibility of the use of color, light and beauty with a presentation of human experience in interesting form, the drama offers to the church today a new and adequate technique of worship.

PRODUCING THE DRAMATIC SERVICE

Since the dramatic service is intended to enrich the religious experience both of those who attend and of those who participate in it, it must be produced with the same artistic conscience and the same spirit of reverence with which the minister prepares a fine sermon or a choirmaster trains a cathedral choir. It must attain a high standard of artistic merit, or it will fail to hold the attention of the audience and cease to command the respect of the participants. And unless those who take part realize the high purpose of the service, the production will soon descend from the plane of worship to the level of mere entertainment. They should find joy in the creation of something beautiful and inspiring, without thought of self or desire for praise. The names of the participants should never appear on the program. Nor should the services fall into the hands of a small dramatic group who become proud of their ability, develop temperament, and are interested only in the more important parts of a production. As many people as possible should be given a chance to participate in this valuable form of artistic expression.

In choosing the cast, effort should be made to get that person who is best suited to each particular rôle, without regard for previous dramatic experience or lack of it. All people are born actors when put at ease and allowed to forget themselves. And it is the business of the director to make the actors feel perfectly at ease, and to give them such a vivid conception of the rôles they are playing that they forget themselves. Often the best actor is discovered in a person who has never been on the

stage before, but fits perfectly into a part and loses all thought of self in its portrayal. The method of discovering the proper people for a cast must be determined by the elements of the situation in each church. If there is a large group interested in taking part, it is sometimes well to have a tryout, letting all take turns reading from the play to be cast. On the other hand, it is often difficult to get certain people to come to a tryout, so that one must adopt the conscription method. Nor should choice be limited to those who are already actively engaged in the work of the church. It has been found that people who before were merely spectators became actively interested in the church and made a valuable contribution to its life after having been a part of a dramatic service of worship.

As soon as the cast has been chosen, bring all the members together and read over the play. At this first meeting make sure that each one understands the character he is to portray. Watch carefully the matter of pronunciation and inflection, as a mistake in either is difficult to correct after the part has been practiced and memorized. Wrong pronunciation will mar any performance, and incorrect inflection will distort the meaning. At this first meeting, the remaining rehearsals should also be scheduled. It is better to rehearse intensively for a shorter period of time than to spread the rehearsals over a longer period.

Before the second rehearsal the director should have the stage business well in mind, so that the cast can begin immediately to suit action to word. In all of the services printed in this volume an effort has been made to supply the director with complete stage directions.

Perhaps the most important rule for all directors and actors to remember is that thought must be evident behind both word and action. *The actor must think his part.*

In making dramatic material available as a service of wor-

ship for the average church, it is necessary to achieve a simple technique of production which will assure an artistic and adequate presentation without elaborate scenery and properties. With this in mind, suggestions are made for equipment which can be used in auditorium, chancel, or upon a regular stage. We shall first describe accurately the complete equipment as it has been used for thirty services of worship at Riverside Church, New York City, and as it is pictured in the charts in this volume. Then we shall present methods by which simpler forms of this equipment may be adapted to the situation in any church.

The Riverside Church equipment includes a front curtain, an oleo curtain, three background curtains with masking borders, a scrim curtain, twelve flipper wings, four sets of parallels, platforms and steps. The front curtain is a grayish blue velour. Any front curtain should be neutral in color, and lacking any definite design or pattern. This type of curtain reflects and carries any color of light, making it possible to develop the use of interesting color transformations during periods of meditation. The oleo curtain is placed about five feet back of the front curtain. It suggests a rich tapestry of dark red embroidered with gold, the design of which was copied from an early Gothic vestment. The red suggests an appropriate background for certain liturgical elements of the service. This curtain is drawn during the interludes or between the scenes of a production.

The background curtains are black, white, and monk's cloth. The black and white curtains can be made of any material which will fall in soft folds. The black one should be thick enough to be opaque. The white curtain may be of thinner material, but should have enough fullness in width to allow many small folds, thus adding richness and body to it when light is thrown against it. The monk's cloth curtain is made in four sections, instead of two like the other curtains. For ordinary purposes the two sec-

tions of either side are tied together at the top, allowing the curtain to separate only in the center like the black and white ones. On other occasions the four separate sections lend themselves to very interesting possibilities. In several services they appear as columns. This effect is created by gathering each section as closely together as possible, leaving whatever spacing is desired between the columns. The graceful ascendant lines of the folds give the impression of real columns. In other sets the divisions in this curtain have lent themselves admirably to the improvisation of windows and doorways. In Chapter VIII a special chart shows the possibility of making windows in this manner.

Each of these curtains, including the front and oleo curtains, is hung by tie-strings to the carriers of any standard type track. Thus they may be pulled off right and left stage. Tableau lines are inserted which allow the curtains to be draped from the center. At Riverside Church, in order to gain the maximum usefulness and facility from these curtains, the transverse tracks carrying the curtains are suspended from three major tracks running up- and downstage. This allows any of the curtains to be placed as far upstage or as far down as the setting demanded. The tie-strings make it possible to change the relative position of the curtains by moving them from one track to another. Masking borders are provided in material which matches the different curtains. They are also suspended from tracks on the same flexible arrangement.

The scrim curtain, which should be a part of the equipment of every drama group, is made of undyed theatrical gauze. This curtain makes possible the creation of illusions which are real and effective as a part of dramatic presentations. A picture may be projected by any ordinary stereopticon. With a black stage the scrim is sufficiently opaque to present a very good reproduction of the picture. By bringing up lights back of the scrim, the scene

on the curtain fades out into any set which may be on the stage. In Service XII this use of the scrim curtain is described with further detail. In other instances this curtain is placed on the stage some feet in front of the black curtain. A picture, for instance, a scene in a forest, is projected on the scrim. Strip-lights are placed back of the scrim, throwing their light upstage in the direction of the black curtain. Because the black curtain does not reflect any of the light, the picture remains on the scrim, while any action on the stage between it and the black curtain is clearly visible to the audience. In the case of the forest scene, as described in Service II, a perfect illusion is maintained of figures walking and talking in a forest.

It is easiest to think of the flipper wings as folding screens, of two sections each, which may be folded together in either direction. A flipper wing is made as follows. The framework of each of the two sections measures four by twelve feet. It is made of one-by-three white pine strips, fastened at the corners by corrugations, and braced by several cross-pieces of the same material. The two sections are hinged together with double-acting hinges. These frames are then covered with material. Half of the flipper wings are covered on one side with black material, matching the black curtain, and on the other side with the white material. The other half are covered on one side with monk's cloth and on the reverse side with a properly sized light-weight duck. With the exception of the white duck all the materials are tacked on in folds.

It is difficult to describe all the possibilities of such equipment. First, the flippers are used as masking wings on either side of the stage. Again, a perfect illusion of columns is gained by alternating the black and the monk's cloth wings, arranged so that one-half of the width of the monk's cloth is showing. If the lighting is reflected from back of the first black wing against the

monk's cloth, the folds of the material are revealed as perfectly fluted Doric columns. Under Chapter XII a chart shows this arrangement of the wings for a column effect in the Greek temple scene. Again, the wings are used as the walls of a room. Their construction makes it a simple matter to fit any number of them together, thus creating an interior set of any shape or size desired. No scenery props are necessary as their screen-like construction causes them to stand without other support. The stage arrangement for the service in Chapter I shows a successful use of the wings in this manner. Openings for doorways are merely the spaces between two wings. A fine *moderne* effect is gained by this element of suggestion in the composition of a set.

However, this does not prevent an element of realism when desired. Windows are created in the following manner. Pieces of gelatine (colored mica or isinglass) are selected the size of the pane of glass desired. These are pasted together according to the pattern of the window by using black gummed tape. For a night scene, a dark blue gelatine is used; for daylight, a light amber. A window made in such manner is then pinned to the flipper wing, and a further touch of realism is added by the use of valence and side drapes. The effect of a large studio window may be obtained by leaving two flipper wings standing five feet apart. Wooden strips the same height as the flipper wings are nailed to other strips which are a little longer than five feet. This forms a criss-cross, the individual squares or rectangles of which are similar in size to the panes of glass in a large studio window. This arrangement of strips is then fastened across the opening between the flipper wings. The window is more effective if a thin gauze curtain covering the entire width at the top is draped together at one side of the bottom. Draperies may be used on one or on both sides of the window. Interior sets designed in this

fashion eliminate the difficult business of the construction and painting of flats.

The set of wings which is covered on one side with white duck offers additional possibilities for realism. If the atmosphere of a production could be improved by further touches of realism, these wings may be painted. In most of the work set forth in these pages the use of the painted set is discouraged as being less beautiful and less appropriate to the medium of worship than the suggestive background of fabric made interesting by the use of light.

The parallels, platforms and steps are used on those occasions when it is desirable to present the action on two stage levels. The accompanying chart illustrates the method of construction and the possible use of this equipment. The parallels are merely four sides hinged together, which open up into a rectangle, four feet wide, five feet long, and thirty inches high. Only one five-foot side is finished, and it is covered with white duck. The fence-like framework of the other sides is left exposed as shown in the accompanying chart. The platform is a lid made of boards held together by two battens which fits down on the parallels when they are open as a rectangle. The steps are made very simply, by nailing treads and risers on two sets of step-horses. The treads are twelve inches wide and the risers six inches high. Each set of steps has five treads, which makes the complete set five feet long. They are four feet wide. These dimensions make it possible to join a set of steps to the end of one of the platforms, or place it directly on top of the platforms. The steps are entirely covered with duck, allowing for painting if desired.

If there is no space or provision for a stage, that is, if the dramatic service is to be presented in the chancel or in an assembly hall without a stage, the equipment described above may be simplified merely to the use of the flipper wings, with the possible

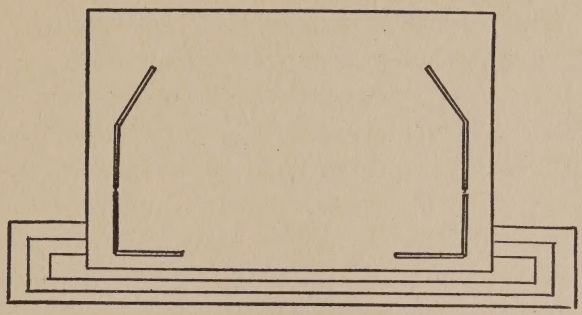
adaptation of the scrim curtain. No overhead masking or front curtain is required. The tops of the flipper wings present a *moderne* note to the composition of the set, which is desirable. Such a use of wings is illustrated in the accompanying chart.

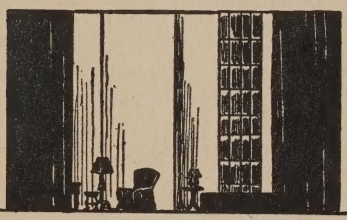
Effective dramatic presentation depends upon correct and adequate lighting. Proper lighting does not mean that there must be elaborate or expensive equipment. The material which is described in these pages is designed to be made by any group of young people who have even an elementary knowledge of electrical equipment. There are certain things to remember about lighting. *First, all lights should be portable.* The less fixed lighting the better. *Secondly, no foot-lights are necessary.* The best lighting is from the side and overhead. *Thirdly, equipment made by amateurs is as effective as expensive professional equipment.* Most professional equipment carries too much wattage for the average amateur stage. Any lighting outfit should include the following equipment:

1. *Strip-lights.* These are made by taking a piece of two-by-three spruce five feet long. Screw onto this either five or six standard upright porcelain electric light sockets. These should be wired in parallel and the two wires carried down the back or the sides of the spruce strip. Regular concealed wiring strips add a factor of safety to the equipment. Reflectors are made from tin breadpans; by cutting out one end, and a portion of the bottom, they may be slipped back of the porcelain sockets to form ideal reflectors. The sockets should be spaced according to the size of the pan, so that the open end of one will jut against the open end of the other. A regular electric screw plug should be attached to the wiring about eight inches from the top or bottom of the spruce strip. A three-quarter-inch screw eye should be

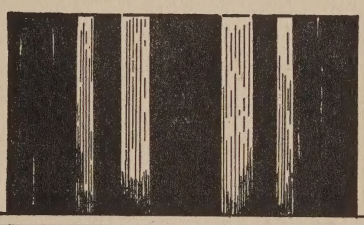
FLIPPER WINGS

USED ON OPEN PLATFORM OR PLACED IN CHANCEL

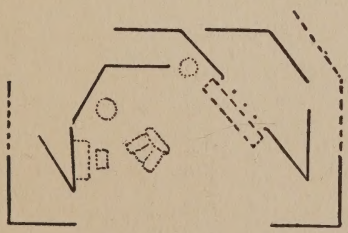


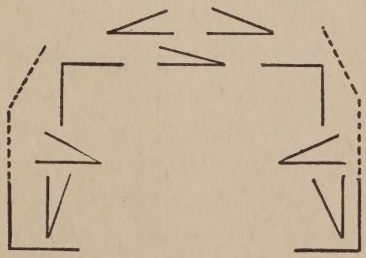


INTERIOR SET



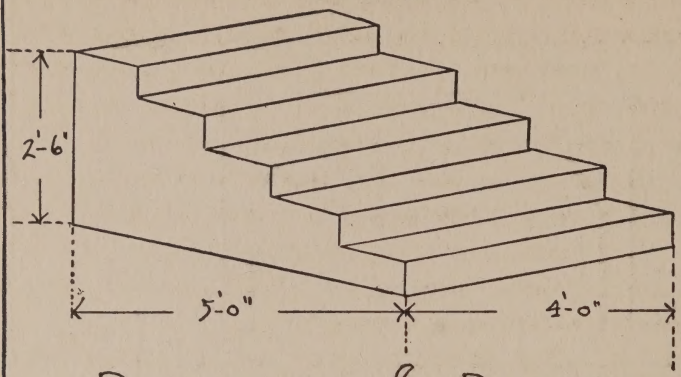
COLUMN EFFECT



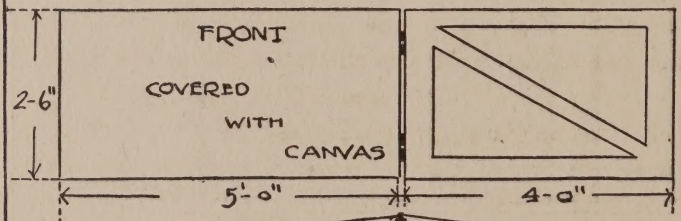


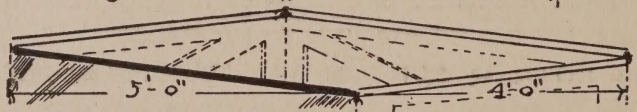
FLOOR PLAN OF ARRANGEMENT

STEPS

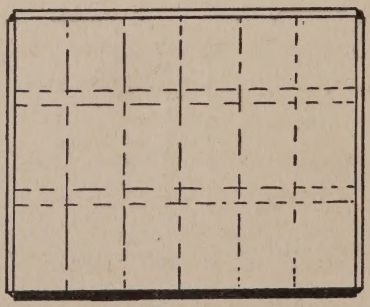


PARALLELS & PLATFORMS





EDGE VIEW — PARTIALLY COLLAPSED



TOP VIEW — PLATFORM IN PLACE

placed in each end of the spruce strip. Between the second and third socket from the top, a five-eighths of an inch hole should be bored into which is inserted a six-inch bolt equipped with nut and washers. These strip-lights are most flexible in their use: on the standards they become effective side-lights; laid on the floor they may serve as foot-lights; suspended in the air they become admirable border-lights. Bulbs of different colors make possible any desired effect. Forty- or sixty-watt bulbs should be used. The lighting outfit should include eight of these strips.

2. *Flood-lights.* These should be made in a similar manner. Each flood-light consists simply of one socket capable of carrying at least a two-hundred-watt bulb. A square pan of considerable depth and size serves as a reflector. The flood-lights should also be equipped with the six-inch bolts.
3. *Floor standards.* These are made by using two-by-three uprights seven feet high, well supported, and fastened to a base large enough so that the standard will not be easily overturned. Six holes are bored in this standard at six-inch intervals beginning at the top. The holes are five-eighths of an inch in diameter. The bolts on either the strips or the floods may be fastened in any of these holes allowing considerable range in the height of the side lighting.
4. *Panel board.* For effective control of the lights it is necessary to have a panel board, where the control is centralized. This board is made by fitting together boards so that a flat surface is secured measuring two feet by five feet. Screw onto this board two rows of electric light sockets. There should be at least eight in each row, and they may be of the push-plug or socket variety. Each one should be wired separately, so that individual tumbler switches may be placed on the board for each outlet. The wiring should in-

clude adequate fuses, so that a short circuit at any point will be taken care of. This wiring will all converge into one lead cable which is strong enough to carry the combined current of the entire lighting set-up. A special outlet should be wired for this connection wherever the panel board is placed. Better results in lighting are achieved if the top row of outlets is connected with a rheostat. Lights that dim or brighten gradually are always effective.

5. *Extension cords.* The separate units of lighting equipment become usable if there are numerous extension cords of different lengths. These should be of heavier wire than the ordinary household extension cord, equipped with a screw socket on one end and a screw plug on the other. By the use of these cords the lighting units are connected directly with the panel board, thus affording a complete control of the lighting set-up at one point.
6. *Spot-lights.* Two baby spots should be purchased from any theatrical supply house. The type having the sharpest focus will be found most effective. These baby spots are used in bringing high lights to certain bits of action which must be emphasized. In most instances the stereopticon may be used as a major spot.

Such lighting equipment need not be considered amateur. If carefully made and operated these lights will render effective service in presenting artistic and professional finish to the dramatic production.

Many an amateur production has been spoiled either by the improper use of make-up, or by the entire lack of it. There are a few simple rules to follow. Make-up is necessary whenever the actor is under a strong light. Thus all make-up should be tested under the lighting of the actual set to be used, so that it is not

overdone. *Make-up which is evident to the audience is poor.* Shades of complexion are determined by the use of different shades of grease paint. The eyelashes are usually emphasized by a line under the lashes on the lower lid. Rouge on the cheek-bones adds a glow of health and life to the complexion. An application of powder matching the grease paint smoothes out the make-up after the details are completed.

Character make-up is used when it is necessary to change the appearance of the person playing the rôle. It is well, first, to apply a thin coat of the proper shade of grease paint over the entire face and neck, except those portions where a beard is to be applied. Age lines are added to the face by using a liner, accentuating the natural lines of the face. Crêpe hair is used for artificial beards. It may be secured in all natural hair colors. In order to use it successfully it must be drawn out from the tight plait in which it comes. The farther it is pulled out, the more natural the wave of the hair and the more easily it is applied. Crêpe hair should never be laid on the face, but rather should be used in short pieces as if it were growing out naturally from the skin. It is pasted on with spirit gum. Any make-up may be easily removed with cold cream.

The matter of costuming is of prime importance. No matter how effective the stage setting may be or how well the actors may be trained, a production will fail artistically and fall short of its purpose if the costuming is incorrect or careless. It is necessary, first of all, to know accurately how each character should look. Pictures may be secured from libraries. It is good training as well as a fascinating study for those who wish to do research work and to make sketches of costumes. For Bible times the best source is Tissot's *Life of Christ*. For any other period in history excellent illustrations may be found in histories or encyclopedia, if one has only patience and time.

Once a costume has been visualized, the next problem is that of obtaining it. If a well-stocked costumer is at hand, from whom unusual or expensive costumes may be rented at a fairly reasonable rate, this may be the best solution, especially if the costume is one not likely to be used again later. Mediæval court dresses and the court jester outfit, such as those shown in Chapter IX, are difficult to make, and the purchase of the amount of material needed hardly warrants the expenditure of time and money.

However, the majority of the costumes may be made, provided that there is a responsible committee in charge and sufficient care is taken in the workmanship. It pays to buy material which hangs well and does not have to be lined. Sateen makes a good imitation of satin. Denim, striped and plain, is effective for Palestinian costumes. Cheese cloth should be used only for veils, and then in sufficient quantity not to look thin and skimpy. Colors should be selected with the entire scene in mind, so that there will be interesting combinations but no clash.

At the end of each chapter in this volume a section is included giving suggestions for each costume, as to style, material and color. Whether the costumes are rented, borrowed, or made, the greatest care must be taken to see *that they fit, that they are clean, and that they are pressed.* Stage lights tend to accentuate rather than to hide flaws in apparel. And whether or not clothes make a man, there is no doubt that the costume makes the actor.

Finally, it is important that the congregation be surrounded by an atmosphere of quiet and reverence which is conducive to the spirit of true worship. A group of ushers should be trained to seat people only at certain intervals in the service, and to see that the attention of the audience is in no way disturbed. It is strongly urged that the offering be taken at the door at the close of the service, and a note to this effect be placed on the program. Experience proves that the offering taken in this manner is quite

as generous as when the plates are passed and the mood of the congregation is interrupted.

It is easy to realize after this survey of the various phases of dramatic production that there is much work to be done, and that each department is dependent upon the others for complete success. Every one who has a share in the work, whether as stage-hand, electrician, actor, make-up man, or costumer, has an important contribution to make, and by doing his part conscientiously, will not only help to achieve for religious drama a high artistic standard, but will also have the joy of participating in the high service of dramatic worship.

Mask and Chancel

The clear white light of truth in blinding ray
Descends on Man in swiftly moving course,
And striking on his mind's enfeebled eye,
Bedims the sight that seeks the holy source.

Above the altar, framed in pointed arch,
The stained glass window with its varied hue
Catches the dazzling light on symboled pane,
Translates the softened ray that passes through,

And casts it clear on Drama's mask below,
Whose changing shadows have, from age to age,
Interpreted the great Director's will,
That Man, in worthy rôle, shall tread life's stage.

LLOYD EDWARD HARDING

SERVICE NUMBER ONE

Theme: *Forgiveness*

Order of Service

HYMN Lead on, O King Eternal

SCRIPTURAL PROLOGUE

THE LORD'S PRAYER

A Drama by François Coppée,
Translated by Mary Aldis

Characters

Mademoiselle Rose
Zélee, her housekeeper
Mère Blanche
The Curé
Jacques Le Roux
An Officer

Setting

Paris, at the time of the French Commune

MEDITATION AND PRAYER

HYMN Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

HYMN My Faith Looks up to Thee

BENEDICTION

SERVICE NUMBER ONE

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) Lead on, O King Eternal
Words by Ernest W. Shurtleff *Tune:* Lancashire

Lead on, O King Eternal,
The day of march has come;
Henceforth in fields of conquest
Thy tent shall be our home:
Through days of preparation
Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King Eternal,
We lift our battle song.

Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums;
With deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

Lead on, O King Eternal,
We follow, not with fears,
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er thy face appears:
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

SCRIPTURAL PROLOGUE

(*The auditorium lights are dimmed, and a spotlight is thrown on the front curtain. A reader in Geneva gown or cassock and surplice appears from between the curtains center stage and reads the Prologue.*)

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee.
Hide not thy face from me in the day of my distress.
  Incline thine ear unto me.
In the day when I call answer me speedily.

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me;
  For my soul taketh refuge in thee;
    Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I take refuge.

For thy lovingkindness is great unto the heavens,
  And thy truth unto the skies.
Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens;
Let thy glory be above all the earth.

I waited patiently for the Lord,
  And he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.
He brought me up also out of a horrible pit,
    out of the miry clay;
And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.
And he hath put a new song into my mouth,
    even praise unto our God.

Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in;
  Mine ears hast thou opened:
Burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required.
Then said I: Lo, I am come;
In the roll of the book is it written of me:

I delight to do thy will, O my God;
  Yea, thy law is within my heart.
I have proclaimed glad tidings of righteousness
    in the great assembly;
Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord;
Let thy mercy and thy truth continually preserve me.

Sing praise unto the Lord, O ye saints of his.
  For his anger is but for a moment;
  His favor is for a life-time.
Weeping may come in to lodge at even;
  But joy cometh in the morning.

How precious is thy lovingkindness, O God!
The children of men take refuge under the shadow of thy wings.
They shall be abundantly satisfied with the goodness of thy house;
And thou wilt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.
  For with thee is the fountain of life:
  In thy light shall we see light.
Oh continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee,
  And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:
  Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
  Who healeth all thy diseases;
  Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
  Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;
  Who satisfieth thy desire with good things,
    so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and abundant
in lovingkindness.
He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger forever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.
For as the heavens are high above the earth,
So great is his lovingkindness toward them that fear him.

Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.
The lovingkindness of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting
upon them that fear him.

THE LORD'S PRAYER*

By François Coppée
Newly translated by Mary Aldis

CHARACTERS

Mademoiselle Rose
Zélee, her housekeeper
Mère Blanche, a neighbor
The Curé
Jacques Le Roux, a member of the Commune
An Officer

SETTING

The action takes place in Paris, at the time of the French Commune. The scene is the living room of the home of a young priest. The room opens out left center back on a small sunlit garden full of rosebushes in full bloom. A hedge of these rosebushes leads from the door out to a low white fence, the gate of which stands open. There is another door leading to an inner room downstage right. The furniture of the room is simple: against the wall right is a table on which is a lamp, a sewing basket and a few books; a straight chair stands against the wall right of this table, and left of it center stage is a large easy chair. Near this, rather conspicuously placed is a hat-tree on which hangs a long black clerical cloak and a clerical shovel hat. Upstage left against the wall is a secretary, the upper part of which is filled

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with books. A religious picture hangs over the table. Downstage left is a prayer desk with a kneeling cushion in front of it: on the desk is an open Bible from which hangs a rosary, and over it on the wall hangs an ivory crucifix. A small French clock sits on the table. When the curtain opens, Zélee, an old woman in peasant dress and cap, is seated in an alert attitude on the straight chair right. Seated in the easy chair center is Mère Blanche, a neighbor woman. She wears a shawl and carries in her hand a small basket.

MÈRE BLANCHE: You are sure? He is really killed? (*Zélee nods*) There must be some mistake. It's too terrible!

ZÉLEE: There can't be any. Listen! It was near here—in Rue Haxe—yesterday afternoon. The rebels were carrying everything before them. The Abbé was against the wall with the others—he was speaking—he raised his hand to bless them—and then—then—he fell—shot dead. When they took him as a hostage four days ago, Mademoiselle Rose had no fear. "We shall have him back again soon," she said. He was so good, so beloved! Oh, the brutes, to shoot him down! (*Sound as of volley of shots is heard in the distance.*)

MÈRE BLANCHE: What is that?

ZÉLEE (*starting up and crossing to the door left center*): The soldiers from Versailles! That's right! Kill the rebels! Butcher them! It will serve them right!

MÈRE BLANCHE: Hush! You don't know what you're saying! Last night the brook ran red with blood. More than one innocent man was killed.

ZÉLEE (*still at the door looking out*): And who more innocent than my poor master—so strong, so tender, a true father to his people—keeping nothing for himself, giving away all that he had!—To kill him!—When your passions are

aroused, you Parisians are like wild beasts! It's "For the Commune," is it? It's the lust to kill!

MÈRE BLANCHE: Where is Mademoiselle Rose? She worshipped her brother.

ZÉLEE (*turning quickly and coming to Mère Blanche, standing on her left*): At first she did not say a word. I was frightened. I thought she was going mad, and then—she cried out against Paris. "The horror, the horror!" At last, she dropped off to sleep in his armchair. (*She indicates the chair in which Mère Blanche is sitting.*) Just now in her sleep, I heard her grind her teeth. (*She goes to the door right and listens.*)

MÈRE BLANCHE: Poor girl!

ZÉLEE (*sitting down again in the straight chair right of the table*): I came to them fifteen years ago. The Abbé was a boy of ten and Mademoiselle Rose only eighteen—so young, so pretty, so tender of little Jean! Their father and mother were dead—they were alone—the two young things. He was always reading. She was so proud when he brought home prizes from school. Then he went away to the seminary. We were so lonely! A rich farmer wanted to marry her, but she said she must take care of little Jean. "When he is a priest," she said, "I will keep his house." And she kept her word. And now he is dead and she is alone! (*Zélee bursts into sobs and buries her face in her apron.*)

MADEMOISELLE ROSE (*calling from the room beyond*): Zélee!

ZÉLEE (*hurriedly drying her eyes*): She is awake. You had better go. She must not talk. (*She gets up and smooths out her apron.*)

MÈRE BLANCHE (*rising quickly*): Of course. Good night. God keep you. (*She goes out left.*)

(*Zélee turns right and reaches the door as Mademoiselle enters, walking unsteadily. Zélee goes to her tenderly and*

supports her to the armchair center. Mademoiselle sits down and Zélee remains at her side right.)

ZÉLEE: You are better? Have you slept?

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: Yes—but the dreams! The row of prisoners against the wall, the crack of the guns—they fall quickly, one after another. I can't blot it out. (*Zélee brings her a glass of water from the table, which she drinks eagerly.*) I heard the guns in my sleep. Are they fighting still?

ZÉLEE: No, they say the last rebels were captured at Père la Chaise.

MADEMOISELLE ROSE (*rising, going to the doorway left, and pointing to the garden*): See how the roses drop their petals. Look at the sunshine on the grass; the birds are singing. And my brother, my brother is dead! (*She turns and comes back wearily to her chair.*) How did you know that the rebels were taken?

ZÉLEE: Mère Blanche told me. She has just gone.

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: The woman who lives at the end of the street? (*Zélee nods.*) My brother was good to her.

ZÉLEE: Monsieur le Curé has been here. I said you were asleep. He promised to return.

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: I can't see him.

ZÉLEE: Mademoiselle! Think again. He loved Abbé Jean. They were friends. It is his right to come.

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: Oh, well, let him come; but if he dares try to comfort me, if he talks about resignation, I can't bear it. I won't be told about the justice and goodness of God! I won't! Zélee, I shall live for a long time. I am very strong. The days and the weeks and the years will follow each other. The little clock there will keep on ticking them off, one after another, over and over and over, until I am an old woman. And always I will be here. Animals that are

no longer of use they kill. What am I to do now? They have taken away from me my child, my little brother. I am no longer of use. What can be done with me? If I could avenge his death, bring his murderers to justice! I tell you, if God exists, He is false or He is powerless. He lets an innocent man die so! I was a fool to believe in Him, in His goodness, His mercy. (*She rises rebelliously.*) Let them not talk to me of Heaven—there is no God!

(*As she finishes her speech the Curé, an old white-haired priest, comes in through the garden and pauses at the threshold of the door.*)

ZÉLEE (*touching Rose's arm*): It is the Curé! (*She goes out right.*)

(*Mademoiselle Rose recovers herself quickly and turns coldly to the Curé, who enters and comes toward her.*)

LE CURÉ: My poor child, my poor, poor child!

MADEMOISELLE ROSE (*drawing back right stage*): Thank you for coming, Monsieur le Curé; but can we not talk—a little later? You loved him, I know. I do not wish to be unkind—only I can't speak of it. I can't! (*She turns away right.*) Leave me alone, I beg of you.

LE CURÉ (*he stands center stage*): If I am unwelcome, I will go, but—a holy priest of God has submitted to martyrdom. I wish to say to you one word. Be comforted—your brother is with the saints of God. He is in Heaven.

MADEMOISELLE ROSE (*turning on him furiously*): Ah, I was waiting for that. You say my brother is in Heaven! I say he is in the Rue Haxe, bloody, horrible, pierced with gunshots—that I can see. I cannot see him in Heaven with a palm in his hand among your saints! I tell you those ghouls who killed him, who threw his body into a pit and covered him with clay and stones destroyed my faith in Heaven. Do

you understand now? I suppose you think it is shining, your Heaven, calm and blue and serene, while Paris is burning, while the pavements are red and slippery with blood. Sodom and Gomorrah are come again. But he was good, my brother. What has he done that he should be part of that? Your Heaven, I don't believe in it! I defy God! I have said it. Curse me if you will. (*She sinks down in the chair right and buries her face in her hands, sobbing.*)

LE CURÉ (*he remains standing center in front of the armchair*): My child, I weep for you. What you say does not frighten me. God will forgive you when you ask his forgiveness—as you will ask it; but in the holiness with which he has been invested, in his glory among the angels, your brother's heart is rent by the blasphemies of his unhappy sister. (*He sits down in the armchair.*)

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: Oh, forgive me! I am beside myself. But if he is in Paradise, as you say, how can I live on here? When he was little, I cared for him; when he became a priest, noble and strong, I looked up to him as to a father. I served him—I took care of him—he took no thought for himself. Every evening he would read—here—by this lamp (*she indicates the one on the table*)—and I would sew near him. Often we would speak at the same moment of the same thing, so close were our thoughts. For his sake I refused to marry. When he was absent I stitched my thoughts of him into the garments I made for him; and I was happy. I owe him everything, and now! My grief is precious to me, —a cruel joy. My last breath will be to mourn for him—my brother.

LE CURÉ: Poor, broken heart! Your tears will water a green spot in the desert of your empty future. My child, guard your suffering in your heart, but keep always in your mind

the knowledge that he knows all you think, all you do. I speak now not as the Curé, but as an old man who has seen life and loves you. I feel the spirit of your brother hovering near us. It is as if he said: "Weep if you must, my sister, your tears are dear to me; but weep with courage. Hold ever in your heart the memory of former days, and the hope of those to come. Live nobly. I will watch over you. Read aloud the Holy Book, and as you hear the divine words you will think that you hear the echo of my voice. When you succor those unfortunate ones whom I have loved, you will feel the pressure of my hand in their handclasp. Travel then, the length of the way marked out for you. I, your invisible guide, will help you bear your burden of sorrow. Be not troubled that the hour is afar off when the blessed dawn of your immortal day shall break in holy light upon your vision. Be patient to the end."

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: Oh, Monsieur le Curé, if it were true! (*She is radiant for a moment, and then the shadows fall again.*) But it is not true! Oh, why cannot I die too? (*Firing is heard in the distance.*) What's that?

LE CURÉ: They are still fighting.

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: Oh, yes, I remember, the Commune is beaten. The rebels are killed. (*With a triumphant cry.*) My brother is avenged!

LE CURÉ: Who knows who is killed? There may be many who are innocent.

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: How can you pity them? They are murderers! (*More shots are heard.*) Do you hear that? The sound of the guns makes me glad. I am mad for vengeance! If they need anyone to excite the soldiers, to shoot down the rebels, let them come to me—I am ready! (*She rises and goes to the door left.*)

LE CURÉ (*rising, for the first time really shocked*): And it is his sister who says this?

MADEMOISELLE ROSE (*turning back toward him*): Can't you understand? My brother—my brother was killed! Do you hear? Shot down after all the years of patient devoted self-sacrifice! The moment their passions are aroused, they shoot him down. Have they souls? Look! (*She goes quickly to the clothes-tree upstage center and takes down cloak and hat.*) See how worn and shabby these are. I hid them so that he might get new ones. But when I told him, he looked at me with his tender smile. "Rose," he said, "I have just been to see the Duvals. There are five mouths to feed now, and another coming. Sister Rose, please give me back my old clothes. You will mend them?" And four days later he was in prison as a hostage, and there was no one to pay his ransom! And you stand there and bid me remember to "pardon"! You try to rock my bitterness to sleep with your pity—but the sound of those muskets firing upon traitors calls to me. (*She drops the cloak and hat on the chair and turns back toward the door.*) I glory in their punishment!

LE CURÉ (*sternly*): If I thought but of the dignity due the office I hold, I should pass the threshold of that door and never return. I should pronounce denunciation upon a rebellious soul and go away. But the God whom you defy is the same God your brother worshipped. I dare to affirm that at the moment of his death your brother raised his hand in blessing and in supplication for pardon: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." (*Rose is still turned away from him, but her head is now bowed.*) Hate, curse, denounce, if you must, unhappy woman that you are. But remember that if your brother could speak to those who caused his death, it would be in pity for their blindness and

in forgiveness for their cruelty. Goodbye. (*He crosses to the door left.*)

MADEMOISELLE ROSE (*moving to stop him. He pauses to listen to her*): My brother was a saint, and I am but a woman. What is to become of me? What shall I do?

LE CURÉ (*indicating the prayer desk left*): Pray. (*He goes out. Mademoiselle Rose stands motionless for a moment looking after him.*)

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: He said to pray. My heart is full of hatred. How can I pray? (*She goes slowly to the prayer desk, kneels, takes up the rosary from the Bible, and clasps her hand over it. After a moment she begins haltingly.*) Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy—thy—will be done —— Oh, I can't —— (*She breaks down, but after a moment recovers herself and goes on.*) Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses—(*pause*) as we forgive those who trespass against us—forgive! forgive whom? Those murderers? No! I will *never* forgive them—by the beads of this rosary —— (*She flings the rosary down upon the floor and rises from her knees.*) He said my brother forgave them. I will never, never forgive them! (*She is still downstage left facing front.*)

(*At this moment a disheveled man wearing the uniform of a Communist rushes into the garden, looks hurriedly back into the street, then comes quickly into the center of the room.*)

JACQUES LE ROUX: At last, shelter!

MADEMOISELLE ROSE (*swinging around right with a cry of alarm and anger*): A rebel, in my house!

JACQUES LE ROUX: For the love of God, let me stay! I am a fugitive. They are tracking me to my death as they track a

hunted animal. If they take me they will shoot me against the wall. I saw your garden gate. You will hide me? Give me a corner where I can lie hid for one day, only one. I promise to go tomorrow. Turn me out now, and I am lost. You love some man—father, son, husband, brother! I implore you, save my life in the name of the man you love!

MADEMOISELLE ROSE (*taking her stand in the doorway to cut off his escape*): You ask that I save you in the name of the man I love. Know, then, I had a brother whom I loved. He was shot yesterday, against a wall—the Abbé Morel!

JACQUES LE ROUX: I am lost! Let me go! (*He moves toward the door.*)

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: You have said it. Lost! Yes, go forth. (*She points the way.*) And I will go too. I will follow you to the street and I will cry to the crowd, "There is the assassin!"

JACQUES LE ROUX: I am no assassin. I have fought as others fought. I am innocent of crime. Have mercy!

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: You are all murderers. How dare you ask for mercy? (*She goes to the chair and takes up the cloak. He still stands on her right.*) Look at this coat my brother wore because he gave all his money to you—you, his murderers! And you pray to me for mercy!

JACQUES LE ROUX: I see I cannot touch you. You are too cruel. Since you rejoice that I am to die, I will tell you who I am. Jacques Le Roux, member of the Commune!

MADEMOISELLE ROSE (*amazed*): You!

JACQUES LE ROUX: I voted against the Revolution. I opposed the shooting of hostages. Still, I have fought against the Government. I am not a believer, yet I reverence and trust those who worship God. Now I find what the goodness of

a Christian woman means. You have no pity, you have no heart. (*He points to the crucifix.*) How dare you pretend to worship the memory of Christ, you who will not forgive a man who is innocent—you, who will deliver up to his death a hunted fugitive who begs you for an asylum!

ZÉLEE (*calling out as she runs in through the door right*): Mademoiselle Rose! Mademoiselle Rose! There are soldiers in the street! (*She stops short on seeing Jacques and stifles a cry of surprise.*)

MADEMOISELLE ROSE (*to herself*): He said my brother forgave all!

JACQUES LE ROUX: There is nothing for it, then, but death. Well, if it's my fate ——

(*Rose takes up cloak and hat and shoves them hurriedly into the arms of Jacques. She motions to Zélee.*)

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: Take him in there, (*pointing right*) and help him put them on. Go quickly. (*Jacques Le Roux and Zélee hurry off right.*) Have I done as you would wish, my brother? Oh, my beloved, my beloved! Give me some sign that I have done your will!

(*An officer enters through the garden and stands in the doorway left.*)

OFFICER: Madame, your pardon! (*He salutes.*) One of the rebels is concealed somewhere in this street—a leader—we must find him. Will you answer my questions or shall we search the house? It will go hard with you if he is found here.

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: Certainly I will answer your questions. There is no one here. Look if you choose. Do you wish proofs? (*She points to the prayer desk and crucifix. The officer steps in, sees them, and steps back embarrassed.*) In-

deed, I have no sympathy with rebels. (*At this moment Jacques Le Roux appears in the door right in cloak and hat; he stops as if in surprise when he sees the officer.*) I live here alone with my brother.

OFFICER (*touching his cap respectfully*): Pardon, Monsieur Abbé! Monsieur—Madame. (*He bows and goes out.*)

(*Jacques Le Roux comes quickly to Rose who stands center stage, grasps her by the hand, and bends over it.*)

MADEMOISELLE ROSE: It was for him, my brother. You wear his cloak. You are safe. Go. (*He goes out left. She stands watching him off and then goes to prayer desk, takes rosary from the floor, presses it to her lips, and kneels.*) Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

CURTAIN

MEDITATION AND PRAYER

(*The auditorium lights remain off after the curtain closes. The reader of the prologue appears center stage. After a short period of silent prayer, he reads the following*:)

O God of love, who hast given a new commandment, through Thine Only-begotten Son, that we should love one another, even as Thou didst love us, the unworthy and the wandering, and gavest Thy beloved Son for our life and salvation; we pray Thee, Lord, give to us Thy servants, in all time of our life on the earth, a mind forgetful of past ill-will, a pure conscience, and sincere thoughts, and a heart to love our brethren.

Coptic Liturgy of St. Cyril

"FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FORGIVE ——"

HYMN (*Congregation seated. Auditorium lights full up.*)

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

Words by John Greenleaf Whittier *Tune:* Whittier

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) My Faith Looks up to Thee

Words by Rev. Ray Palmer *Tune:* Olivet

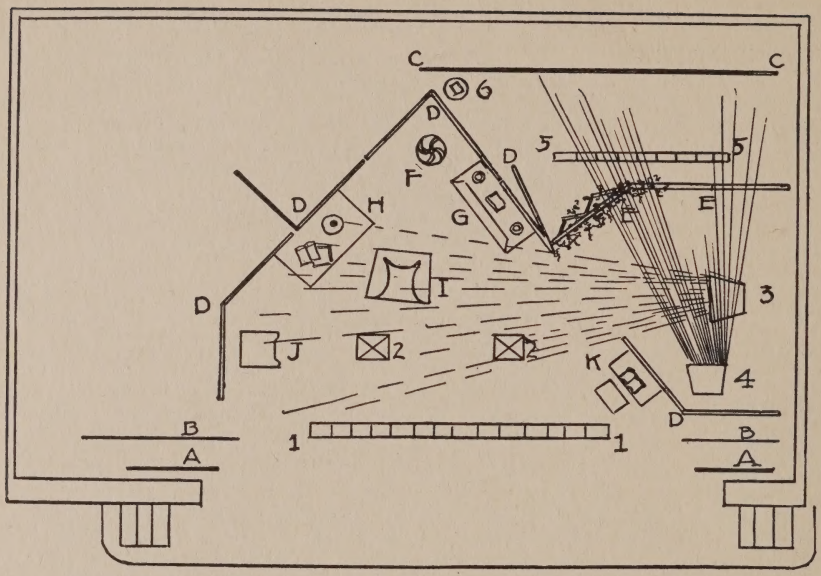
My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

BENEDICTION

(*The reader of the prologue reappears to pronounce the benediction.*)

The Lord bless you and keep you: the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you: the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen.



CHART

SERVICE NUMBER ONE

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	White Curtain
D-D-D-D-D-D	Monk's Cloth Flipper Wings
E-E	Parallels
F	Hat Tree
G	Secretary
H	Table
I	Easy Chair
J	Straight Chair
K	Prayer Desk and Crucifix
1-1	Dim Amber Lights in Front Border
2-2	Amber Second Border Lights
3	Amber Flood-light
4	Blue Flood—on elevated stand
5-5	Blue Strip-lights—two sections laid on floor
6	Blue Strip-lights—standing

PRODUCTION NOTES

Service Number One

Stage Setting

The chart accompanying this service shows in detail how the monk's cloth flipper wings were used in the construction of the set. An interesting perspective is gained by the angle of the set which shows the corner of a room. The doorway leading into the garden is suggested by the open space between two flipper wings: the vertical lines of this opening which run to the top of the flipper wings achieve a *moderne* note which is more effective than the use of a realistic door.

The white silk curtain hung upstage back of the flipper wings and lighted by the blue flood-light gives the illusion of blue sky and distance. In lighting the set, most of the illumination should come from the open doorway as though sunlight were streaming in. The light and shadow thus created make the set more interesting.

Costumes and Make-up

Mademoiselle Rose: she wears the long full skirt and tight basque of the late eighteenth century. The dress should be subdued in color, and simple in trimming.

Zélee: long, dark, full skirt and tight waist with handkerchief collar. A white apron covers half of her skirt and she wears a white ruffled servant's cap. Hair powdered and face heavily lined for old age.

Mère Blanche: her dress is similar in type to that of Mademoiselle Rose, but more colorful. She wears a bonnet and shawl and carries a small basket.

Le Curé: the long black cassock of the French priest, and small, black skull cap. The cap can be made by tying a knot in the top of a black silk stocking after it has been cut in two. This makes a tightly fitting cap when drawn on the head with the knot inside. His face is heavily lined and grayed with white powder. White crepe hair, fluffed

out, is glued to the border of the cap from the ears around the back of his head.

Jacques Le Roux: costume of a French Revolutionist—tight-fitting trousers, short boots, blouse open at the neck, and tassel cap with the red, white and blue rosette. His hair looks unkempt and hangs down over his forehead. His make-up should be ruddy.

Officer: The uniform of an eighteenth century French officer. Should be made up with small moustache.

Properties

The sound of shots may be simply reproduced by blowing up the necessary number of paper bags, tying the openings with string, and exploding them at the proper time.

SERVICE NUMBER TWO

Theme: *St. Francis*

Order of Service

A Prelude of Hymns

Love Divine All Love Excelling

More Love to Thee, O Christ

Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Scenes from the Life of the Saint

Scene One: The Cathedral Square of Assisi

Scene Two: The Tribunal of the Bishop of Assisi

Scene Three: A Wooded Hill in Umbria

Prayer

Hymn Lord, Speak to Me

Benediction

SERVICE NUMBER TWO

A Prelude of Hymns

Love Divine All Love Excelling

Words by Charles Wesley *Tune:* Beecher

Love Divine, all love excelling,
  Joy of Heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
  All Thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
  Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation
  Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
  Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
  Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
  Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
  Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation;
  Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see Thy great salvation
  Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
  Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

More Love to Thee, O Christ

Words by Elizabeth P. Prentiss *Tune:* More Love to Thee

More Love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee
Hear Thou the prayer I make, On bended knee
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.

Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek, Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.

Then shall my latest breath, Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry, My heart shall raise;
This still its praise shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.

Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

Words by Frank Mason North *Tune:* Gardiner

Where cross the crowded ways of life
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;

Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountainside,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again.

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the city of our God.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI*

Three Scenes from the Life of the Saint adapted from a mystery play, *The Poor Man of Assisi*, by Reverend Fr. H. Gaffney, O.P.

CHARACTERS

Francis Bernardone, a youth of Assisi

Adrian, Angelo, Paul, Phillip, Masseo, Leo — friends of Francis

Petro Bernardone, father of Francis

Guido, Bishop of the Episcopal Court of Assisi

A Notary in the Bishop's Court

A Servant of the Bishop

A Beggar

A Peasant Woman

Two Children

SCENE I

(*The Cathedral Square of Assisi. The front curtain opens and a group of youths, laughing and talking, enter through the oleo curtain, come down off the stage, and make their exit through a door right at the front of the auditorium. This group includes all of Francis' friends. Adrian and Angelo come last and remain on the stage watching the others go off.*)

ADRIAN: Pray, what does all this celebration mean today?

* Copyright. Arrangements for the use of this play must be made with the authors of *Worship Through Drama.*

ANGELO: They've found young Francis and they bring him here to make him speak and tell us why he went away and left our crowd.

ADRIAN: Good! He's played the hermit long enough! We'll make make him sing with us as he used to do before this strange new mood came over him.

(*Adrian and Angelo follow the others off. Singing is heard outside the auditorium. The words of the Latin song* Funiculi Funicula *mingle with the merry shouts of celebrating youths. Through the doors at the rear of the auditorium the gay crowd enter, carrying Francis on their shoulders and continuing to sing the Latin song as they march down the aisle. When they reach the stage they toss Francis onto the stage with loud hurrahs. They group themselves about him, two seated on the edge of the stage and the others standing below.*)

FRANCIS: I never knew I had such friends before.

ALL: Speech from Francis! A speech! A song!

FRANCIS: Come then, we'll sing about our old-time revels and the joys we had before I went away.

(*Led by Francis, the group join heartily in singing once more the Latin tune.*)

FRANCIS: Louder! We've not much to sing about but surely it is something that we sing. Now let all Assisi hear.

(*The crowd sings again more lustily than before. As the song ends a gray-haired beggar, dressed in rags, slowly enters right and approaches Paul who is seated on the edge of the stage right. The beggar holds out his bowl.*)

PAUL: Go away and work, old man!

BEGGAR: Ah, Master, I am past work long ago. (*He passes on to Adrian on the edge of the stage left. As he passes Francis*

center stage, Francis looks into his face and changes from gayety to intense interest.)

ADRIAN: Away with thee! We have naught for thee.

(*The beggar starts off left. Francis moves quickly after him, takes him by the arm, looks with compassion into his eyes, seizes the money-bag from his belt, and empties it into the beggar's hands.*)

BEGGAR: If thou art ever poor, fair boy, I pray that God send one like thee across thy path!

(*Francis embraces the beggar and kisses his hands. The beggar goes off left and Francis stands looking after him in rapt attention.*)

PAUL: Come, Francis, shake thyself. Thou mayest have time for beggars when thou hast done with friends.

LEO: Aye, we hear that thou hast poured thy father's wealth into their filthy paws. He'll whip thee hard for mingling with these leprous folk.

FRANCIS (*still gazing after the beggar*): It might have been the Christ! I thought I saw the print of red wounds in the poor man's hands.

ANGELO: Thy tale now, Francis!

PHILLIP: Aye, tell us why you went away and played the hermit near that lonely church.

FRANCIS (*turning back center stage*): I'll tell you, friends, all that there is to tell. One night when we were soldiers in Apulia, I slept beneath the stars, and as I lay and looked up into the silent night, I heard a voice speak thus: "Dost thou choose, Francis, to serve the Master or his servant?" I answered, " 'Twere better far to serve the Master." And then the voice spoke once again: "Why then dost thou make the servant Lord?" I scarce can tell what followed. But one day I thought that Jesus spoke from his great cross and then a great

light dawned upon my soul. I saw him naked, poor, in pain, and want, and like the poor whom we meet every hour. Straightway, I saw that these belonged to Christ. I longed to be like them and with them, that I might be forever numbered with the friends of Christ and minister to poor and needy souls.

PAUL (*interrupting him*): Here comes thy father, Francis, looking wrathful as the judgment day. Perchance he's heard of thy mad charity.

(*Enter from the rear of the auditorium, Petro, who strides down the aisle and up onto the stage. Francis' friends all stand and watch with apprehension the scene that follows.*)

PETRO: So here you are, frolicking with your friends and innocent as though you never stole a coin! Read that! (*He thrusts a roll of parchment into his hands.*) You sold my goods and gave the gold you got to all the cursed beggars of the place. You've set the city laughing at me. Today the gamins shouted after me, "Where's thy madman son?" You'll come before the magistrate for this!

FRANCIS: I have not, Father, stolen aught from thee. Moreover, since I serve the Church I will not go before the magistrate but claim my right to the justice of the Church.

PETRO: Away then, thou ungrateful son, I'll take you straight before the Bishop's court. (*He takes Francis by the arm and leads him off-stage right followed by others.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE II

(*The Episcopal Court of Assisi. The bishop's throne chair is on a dais upstage center with steps leading to it from either side. A small prayer stool and bench are downstage*

left. When the curtain opens, the lights are dim and the organ is playing softly. If no organ is available, use an orthophonic victrola playing the "Angelus" rendered by Charles O'Connell, Victor record No. 35767. At the close of this record, a processional of priests enter from right stage and march slowly across as if going toward a chancel which is beyond the left exit. These priests should wear either cassocks or long academic gowns. The young men who were friends of Francis may be members of this procession as they do not appear in this scene. The priests are followed by the Bishop who wears a mitre and full regalia of his office. He proceeds to the prayer bench where he kneels in prayer. A choir is heard singing off-stage left. Use Brunswick record by the Royal Polyphonic Choir singing "The Magnificat," Part I. At the end of this record, the Bishop rises, crosses himself, and proceeds up the steps to his throne upon the dais where he seats himself. The lights are brought up following the prayer. A notary enters from right stage and takes his position left center before the throne of the Bishop. He holds a sheaf of papers.)

NOTARY: Today, Petro Bernardone cites his son before the judgment seat, my lord.

BISHOP: Is that the boy who loves the poor so much? I know him well. But what can such a son have done against his father? None can be more gentle and obedient than he.

NOTARY: My lord, the boy, it seems, did use the gold he got for goods his father bade him sell; he gave the money to a priest to mend a broken chancel wall. The priest has left the money here with us. He did not know how Francis got the gold, and feared to keep it.

BISHOP: The boy took nothing for himself?

NOTARY: Nay, not a penny.

BISHOP: He gave it all in order to repair a church?

NOTARY: Yea, that is so, my lord. The father hopes that you will judge between them both.

(*Servant enters from right and bows low.*)

SERVANT: My lord, a boy whose name is Francis waits without.

BISHOP: Bid him enter.

SERVANT: And Petro Bernardone also waits below and seeks admittance.

BISHOP: Let them come in at once.

(*Servant goes out and returns immediately bringing Francis and Petro. They kneel on entering and make the sign of the cross. The Bishop raises his hand in episcopal blessing and then motions toward the notary.*)

BISHOP: Read the accusation.

NOTARY: Petro Bernardone, a most worthy citizen of Assisi, doth call before the tribunal of your lordship, his son, Francesco Bernardone. He accuses his son of having made a laughing stock of him in Assisi, of having defrauded him of money received for merchandise, and of being altogether an ungrateful and a disobedient son.

BISHOP: Call Petro Bernardone here.

(*The notary motions to Petro who rises from his knees and comes toward the bishop's throne standing left center opposite the notary.*)

BISHOP: Thou hast a pretty quarrel, Petro, with thy son. Hast thou been ever stern or harsh with him?

PETRO: My lord, that boy would drive an angel mad!

BISHOP: Dost thou support the whole sad accusation read?

PETRO: My lord, I do!

BISHOP (*to notary*): Call the boy hither!

(*The notary motions to Francis who rises and comes center stage standing by his father.*)

BISHOP: Francis, hast thou made use of gold which was not thine?

FRANCIS: I sold my father's goods and gave the money to a priest to meet an urgent need.

PETRO: My lord, he's an ungrateful son, and I must have my money back at once!

BISHOP: And when thou hast thy money back, what then?

PETRO: No man was ever cursed with such a son. He lives among the poorest folk as though I had not reared him well, and given him more money than his fellows in the town possess, and yet he loves these leprous men. My lord, he stopped not even there, but every day he walks among them openly, as though he felt as proud to be among them as his fellows would be proud to walk with kings. The people pelt him in the street with mud, and every day they shout at me, and say my son is mad, and laugh at me because they know I fixed high hopes on him, and reared him like the scion of a noble house. My lord, my heart is broken with him quite. Can you not dissuade him from such foolish ways?

BISHOP: I cannot be without some sympathy for thee, Petro. But it is clear to me that thou lovest thine own good far dearer than thy son's well-being. All that thou hast said hast shown me that thy heart is led and swayed by what thyself hast suffered. He has pain as well, but thou hast forgotten that. I think, my friend, that thou art made of less fine clay than he. But justice shall be done to thee and him. Go, Francis, return thy father's gold. It is not meet to build a church for God with money not bestowed with right good will.

(*Francis, surprised, sees that the notary holds the bag of gold. He steps forward and receives it into his hands. He then turns and places the bag of gold in Petro's hands.*)

FRANCIS: My father, I will gladly give to thee not only all the gold I got, but all the clothes I wear, for they are also thine. (*Francis takes off the cloak he is wearing and casts it toward the feet of his father. He then turns toward the Bishop.*)

FRANCIS: My lord, my heart hath longed to know the poverty of Jesus Christ, and I would be among the poor whose poverty is great like his. He was in want and pain, and on the cross died naked. He had no place to lay his head. Today, I strip myself of all that until now divided me from him.

PETRO: He's mad in truth, to speak like that!

FRANCIS: Nay, father, not mad, but sane enough to follow in the footsteps of my lord. And well I know that he whose heart doth love his father or his mother more than Christ is all unworthy of that gracious lord. Until this very hour I have called Petro Bernardone, "Father." Now I call upon another and will say, with all my heart, until my dying breath (*kneeling*),

My Father, who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
And forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
But deliver us from evil;
For Thine is the kingdom,
and the power,
and the glory,
Forever and ever. Amen.

CURTAIN

Scene III

(*A path through a sunlit wood. Leaves have fallen from the trees which give evidence of approaching winter. A wayside shrine is seen alongside the path left center. As the scene opens a peasant woman and her two children are kneeling before the shrine. Voices singing a hymn are heard off-stage right. They are singing*:)

Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?
Come to me, saith one, and coming, be at rest.
If I find Him I will follow, what His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor, many a tear.
If I ask Him to receive me, will He answer nay?
Not till earth, and not till heaven, pass away.
Finding, following, keeping, struggling, is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs, answer yes.

Words by John Mason Neale *Tune*: Stephanos

(*As the hymn ends the voices seem to be coming nearer and the children rise and point off-stage right.*)

Child: See, Mother, 'tis Brother Francis and his friends. They are coming this way.

Second Child: O, Mother, he's the man who was so kind to me the other day. I know that he will help you if you ask him.

(*The mother stands watching. Francis, Masseo and Leo enter right. They wear the brown gowns and cowls of the Franciscan Order. Francis comes center stage. The children go toward him and take his hands.*)

Francis: God bless you, my child, and you, little Joseph. Why, the air is cold today and winter will soon be here. Hast thou no coat to keep you warm on cold days like these?

Mother: Good sir, God sent thee here in answer to my prayer.

Alas, I have no money to buy clothes for them, nor aught to feed them with. They've had no bread nor milk for three days now. I've heard that thou art a friend to all the poor. I pray thee, save my children or they will surely die.

(*She sinks on her knees before Francis, who takes off a shoulder cape which he is wearing, places it around her, and lifts her to her feet.*)

FRANCIS: God bless thee and keep thee and thy children! This cloak will keep thee warm so that thou mayest care for them.

MOTHER: But my little ones need clothing more than I!

FRANCIS: Have patience! We shall find something for them also. (*He turns to Masseo.*) What money have we in our pouch?

MASSEO: You gave the last we had to the poor blind man we met last evening.

FRANCIS (*turning to Leo*): Then we shall share our crust of bread with these dear children of our Lord.

LEO: Alas, there is no bread to share! You do forget you have not tasted food since yesterday.

FRANCIS: Then I can share naught with you but my poverty, and that will not feed hungry little mouths that must be fed. Friends, have we nothing more that we can sell? (*He feels inside his gown and brings out a small Testament.*) Aye, here is this—the Testament from which we read our daily prayers. 'Tis richly bound and should bring price enough to buy both food and clothing for thee and thy children. Surely God will bless such use of it.

MOTHER: Now do I know that thou art sent from God to minister unto me and my little ones. And I see now why men do call thee "good."

FRANCIS (*raising his hand in benediction*): May the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you and give you peace.

(*Mother and children go off left.*)

MASSEO: But, Brother Francis, you should not have given away your cloak. You've had no food to warm you and without it you'll grow ill with cold.

LEO: Aye, Masseo is right. You sometimes carry your charity too far. Your health is far too precious to be risked like this. You should not spend yourself so lavishly. You mean too much to your followers. We fear to lose you.

FRANCIS: Cease your chiding and your foolish fears. God will care for me as he cares for the birds that nest in these trees. His holy hands clothed them. He gives them daily food and songs to sing. And he will surely do as much for us if we but trust him. Come let us rest ourselves near this shrine.

(*As they turn toward the shrine, they are interrupted by Angelo's entrance from the right.*)

ANGELO: At last my searching is rewarded and I have found thee.

FRANCIS: Angelo, friend of my youth! How art thou and what brings thee hither?

ANGELO: If thou wilt have me, I would be a follower of thine. For ever since that day when you did empty out your purse into a poor man's hands, and told us that he might have been the Christ, your words have haunted me. I, too, would know the poverty of Christ, and be a friend to halt and lame and blind.

FRANCIS: Thou art indeed welcome. Too long hast thou borne sword and belt and spurs! 'Tis time at last to change. I'll gird thee with the shining sword of Christ!

(*Angelo takes off his belt and sword, lays them at Francis' feet and kneels before the shrine.*)

FRANCIS: Brother Masseo, read for us the Rule.

MASSEO (*reading from a parchment scroll which he carries in his girdle*): The rule and life of the brothers is this: namely, to live in obedience, in chastity, and without property; to

"GO, SELL ALL THOU HAST, AND GIVE TO THE POOR."

follow the teaching and in the footsteps of Jesus Christ who says, "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow me."

(*All kneel down.*)

FRANCIS: Thou art the holy Lord God! Thou art the God of Gods, who alone workest marvels.

Thou art strong. Thou art great. Thou art most high

Thou art almighty. Thou holy Father; King of Heaven and earth.

Thou art love; Wisdom; Humility!

Thou art Beauty; Thou art Gentleness; Thou art our great Sweetness;

Thou art our Eternal Life.

Infinite Goodness, great and wonderful, Lord God Almighty; loving and merciful Saviour.

(*A brief pause of meditation and then speaking in unison.*)

ALL: Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shalt be;

World without end.

Amen.

CURTAIN

(*Lights are brought up in the auditorium and the leader of the prayer appears center stage.*)

PRAYER IN UNISON

Grant unto us, Almighty God the knowledge of Thy way, and the spirit of obedience thereto, that, being conformed in thought and words unto Thy way Thy peace may rule our hearts. Help us to cast out all things which are contrary to Thy peace, or that are not according to Thy will, so that

ours may be the quiet life of trust, and faith, and obedience, living lowly, longing for Thy truth, and walking in the light thereof, that Thy blessing may be upon us, and the light of Thy countenance our perpetual delight. Hear us of Thy mercy, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

George Dawson

HYMN (*Congregation standing.*) Lord, Speak to Me
Words by Frances R. Havergal *Tune*: Canonbury

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart!

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show!

BENEDICTION

May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship and communion of the Holy Spirit, rest and abide with you now and forever.

Amen.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Service Number Two

Stage Setting

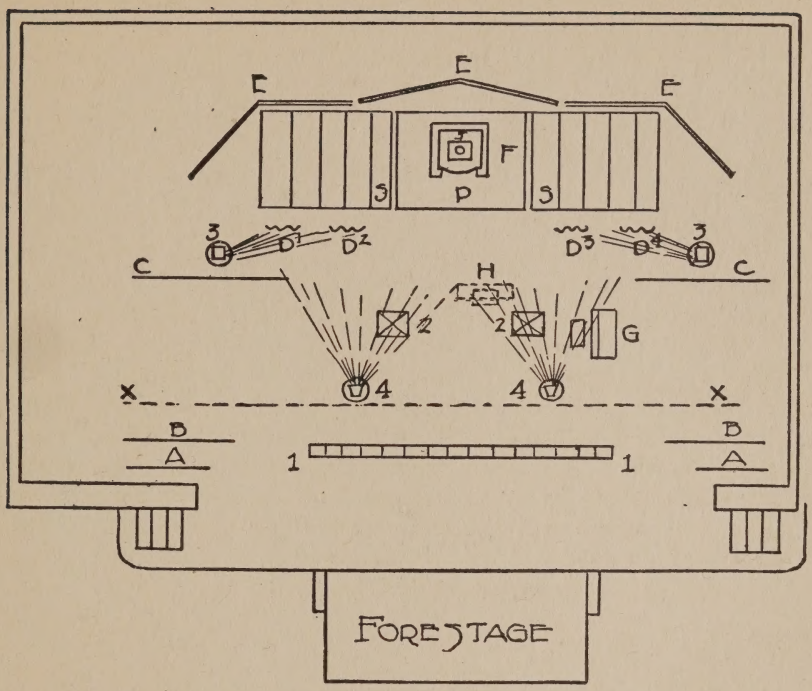
In Scene III the effect of the forest is produced as follows: the scrim curtain is drawn across the front of the stage; the black curtain hangs eight feet back of the scrim; a stereopticon slide of a forest scene is projected upon the scrim. As shown in the chart, strip-lights are placed back of the scrim at points which correspond with the heavy tree trunks, so that they are not visible from the audience. Enough light is used in these strips to illuminate any action which takes place between the scrim and the black curtain, but not enough to destroy the image on the scrim. The light must not fall on the scrim but must be directed toward the black curtain. From the point of view of the audience the actors who appear between the scrim and the black curtain seem to be walking in the midst of a dense forest.

Costumes and Make-up

In Scene I, all the characters except the beggar are dressed in Italian costume of the thirteenth century—doublet and hose, puffed sleeves, plumed hats—in brilliant and varied colors. Several wear swords, the others pouches. Francis and Petro must wear wigs; the others keep their hats on, unless they too wear wigs. The beggar wears a ragged smock of brown burlap, knee length, and belted in with rope: his legs should be smeared with brown grease paint and powder, and his face is made up to show exposure and old age.

The Bishop wears red cassock, embroidered cope, mitre, and carries sceptre. The notary wears black cassock, as do also the priests in the processional.

The woman in Scene III wears a long loose gown with a shawl over her head. The children are in simple loose gowns. Francis, Masseo, and Leo wear the brown habit and cowl of the Franciscan Order, belted with a white cord. Francis wears a long black cape. Angelo wears the same costume as in Scene I, with sword and plumed hat.



CHART

SERVICE NUMBER TWO

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	Black Curtain—closed in third scene
D-D-D-D	Monk's Cloth Curtain as columns
E-E-E	Black Flipper Wings
S-P-S	Platform and Steps
F	Bishop's Chair
G	Prayer Desk
H	Shrine—for third scene only
1-1	Front Border Lights
2-2	Second Border Lights
3-3	Blue Strip-lights—second scene
4-4	Strip-lights—third scene
5	Baby Spot—second scene
X-X	Scrim Curtain—third scene
	Fore-stage indicated is used for first scene

SERVICE NUMBER THREE

Theme: *Thanksgiving*

Order of Service

HYMN Now Thank We All Our God

THE GODS BESTOW THEIR GIFTS UPON AMERICA

To America come the
Greek gods and goddesses
symbolizing the abundant
virtues with which she
is blessed.

Vesta, goddess of the Hearth
Mercury, god of Invention
Diana, goddess of Youth
Apollo, god of Art and Music
Ceres, goddess of the Harvest

HYMN America the Beautiful

A PSALTER OF PRAISE

AMERICA FACES HER RESPONSIBILITY

First Episode: The Bondage of the Machine
Second Episode: Sacrifice

PRAYER

HYMN

BENEDICTION

SERVICE NUMBER THREE

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) Now Thank We All Our God
Words by Martin Rinkart *Tune*: Nun Danket

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hand and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours today.

O may this bounteous God
Thro' all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven;
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

THE GODS BESTOW THEIR GIFTS UPON AMERICA

(*The auditorium lights are dimmed and when the curtain opens the stage is empty and is in semi-darkness. The setting is that of a Greek temple—columns on either side and steps leading up to a platform center back. Upon this is a throne chair draped with white silk. As the action proceeds the lights are brought up gradually. The reader should be dressed in black Geneva gown and occupy a position left stage in front of the line of the front curtain. He enters after curtain opens and reads.*)

READER: America comes to the temple to take thought of her blessings, and to give thanks for the abundance of riches which have been showered upon her.

(*The figure of Columbia in blue and silver comes slowly down the center aisle. There must be music for each of the processionals. The organ may be played or an Orthophonic Victrola. Use either "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" or music as recorded on Victor Record No. 20635. Columbia ascends steps which go up to the stage level and continues to the throne chair where she seats herself in an attitude of meditation.*)

READER: To her come ancient divinities to pay her homage, and to lay at her feet the divine powers and virtues which they have at their command.

First of all comes Vesta—goddess of the Hearth, an elder sister of all the Gods. As goddess of the burning Hearth, Vesta is the divinity of the home. She was worshipped first of the gods at every feast; before her shrine in city and state the holy flame was religiously cherished, and from her altars those of the others obtained their fires. She comes now, with six virgin priestesses to kindle the hearth

fires of America and light the torches which will banish the shadows of fear and doubt, thus assuring safety of home and state, peace and well-being.

(*Down the center aisle comes Vesta in flame-colored robe, followed at fairly long intervals by six vestals, in white robes, walking two by two, and carrying lighted candles. With these candles, the first two vestals light torches on either side of the throne. Lights on the stage come up to their brightest point as the torches are lighted. Vesta goes up the steps and takes her place on the left of America. The vestals stand on the level of the stage, three on the right and three on the left of the steps. During this processional use the following music: The "Andante Cantabile" by Kreisler on Victor Record No. 6184.*)

READER: Swift as the wind to follow her, is Mercury, the messenger of Heaven—the god of Invention and Patron of Commerce. Instead of his wand of gold entwined with serpents and surmounted with wings, he now carries the miraculous wand of Electricity, by which he has given men power to see in the darkness, to send messages through the air, to reproduce beauty of sight and of sound, to rear great buildings, to float huge ships, and to fly through space with the wings of the morning. This wand he places in America's hand that she may use it for the benefit of her people, and for the good of the peoples of the world.

(*Mercury rushes down the center aisle and leaps upon the stage. He kneels on the steps and gives the wand to America. This wand should have a lighted flashlight at one end and should be entwined with silver. He then takes his place on America's right. His entrance is accompanied by a quick crescendo run on either organ or piano ending in a crash of chords.*)

READER: Fresh from mountain and field comes the moon-goddess, Diana—protectress of youth, mistress of the brute creation, and patron of Nature. She and her nymphs come to bless with verdure America's fields, to place wealth of natural resources at her command, and to fill her plains and fields with multitudes of animals created to fill the needs of man.

(*Diana, dressed in white with silver headdress, comes down the left aisle. Behind her come five maidens carrying bows and arrows. They are dressed in short tunics of brown velvet trimmed with green. Diana goes up the steps and takes her place on America's right alongside Mercury. The maidens group themselves downstage left, three of them seated on the floor. For music use Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" played by Zimbalist on Victor Record No. 892.*)

READER: And now the temple is filled with sweet sound as Apollo and his nine Muses appear. Phœbus Apollo, Olympian divinity of the sun, is fraught with light and healing, spiritual, creative, prophetic. He was worshipped as a founder of cities, a promoter of civilization, a giver of good laws, a pure and just god, requiring clean hands and pure hearts of those who worshipped him. As god of Music and Art, he brings to the service of America his nine Muses, that she may have sweetness and light, the fruits of culture, to gladden the hearts and minds of her people.

(*Apollo, in shimmering costume and crowned with laurel leaves, proceeds down the right aisle. The Muses in rainbow colors follow him at fairly long intervals, walking single file. He goes up the steps and stands on America's left by Vesta. The Muses seat themselves one by one on the steps until there are three on each side; the other*

three group themselves downstage left. For music use the "Meditation from Thais" played by Kreisler on Victor record No. 6844.)

READER: And finally comes Ceres, Goddess of sowing and reaping, bringing in her train maidens who carry the fruits of the harvest—grain from the field, grapes from the vineyard, fruit from the orchard, and nuts from the grove. All these are laid at America's feet, symbolizing the bounteous riches which fill her barns and storehouses throughout the length and breadth of her land.

(*Ceres in flame-colored robe comes down the center aisle. Six maidens in short corn-colored tunics follow, one by one, bearing trays, cornucopia, and flat baskets, filled with sheaves of wheat, grapes, apples, pumpkins, nuts, bananas, pomegranates. Ceres takes her place on America's right. The maidens place their burdens on the steps in front of America until the steps are filled. Then they group themselves, three right and three left, on either side of the steps. All remain in their places while the Reader continues. For music use Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," Victor record No. 9016.*)

READER: The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul.

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.

For Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.

Thou anointest my head with oil. My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

CURTAIN

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) America the Beautiful
Words by Katharine Lee Bates *Tune*: Materna

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

APOLLO AMERICA MERCURY

MUSE HUNTRESS

CERES' MAIDEN DIANA VESTA

A Psalter of Praise

(*Multigraphed copies of this Psalter should be made and distributed in the pews. The Reader, appearing center stage, acts as leader for this responsive reading. The congregation remains standing.*)

Leader: I will give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart;
I will show forth all Thy marvelous works.

Response: I will be glad and exult in Thee;
I will sing praise to Thee, O Thou Most High!

Leader: Bless Jehovah, O my soul; and all that is within me,
Bless His holy name.

Response: Bless Jehovah, O my soul; and forget not all His benefits.

Leader: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destructions;
Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thy desire with good things.

Response: Jehovah is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger and abundant in loving kindness.

Leader: For as the heavens are high above the earth
So great is His loving kindness toward them that fear Him.

Response: The loving kindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him,
And His righteousness unto children's children.

Leader: Bless Jehovah, ye His angels,
That are mighty in strength, that fulfill His word,
Hearkening unto the voice of His word.

Response: Bless Jehovah, all ye His works,
In all places of His dominion;
Bless Jehovah, O my soul.

AMERICA FACES HER RESPONSIBILITY

(*The lights in the auditorium are dimmed and the Reader again takes his place front stage left. When the front curtain opens, the gods and their attendants are gone and the harvest bounty has disappeared.*)

READER: America has received the gifts of the gods; she has seen the riches with which she has been blessed. But there is a voice which comes to America saying:

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine that thou may'st waste thyself
Upon thy virtues, or they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Do not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
For herself the glory of a creditor
Both thanks and use.

Go forth, America and see how thou may'st, nay, how thou must use thy virtues and thy powers.

(*America rises from her throne, comes down the steps and goes off stage right.*)

CURTAIN

First Episode: The Bondage of Man to the Machine

When curtain closes upon America's exit, the house lights are kept off. Music is heard, either piano or organ, not a melody but the unbroken rhythm of minor chords—a hard, mechanical note indicating physical struggle. The curtain

opens. America's throne chair has given way to the plain platform framed by the black curtains. The figure of a man stands in bold relief against the black background. He is stripped to the waist, wears overalls and canvas gloves. He is lighted by a red flood light left stage, as if he were standing before the open fire of a great furnace. Sweat and grease glisten on his back. He is a symbolic figure—the American laboring man—in bondage to toil.

The ceaseless rhythm of the music is broken by a crash of chords—his signal to work. And as the rhythm of the music continues louder and ever more monotonous in its pace he moves, interpreting by his pantomimic gestures and rhythmic movements the characteristic actions of his daily toil. There is a cycle of different movements each one of which is repeated four times to the accompaniment of the music. These movements are as follows: 1. He reaches out and draws back as if pulling on a steel cable; 2. He stoops down as if lifting on first count and rises and extends hands over head as if piling weight higher than head on second count; 3. He clasps hands together and swings back over shoulder on first count and then down as if driving with sledge hammer on second count; 4. On first count swings right arm in circle close to body, on second count swings left arm symbolizing the ceaseless whirl of the wheels of industry. This is repeated twice but on the last two movements the arms are only raised shoulder high and allowed to swing back as a pendulum, indicating fatigue. The ceaseless one-two, one-two rhythm has been continued in the music through these sixteen measures. A crash of chords sounds the end of the day's toil and the figure drops—completely exhausted to a prone position—to sleep the sleep of the weary.

Eight measures of quieter music is ended with another re-

sounding chord—the signal that the toil of another day is to begin. The laborer struggles to his feet and the ceaseless rhythm is renewed this time in a series of two-measure movements. At the end of the second measure, the red light disappears and in the blackness all that is left visible of the worker is the gloves on his hands which glow in the darkness and are seen going through the endless routine of the labor. This effect is gained by using a Stroblite paint on the gloves. When the red flood light is cut out a spot is focused on the figure; in front of the spot place a U.V. or ultra-violet screen which eliminates all light except the color in the Stroblite paint. Thus the gloves appear to glow out of the absolute darkness.

The music continues—the man becomes merely two hands repeating the ceaseless round of toil—a crash of chords—the hands sink exhausted, another day ended.

CURTAIN

Second Episode: Sacrifice

Front curtains open revealing moving-picture screen on which is projected the picture of Woodrow Wilson as he appears speaking to an audience. The words are spoken by a voice off-stage. If a projection screen and stereopticon are not available the lines may be spoken by the Reader standing before the front curtain.

VOICE: (*The following words are extracts from speeches and articles by Woodrow Wilson in the years 1919 and 1923.*) If we are not servants of the opinion of mankind, we are of all men the littlest, the most contemptible, the least gifted of vision. If we do not know our age, we cannot accomplish our purpose, and this is an age which looks forward, not backward; which rejects the standards of national

selfishness that once governed the counsel of nations and demands that they shall give way to a new order of things in which the only question shall be, "Is it right?" "Is it just?" "Is it in the interest of mankind?"

We command you in the name of those who, like ourselves, have died to bring the counsels of men together, and we remind you what America said she was born for. She was born, she said, to show mankind the way to liberty. She was born to make this great gift a common gift. She was born to show men the way of experience by which they might learn the gift and maintain it, and we adjure you in the name of all the great traditions of America to make yourselves soldiers now once for all in this common cause, where we need wear no uniform except the uniform of the heart, clothing ourselves with the principles of right and saying to men everywhere, "You are brothers and we invite you into the comradeship of liberty and of peace!"

There is something better, if possible, that a man can give than his life, and that is his living spirit to a service that is not easy, to resist counsels that are hard to resist, to stand against purposes that are hard to stand against, and to say, "Here stand I, consecrated in spirit to the men who were once my comrades and who are now gone, and who have left me under eternal bonds of fidelity."

The world has been made safe for democracy. But democracy has not yet made the world safe against irrational revolution. That supreme task, which is nothing less than the salvation of civilization, now faces democracy, insistent, imperative. There is no escaping it, unless everything which we have built up is presently to fall in ruin about us; and the United States, as the greatest of democracies, must undertake it.

The road that leads away from revolution is clearly marked, for it is defined by the nature of men and of organized society: the maintenance in every field of action of the highest and purest standards of justice and right dealing. By justice the lawyer means the prompt, fair, and open application of impartial rules; but we call ours a Christian civilization, and a Christian conception of justice must be much higher. It must include sympathy and helpfulness and a willingness to forego self-interest in order to promote the welfare, happiness, and contentment of others and the community as a whole. This is what our age is blindly feeling after, in what it deems the too great selfishness of the capitalistic system. The sum of the whole matter is this, that our nation cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit. Only thus can discontent be driven out and all the shadows lifted from the road ahead.

Here is the final challenge to our churches, to our political organizations, and to our capitalists—to every one who fears God and loves his country. Shall we not all earnestly cooperate to bring in this new day?

PRAYER (*The prayer is offered by the Reader.*)

Eternal God, from the beginning to the end Thou dost hold the destiny and purpose of man in the hollow of Thy hand. Lift Thou the eyes of this nation to high things. Make our leaders discontent with selfish pride; possess our youth with nobler ambition than the attaining of wealth; give us hands of service and hearts of willingness to teach the lesson of brotherhood to a waiting world.

We give thanks to Thee, O God, for pioneers in this land

who have discovered new truths and new possibilities of higher living, and who have challenged old ideas which shackled the thoughts and the hopes of man.

We praise Thee, O God, for the bounteous blessings of this fruitful land—for the products of forest and field, of rock and stream, of factory and mill. Grant to us wisdom that we may spend our resources to make life freer and happier for all men.

Deliver us, O God, from the fateful error of turning a deaf ear to our prophets. Save us from pride. Cleanse us from national impurity. Convict us of the responsibilities of a Christian nation and lead us ever into the ways of righteousness and peace,

Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) God of Our Fathers
Words by Daniel C. Roberts *Tune*: National Hymn

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarm, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;

Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

BENEDICTION (*Pronounced by Reader, center stage, while congregation remains standing*)

Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever.

Amen.

PRODUCTION NOTES
Service Number Three

Stage Setting

The charts furnish adequate detail for the stage setting and lighting for each scene.

Costumes

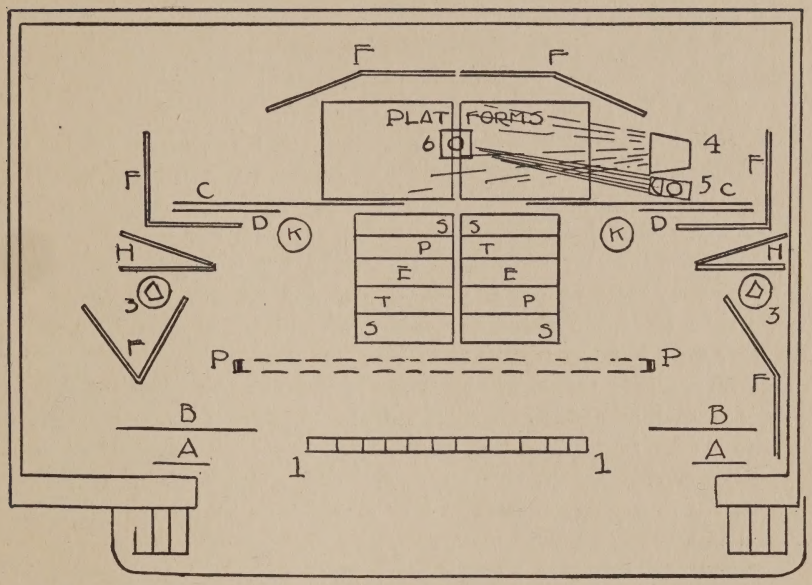
America: long full sleeveless gown of blue rayon satin, which hangs straight from the shoulder. It may be made by taking two lengths of material, sewing straight seams up the sides, leaving room for the armholes, gathering or plaiting the extra fullness on the shoulders, and hemming neckline and skirtline. Over this gown is draped a two-yard piece of silver cloth, using it diagonally, fastening one corner on the left shoulder, letting it pass under the right arm and fastening the other end on the left shoulder. She wears the spiked crown symbolic of liberty.

Vesta: long full sleeveless gown of yellow rayon satin, made like America's. This has a drape of the same material, and also one of lip-stick red silk. Both are draped on in the Greek fashion. She wears a crown made to resemble tongues of flame; this can be made out of cardboard and painted.

Vestal Virgins: long sleeveless white gowns of rayon silk, made to hang straight from the shoulder like America's gown. A Grecian effect is secured by using silver ribbon, fastened on the shoulders, crossing over the bust, and across the waist in the back, fastening again on the hips. Each carries a lighted white candle.

Mercury: a silk bathing suit should form the foundation of this costume; over this, moulded to the figure is a tight-fitting costume of silver metal cloth. A piece of the same material is used to form a short cape which falls over the right arm.

Diana: a long white sleeveless gown of white rayon silk. Long pointed strips of silver paper are glued on with rubber cement, starting from the neck and extending down to the knee, like radiating moon-



CHART

SERVICE NUMBER THREE

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	Black Curtain—Episode II Part I
D-D	White Curtain—for column effect in Episode I
F-F-F-F-F-F	Black Flipper Wings
H-H	Monk's Cloth Flipper Wings
K-K	Tall Candle Sticks
P-P	Projection Screen—Episode II Part II
1-1	Front Border Lights—increasing white light for Episode I
3-3	Mixed Red and Blue Strip-lights
4	Red Flood-light—Episode II Part I
5	Spot-light with U-V Screen
6	Overhead Baby Spot-light—Episode I—with amber gelatine

beams. A band of silver ribbon holds in place her headdress which is a disc of cardboard about twelve inches in diameter, covered with silver paper, on which are pasted pointed strips radiating from the head upward.

Huntresses: brown velvet tunics knee-length, trimmed with apple green sateen; the sateen and the bottom of the skirt are slashed to give the effect of fringe; a piece of the slashed sateen is fastened to the waist at the left to form a sash. Their hair hangs loose.

Apollo: a bathing suit should also be used as the foundation of his costume; over this is moulded a tight-fitting costume of gold metal cloth. From the shoulders, hangs a full cape of the same material reaching down to his feet. On his brow he wears a crown of laurel leaves, which may be made of cardboard and painted green or, if it is possible to obtain them, the leaves of real laurel may be sewed together on a band of ribbon or sateen.

Muses: pale yellow blouse made of two straight pieces of voile; this is tucked in under a full skirt made as follows: take four yard-square pieces of voile—blue, green, lavendar, rose; turn down one corner of each square twelve inches and gather this folded edge on to a belt; the four pieces thus form a skirt which hangs in four points as shown in the illustration.

Ceres: a long full sleeveless gown of red-and-gold changeable rayon satin; over this is draped a piece of gold silk voile. She wears a wreath of autumn leaves.

Maidens of Ceres: short corn-colored tunics, knee-length; these are slashed around the bottom of the skirt, around the sleeve hole, and about the neck, to resemble foliage. They are belted in with sashes of brown and sand-color silk, about two yards in length, slashed up six inches from each end; these are knotted on the left side of the waist, and hang to the bottom of the skirt.

Symbolic Figure of Labor: khaki-colored pants and canvas gloves; he is stripped to the waist, and his skin should be greased to reflect light.

Properties

In the second episode, the luminous effect with the canvas gloves is secured by the use of Stroblite paint and a U. V. or ultra-violet

screen. A small amount of this paint and the screen should be a part of the permanent equipment of every dramatic group. They may be obtained from A. Strobl, 58 West 50th Street, New York City. The gloves are dipped into the paint, which when dry is invisible under ordinary light. However, when other lights are off, and the U. V. screen is put over the spotlight, the gloves or any object covered with the paint become luminous and glow in the darkness.

In the final episode, a better effect is secured if it is possible for the Reader to talk into a microphone, so that his voice is projected through a loud speaker placed on the stage behind the curtain.

SERVICE NUMBER FOUR

Theme: *The Christmas Story*

Order of Service

Hymn Angels from the Realms of Glory

The Prophecy

The Promise

The Voice in the Wilderness

Hymn It Came upon the Midnight Clear

The Shepherds

The Wise Men

The Adoration

The Fulfillment

The Command

Hymn As with Gladness Men of Old

Benediction

The Christmas Story

SERVICE NUMBER FOUR

HYMN (*Congregation standing*)

Angels from the Realms of Glory

Words by James Montgomery *Tune*: Regent Square

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new born King.

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new born King.

THE PROPHECY

(*The auditorium lights are brought down. The front curtains open. The setting is the porch of a Temple. Broad steps lead up to it and a series of columns runs entirely across the*

front of the Temple. A dim light reveals the figure of the prophet Isaiah standing with face upturned, between the two central columns. The light is gradually brought up till his face is illumined very brightly. He holds this position during the reading of the prophecy from the Scriptures. The voice of the reader comes from off-stage right.)

READER: For unto us a Child is born, and unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulders: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon His kingdom to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever.

Isaiah, Chapter 9: Verses 6–7

For He shall grow up as a tender plant, and as a root out of dry ground: He hath no form nor comeliness: and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised and we esteemed Him not.

Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: and the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes are we healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one unto his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

Isaiah, Chapter 53: Verses 2–6

(*The curtain closes upon the tableau of the prophet Isaiah. The lights in the auditorium remain dim while the voice of the reader continues from backstage.*)

THE PROMISE

READER: In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God.
The same was in the beginning with God.
All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made.
In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.
And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

John, Chapter 1: Verses 1–5

He was in the world and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not.
He came unto His own and His own received Him not.
But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on His name:
Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.
And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us full of grace and truth.

John, Chapter 1: Verses 10–14

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.
The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.
He was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light.

That was the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

John, Chapter 1: Verses 6–9

(*The curtain opens and reveals figure of John the Baptist standing on platform center stage. He holds the tableau while reader continues.*)

READER: John bare witness of Him, and cried, saying, "This was He of whom I spoke, He that cometh after me is preferred before me: for He was before me."

John, Chapter 1: Verse 15

JOHN THE BAPTIST: THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

READER: Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight. For the axe is laid to the roots of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.

Matthew, Chapter 3: Verses 2–3 and Luke, Chapter 3: 9

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.

Matthew, Chapter 3: Verse 10

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

This is He of whom I said, after me cometh a man which is preferred before me; for He was before me.

John, Chapter 1: Verses 29–30

(*Curtain closes and the lights are brought up in the auditorium.*)

HYMN (*Congregation remaining seated*)

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Words by Edmund H. Sears *Tune*: Carol

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all gracious king;'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

THE SHEPHERDS

(*The auditorium lights are dimmed. The curtain opens revealing in the soft blue light which floods the stage a group of shepherds. The stage has been built up in the center by the use of platforms which are covered with cloth painted to resemble rocks, thus giving the appearance of a hillside. Some of the shepherds are stretched out in sleep, others lean on staffs looking out into the night.*)

READER: And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the fields keeping watch over their flocks by night.

(*A bright light shines down upon the shepherds from*

right stage. The sleeping ones wake and start back in terror; the ones standing lift their hands in awe at the blinding light.)

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Matthew, Chapter 2: Verses 8–14

(*If the church choir is assisting with the service, they sing a "Gloria in Excelsis" from off-stage right. If no choir is available use the recording by the Royal Choral Society singing the "Hosanna in Excelsis" from Bach's "Mass in B Minor." This record is published by the Gramophone Shop, 47 East 47th Street, New York City. At the close of the angel chorus the shepherds are seen going off-stage right as the curtain closes.*)

THE WISE MEN

(*The curtain opens and reveals, in front of the oleo curtain, King Herod sitting upon his throne chair. A servant stands on the right of the King's chair.*)

READER: Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in

the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

Luke, Chapter 2: Verse 1

(*The three wise men enter from the rear of the auditorium and proceed up the center aisle to the measured strains of the carol, "We Three Kings of the Orient Are," marching in single file and keeping some distance apart. They ascend the steps leading to the stage and make a formal bow of greeting to King Herod who recognizes their salutation by an uplifted hand. They remain in an attitude of attention after the first one has indicated in pantomime the question which they are bringing to the king. The reader continues:*)

READER: And they inquired of the king, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him. But when King Herod had heard these things he was sore troubled and called unto him one from among the priests and the scribes of the people, and demanded of him where Christ should be born.

(*Herod beckons servant to go off-stage right. The servant returns with a Pharisee who bows low before King Herod. The reader continues:*)

READER: And the priest answered, saying, In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it was written by the prophet, 'And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, are not the least of the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel.'

(*Herod dismisses the Pharisee and turns again to the Wise Men. The reader continues:*)

READER: Then Herod inquired of the Wise Men what time the star should appear and he sent them to Bethlehem and said,

Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. When they heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went over them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

Matthew, Chapter 2: Verses 2–9

(*The Wise Men bow low and exit down steps at left front stage and leave auditorium through door at left front. The music of their march continues softly as they leave the auditorium. The front curtain closes.*)

THE ADORATION

(*The curtain opens upon the tableau which is shown in the illustration accompanying this chapter. The figures of Mary and Joseph framed against the black background are lighted by a glow which comes from the manger. Steps lead from the stage level to the platform on which the manger has been placed. Soft music continues throughout the scene beginning with, "O Little Town of Bethlehem." As the scene opens groups of the shepherds enter from right stage, glimpse the figures of Mary and Joseph, and seeing the light from the manger, fall down in attitudes of worship, and then rising with hands over head in exalted praise continue off-stage left. These figures move across the stage as the reader continues:*)

READER: As the angels were gone away from them into heaven, shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us.

And they came in haste and found Mary and Joseph and the

AND THEY FOUND MARY AND JOSEPH AND THE BABE LYING IN A MANGER.

Babe lying in a Manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God for all the wonderful things that they had heard and seen, as it was told to them.

Luke, Chapter 2: Verses 15–17 and 20

(*The theme of the music changes and once again is heard the march of the three Kings.*)

READER: And the Wise Men when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him:

And when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Matthew, Chapter 2: Verse 11

(*The three Kings enter the auditorium from door at left front and continue onto stage. One by one they ascend steps toward manger. They kneel and present the gifts. The first rises and after looking at the Babe stands on Mary's right. The second looks into manger and stands on Joseph's left. The third after looking at child turns and descends steps and goes off-stage right. He is followed by the other two. The music changes and chimes are heard playing, "Holy Night, Silent Night." If this is not possible on the church organ use the Brunswick recording of that carol with chimes. Curtain closes during this music.*)

THE FULFILLMENT

READER: And seeing the multitudes, Jesus went up into the mountain: and when He was set, His disciples came unto Him:

And He opened His mouth and taught them saying,

(*Curtain opens revealing the figure of Jesus with his back to audience, teaching a group of his followers sitting before him on the hillside. The rock-painted cloth has once more been spread over the platform and steps which gives an appearance of different levels. Some of the figures stand but most are seated or kneeling.*)

READER: Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Matthew, Chapter 5: Verses 1–12

Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?

And his disciples answered and said unto Him: Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias: and others, Jeremiah or one of the prophets.

He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?

And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.

Matthew, Chapter 16: Verses 13–16

CURTAIN

THE COMMAND

(*Curtain opens. The group of followers of Jesus are on the stage but are now all kneeling, looking up toward left stage from where a great light streams, illuminating their faces brilliantly. The figure of Jesus is not seen but a voice comes loud and clear from the direction of the source of the light.*)

VOICE: Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

Matthew, Chapter 28: Verses 19–20

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) As with Gladness Men of Old
Words by William C. Dix *Tune*: Dix

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Ever more be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before

Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly king.

BENEDICTION (*Pronounced by reader from off-stage*)

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all, now and forever. Amen.

PRODUCTION NOTES
Service Number Four

Stage Setting

The charts show plainly the simple transition from one scene to another. Reference is made to a rock-painted cloth. This is a canvas floor covering, which is painted on one side with an irregular design in several different colors resembling a flagstone pavement. In this service, by throwing it over platforms and steps, an irregular outline is gained appearing to be a rocky hillside.

The manger may be constructed simply by inverting a carpenter's sawhorse, and nailing boards across the side toward the audience. It should be filled with straw which shows between the boards.

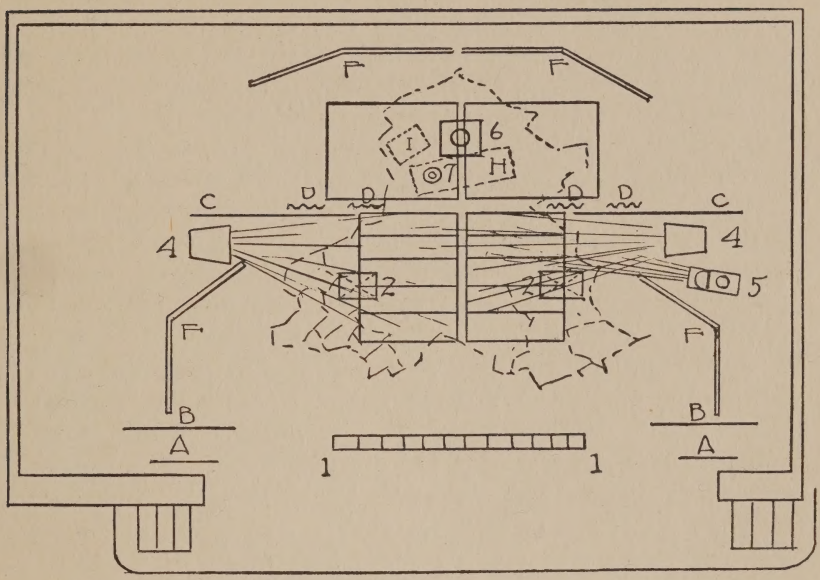
Costumes

Since the characters in this service are representative of all Hebrew characters appearing in various other services, references will be made in other chapters to the following descriptions.

Isaiah: a long straight gown of black—the material may be sateen or an inexpensive silk; over this is worn a coat of black and orange striped denim. The coat is made of straight lengths of the material, sewed together on the shoulders and down the sides under the armholes. A wide sash of orange-colored material belts in the gown. A square of the same material is used for the headdress bound by a heavy black cord. Pictures in this volume or illustrations in Tissot's *Life of Christ* should be studied for the proper method of putting on headdresses and veils. Isaiah should be made up with a long white beard.

John the Baptist: an irregular piece of camel's hair caught at one shoulder, passing around the body and extending to the knee. Monk's cloth, natural color, may be used as a substitute for camel's hair. He has a short beard and should wear a shoulder-length wig.

Shepherds: there should be six or seven shepherds; some of them



CHART

SERVICE NUMBER FOUR

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	Black Curtain
D-D-D-D	Monk's Cloth Curtains as columns
F-F-F-F	Black Flipper Wings
H	Manger
I	Stool
1-1	Front Border Lights—blue
2-2	Second Border Lights—blue
4-4	Blue Flood-lights—Shepherds' scene
5	White Spot-light—Shepherds' scene and the Command
6	Overhead Spot-light
7	Small Light in Manger
	Dotted lines indicate position of rock-painted cloth used to cover platform and steps for Shepherds, Fulfillment and the Command

are dressed in knee-length tunics, made of denim, gabardine or burlap—tan, brown, red, green, or dark blue—and belted in with heavy cord. Others should wear the longer gowns with striped coats over them. Most of them wear headdresses, both striped and plain. Two or three carry shepherds' crooks. There must be variety in the make-up, as there are both old and young men in the group.

King Herod: a long straight sleeveless gown of purple silk, with a border of gold braid on the bottom of the skirt and around the neck. Over this is draped a mantle of old gold silk, which is caught on the left shoulder, passes under his right arm, and is thrown again over the left arm. He wears gold armlets and a band of gold about his forehead. These gold ornaments may be made of some inexpensive material, like oilcloth or cardboard, and gilded.

Wise Men: all wear long flowing gowns, weighted down with gold or silver fringe or braid. The trimming need not be expensive but should look rich. The gowns are colorful—green, purple, yellow, or brilliant blue. Over these gowns are rich coats of heavy silk of colors which contrast with the gowns but do not clash with them. The headdress of two of them are made of long pieces of soft silk or light-weight metal cloth; these are fastened on the head with a silken cord and hang to the floor, falling over the shoulders and down the back. The third man wears the tall pointed cap of the Magi: this can be made by cutting and sewing together two pieces of buckram; then covering it with silk or metal cloth of gold. All are made up with beards, one white, another dark brown, and the third a reddish brown.

Joseph: his costume is similar to that of Isaiah—a blue coat over a tan gown, and a striped headdress. He has the regular Hebrew beard.

Mary: she wears a rose-colored gown of heavy material like rep. Her under veil is wound tightly around her head, framing her face, and falling over her shoulders, and down her back. This is a piece of cotton voile or cheese cloth, yellow or pale lavender, at least three yards in length. Over this she wears a piece of purple voile, a yard long, which goes across the top of the head and reaches down to the shoulders.

JESUS: for a model use the figure of Jesus in the famous painting of "Christ and the Rich Young Ruler" by Hoffmann: a long dark red gown of rep; over this is draped a mantle of dark blue rep. A wig of wavy brown hair, shoulder length, is the only make-up needed as he stands with his back to the audience.

All should wear sandals without stockings. If unable to secure regular leather sandals, they may be made by cutting out cheap bedroom slippers, or by sewing tape on to inner soles so that they may be strapped on the feet.

SERVICE NUMBER FIVE

Theme: *The Old and the New*

Order of Service

PROLOGUE

EPISODE ONE

A Young Priest Rebels

HYMN Faith of Our Fathers

EPISODE TWO

A New Faith Emerges

HYMN God the All-Righteous One

EPISODE THREE

Law and Love

HYMN Lord, Speak to Me

PRAYER

BENEDICTION

SERVICE NUMBER FIVE

PROLOGUE

(*The auditorium lights are brought down and a Reader in Geneva gown appears center stage from between the curtains and reads the following:*)

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
  A year is gone, and with it go
  Old fear, old doubt, old care, old woe.
Let hope and faith bring in the true!

Ring out old fear of empty forms that bind
  And claim obedience to creeds and laws,
  Whereby the Pharisee may win applause
Who never breaks a rule, nor loves mankind.

Ring in the reign of righteousness and love:
  Let every man consider other men,
  Let Christ be judge, his spirit rule, and then
Shall God's own will be done as 'tis above.

Ring out the rule of churchly potentate
  Who falsifies the vision bright of God,
  Inflicting in his name a cruel rod
On those who dare new wisdom to create.

Ring in the willingness on part of man
  Or priest to give of self, nor count the cost,

That human peace and joy may not be lost:
Ring in the sacrificial love of man for man!

Ring out the old theology of sin and care
That crushes low with doubt the human soul.
Ring in the faith that makes man rich and whole,
Through Christ, potential son of God, and as a son,
an heir!

(*The Reader disappears and the curtain opens on the first episode.*)

Episode I

A YOUNG PRIEST REBELS

(Adapted from Browning's The Ring and the Book)

Characters

A mediæval Pope
A Clerk, in attendance on the Pope
Giuseppe Caponsacchi, a young priest

Setting

Rome, in the eleventh century. Upon a dais upstage center sits the Pope, an old white-haired man, in flowing red gown and ermine cope. Below the dais right stands the Clerk, in the white habit of a Benedictine monk. Caponsacchi in a black cassock kneels downstage left facing toward the Pope. The black curtain serves as background for the scene; there are two monk's cloth columns behind the dais and two more on either side of the stage, effected by the placing of flipper wings. As the curtain opens, the Clerk begins to read from a scroll.

CLERK (*reading*): The case in brief is this:
Count Guido Franceschini of Arezzo,
Descended of an old Italian house,
Married Pompilia Comparini, at Rome where she was born,
And brought her to Arezzo, where they lived unhappy lives,
Whatever curse the cause.
At last unable to endure the torture more, she fled
To Rome, in convoy of a priest,
This same Caponsacchi whom you see here.
(*He indicates the kneeling priest.*)
Eight months later, the husband, Count Guido,
Taking four accomplices, followed her to Rome,
Found her in a villa on a Christmas night,
With only her two parents by; and killed the three.
Meantime the priest, for his share
In the flight of wife from home and husband,
Has been censured, punished in a sort,
Exiled to a short distance for a little time.
He now is summoned of a sudden,
Informed that she he thought to save is lost,
And since the Count is held on charge of murder,
He is bidden to retell his tale.
(*The Pope motions to Caponsacchi to rise.*)
CAPONSACCHI (*bitterly*): Retell my tale? Do I understand aright?
Did I not tell it to your judges months ago,
To no avail? They answered by exiling me from Rome,
And leaving unprotected, at the mercy of vile, wicked wolves,
The innocent creature whom I tried to save.
CLERK (*sternly*): You will gain naught by anger here.
His Holiness waits to hear your tale.
CAPONSACCHI (*passing his hand over his face wearily*):
Have patience!

In this sudden smoke from hell,
I cannot see my hand held broad before my face.
(*He pauses, becomes calm, and speaks quietly.*)
I begin.
Yes, I am a priest, and younger son of a noble house,
Greatest once in Arezzo. I recognize no equal there.
When but a lad I was proposed for priest;
Was made expect, from infancy almost,
The proper mood of priest; till time ran by
And brought the day when I must read the vows
Declare the world renounced and undertake to become priest.
I stopped short awestruck. How shall holiest flesh
Engage to keep such vows inviolate,
How much less mine? I knew myself too weak,
Unworthy! Choose a worthier, stronger man.
And the very bishop smiled and stopped my mouth ——
"Qualmish of conscience? Thou ingenuous boy,
Clear up the clouds and cast thy scruples far.
I comfort thee there is an easier sense
Wherein to take such vow than suits the first
Rough rigid reading."
So I became a priest: those terms changed all;
I was good enough for that, nor cheated so,
I could live thus and still hold head erect.

Well, after three or four years of life as priest,
I found myself at the theatre one night
With a brother canon, when suddenly,
I saw enter, stand, and seat herself
A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad.
The canon with me saw me stare and said,

"Is not she fair? 'Tis my new cousin.
The fellow lurking there behind her in the box
Is Guido, the old scapegrace: she's his wife,
Married three years since; be careful,
Turn your eyes away! Guido bends his brow on us.
Spare her, because he beats her as it is;
Her heart is being broken fast enough by him."

Weeks passed.
And then one day she sent for me and told
The story of her tortured life of pain.
She began:
"My case is, I was dwelling happily at Rome
With my dear parents, when suddenly
I found I had become Count Guido's wife.
He laid a hand on mine that burned all peace,
All joy, all hope, and last all fear away,
Dipping the bough of life so pleasant once,
In fire that shriveled leaf and bud alike.
My husband seems to harm me,
Not on pretence that he punishes sin of mine
Nor for sin's sake and lust of cruelty,
But as I heard him bid a farming-man
At the villa take a lamb to the wood
And there ill-treat it, meaning that the wolf
Should hear its cries, so come, be caught,
Enticed into the trap: so he practices with me,
That others may become spoil and prey.
Had it been only between our two selves,
Why, I would pleasure him by dying.
For his own soul's sake, hinder the harm.

Take me to Rome!
Take me as you would take a dog;
I cannot find the way there by myself."

So she plead with me to rescue her.
How I took her you know well,
Journeyed rapidly with scarce a moment's rest.
I have done with being judged.
I stand here guiltless in thought, word, and deed,
Contemptuous of those priestly judges
Who are ignorant of the human heart,
Much more of the mind of Christ.

For Pompilia, build churches and go pray.
Pompilia will be presently with God.
(*All bow their heads.*)
I am a relegated priest.
When exile ends, I mean to do my duty and live long:
But priests should study passion, learn to understand
Mankind. How else give comfort and assistance
To those who come for help in passionate extremes?
You do but play with an imagined life
Who have to do with nothing but the true,
The good, the eternal—all this, how far away,
Mere delectation, meet for a minute's dream!
(*He breaks down in utter grief.*)
O great, just, good God! Miserable me!
(*He sinks down on his knees and buries his head in his hands.*)

POPE (*rising and coming down the steps from the dais to where Caponsacchi is kneeling*): My warrior-priest!

This I praise most in thee,
That thou, courageous thus, could rise from law to law,
From old to new, promoted at one cry
Of the trump of God to the new service,
Not slavishly obedient to old rule, but brave,
Sublime in new impatience with the foe.
Was the trial sore? Thank God the second time!
Be glad thou hast let light into the world,
Through the irregular breach of the boundary.
Let the ray shine ever on thy path and march assured,
Learning anew the use of soldiership,
Self-abnegation, freedom from all fear!
Work, be unhappy, but endure, my son!

CURTAIN

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) Faith of Our Fathers
Words by Frederick W. Faber *Tune:* St. Catherine

Faith of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Episode II

A NEW FAITH EMERGES

Characters

Pavel Nestorovitch, a Russian village priest
Ivan, his grandson, a young Communist from Moscow
Sophie, his granddaughter
Leo Pavlovitch, a local Communist official
Two Communist soldiers

Setting

It is late afternoon in midsummer, in the humble home of the village priest. Everything is very simple. A plain square table right center holds an oil lamp and a few books. A rough wooden armchair stands by the table right, and a stool is on the left of the table. Two more straight chairs stand against the wall right and left. Against the upstage wall left hangs an icon. Beneath it on a small table burn two candles. There is an open doorway upstage left; through this one sees a low hedge and beyond the pale blue sky of late afternoon which reflects the red and violet tints of sunset as the scene progresses. Down left is a wood stove on which a pot is apparently cooking. When the curtain opens, the priest is sitting in the armchair reading. He is an old man of seventy with silvery hair and beard. He turns the pages of his book calmly. From the distance comes the sound of church bells which ring continuously during the first part of the scene. Suddenly Sophie rushes in excitedly through the open door. She is a young girl of about twenty. Her shawl has fallen down from her head and hangs about her

shoulders. She comes down center, and illustrates her account with many gestures.

SOPHIE: Oh, papasha, you should have seen the peasants around the church when the Soviet officials came to tear it down. They were seated on the roof, on the bell tower, clinging to every possible place on the building! The officers ordered them away but the peasants shouted, "Tear down the church, but you must tear us down with it!" They were still there when I came away, and the soldiers had begun shooting. (*The sound of the bells grows louder.*) Listen to the bells—they are ringing them to call more peasants to come.

PAVEL: This will mean the lives of some of those brave men and women, but God will receive the souls of the martyrs. The more they persecute the church, the more they further the cause of religion.

SOPHIE (*going to the stove, looking into the pot, and tending the the fire*): Ivan has not come yet?

PAVEL: Not yet. The train from Moscow must be late. I hope that nothing has happened to him. He is always fearful that his employers will discover that he is the grandson of a priest.

SOPHIE: Aye, and then what would become of him or us? We have not money enough for food and clothing as it is. And now that they are tearing down the church and you cannot hold services, there will be no more collections. (*She takes off her shawl and busies herself about the stove.*)

PAVEL: Never mind, we shall manage somehow. They cannot destroy the peasants' faith in the teachings of the church all in a moment. They will pay to have candles burned before the icons, and they will still want to receive the sacrament before dying. These things have never been free, and we shall not begin to give them away now. (*He speaks with*

meaning.) Besides, I am not sure that the Communists will succeed in destroying our church.

SOPHIE (*turning toward him with sudden suspicion*): Did you encourage the peasants to defend it?

PAVEL (*guardedly*): No, they can't say that.

SOPHIE (*coming toward him accusingly*): But you told them the Communists had no business to touch it?

PAVEL (*on the defensive now and speaking fiercely*): I did! Communism is the government of Anti-Christ, and Christians must oppose it!

SOPHIE (*aghast*): You said this and expect to live! Don't you know how counter-revolution is being punished everywhere? Didn't Ivan tell us last week that his court had decreed six priests should be shot?

PAVEL: I have done nothing to deserve death. But as a priest of the church I must defend the peasant against the persecution of the Communists. It's all in the Bible—(*he rises and speaks prophetically*) "And there went out another horse that was red and power was given to him to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another." That's the Terror, Sophie.

SOPHIE (*frightened*): Hush, for God's sake, hush! There may be spies about the house now. (*She runs to the door and looks out, then goes back to the stove.*)

PAVEL (*he goes on as if in a trance*): "And I beheld a black horse; and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice say, 'A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny.'" (*Leo Pavlovitch and two Communist soldiers appear in the doorway. The priest, unconscious of their presence, goes on. Sophie sees them and stands terrified.*) That's the way they rob the peasants! The church must save them.

(*Leo Pavlovitch steps forward; the other two remain in the doorway on guard.*)

LEO: Pavel Nestorovitch, we arrest you in the name of the Soviet!

SOPHIE (*rushing to her grandfather, and throwing her arms about him*): No, no, don't take him! He doesn't mean any harm. He's just an old man who loves the peasants.

LEO (*sarcastically*): Yes, we know how he loves them—encourages them to get killed—takes their money for a lot of superstitious ceremony that does no one any good—keeps them in ignorance so they won't see through his tricks, and then opposes a government which tries to free them from the superstition of burning candles before icons and eating a wafer in order to secure eternal bliss—(*The soldiers laugh. Sophie retreats right stage.*)

PAVEL (*sternly*): Hush! You may say what you like about me but you shall not violate the sacraments of the church! The new generation is arising without reverence, without decency—the true children of the godless!

LEO (*harshly*): A generation without a parasite like the church to support will be happier and wealthier.

PAVEL: How will your godless generation replace the charities of the church?

LEO: Do you think the peasants didn't pay for those things? Our people shall have the chance to get all the church gave—not as charity, but as the birthright of a laboring class.

PAVEL: But you must not eliminate religion. A nation without religion cannot endure.

LEO: Then we shall find a new religion: one which gives men something to work for, instead of being merely a narcotic; one which inspires them to live and to sacrifice, instead of merely teaching them how to die.

(*At this moment Ivan rushes in, pushing the soldiers out of his way. He is a tall, stalwart lad of twenty-five, with a fine, clean-cut face. He speaks with authority and determination.*)

IVAN: Leo Pavlovitch, what does this mean? (*He stands center between Leo and his grandfather, and looks from one to the other.*)

LEO (*with cool and sinister politeness*): Merely that another priest refuses to accept the new doctrine and must be silenced.

IVAN (*equally cool*): You are mistaken. My grandfather has never interfered with Communist orders. You know well that he was in sympathy with the revolution and has always wanted a liberal church.

LEO: But not liberal enough.

(*Ivan looks questioningly from one to the other. Sophie, unable to restrain herself longer, rushes to him and grasps his arm frantically.*)

SOPHIE: Ivan, for heaven's sake, do something. They don't understand, but he loved his little church and his bells, and the peasants who loved him knew what they meant to him. (*Ivan's expression changes to one of alarm.*)

IVAN (*taking her by the shoulders and speaking sharply*): Sophie, what has happened?

SOPHIE: They ordered the church to be torn down. The peasants objected and defended it. (*She turns away upstage and sinks down before the icon sobbing.*)

IVAN (*turning to Leo*): So you think he ——?

LEO: We know. One of the peasants we captured admitted that the priest told them to defend the church.

IVAN (*sternly to his grandfather*): Papasha, is this true?

PAVEL: Yes.

IVAN: Why did you do it?

PAVEL: I considered it my duty to protect my church.

IVAN (*relentlessly*): Even though you knew it would mean the lives of some of those peasants? (*Turning to Leo*) How many were killed?

LEO: Five before I left. They were still fighting.

IVAN: Why are you tearing down the church?

LEO: To build a new wing on the hospital. There is still another church in the town.

IVAN (*bitterly to his father*): And you thought your silly masses more necessary to the peasants than the healing of disease and the easing of pain. (*He turns sadly to Leo.*) Is there anything I can do to save him? (*Leo shakes his head.*) Can't you make me responsible for his good conduct hereafter?

LEO: And would you give up your work in Moscow? You cannot take him there. You must not let them know that your grandfather is a priest or they would doubt your loyalty to the cause.

IVAN (*sadly*): You are right. (*Turning to his grandfather*) Papasha, you understand? (*Pavel nods.*)

LEO (*going to the priest*): Come! (*He takes Pavel by the arm and leads him out. The soldiers stand aside as they pass through the door and then follow them off. Ivan sinks down on the stool by the table and buries his face in his arms.*)

SOPHIE (*rushing to the door impetuously and calling after them*): Papasha! (*She leans against the door weeping.*)

CURTAIN

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) God the All-Righteous One
Words by Henry F. Chorley *Tune:* Russian Hymn
and John Ellerton

God the All-righteous One, man hath defied thee,
Yet to eternity standeth thy word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-wise, by the fire of thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in our time, O Lord.

EPISODE III

LAW AND LOVE

(*When the curtain opens again, one sees upstage right center the figure of Moses, silhouetted against the black curtain, and looking upward toward a light which comes from above. He stands upon the platform which is covered with the rock-painted cloth, making it appear that he is upon a mountain-top. In his left hand he holds the tablet of stone. From off-stage comes a voice, saying:*)

VOICE: I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto

THE LAW.

the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Exodus 20: 2–17

(*The curtain closes and reopens again immediately. In the place where Moses stood, there now stands the figure of Jesus.*)

JESUS: Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am come not to destroy, but to fulfil.

For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one

jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you;

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.

This is the first and great commandment.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Matthew 5: 17–20, 38–45; 22: 37–40

CURTAIN

HYMN (*Congregation seated*) Lord, Speak to Me
Words by Frances R. Havergal *Tune:* Canonbury

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart!

O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show!

PRAYER

(*The reader appears center stage and leads in prayer using the following:*)

Teach us, O God, the error of our ways. We have tried to set thee down in words of law; we have sought to house thee in institution and sanctuary; we have subjected thee to creeds; we have assumed authority in thy name. But we have failed to heed the still small voice within us telling of thy love, and calling us out into a way of life with thee.

Eternal God, grant unto us an awakened sense of thy real presence. Where we see truth, or beauty, or discover an act of love, there may we know thou art. Give us courage to stamp out all untruth, all ugliness. Deliver us from greed and selfishness. Set our faces toward the new day, when thy kingdom of love

shall reign and thy will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

BENEDICTION

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Service Number Five

Stage Setting

The arrangement of curtains and flipper wings is clearly given in the chart. The platform remains upstage center throughout the service. The steps leading up to it in the first Episode are placed on top of it, thus clearing the stage for the second Episode and giving additional height to the mountain-top of the last scene.

Costumes

The Pope: flowing red gown with full train; over this is worn a white lace surplice and a rich ermine cope. On his head he wears a small red cap.

The Clerk: white woolen habit of the Benedictine order, over which falls a panel of black, back and front, and a white cowl.

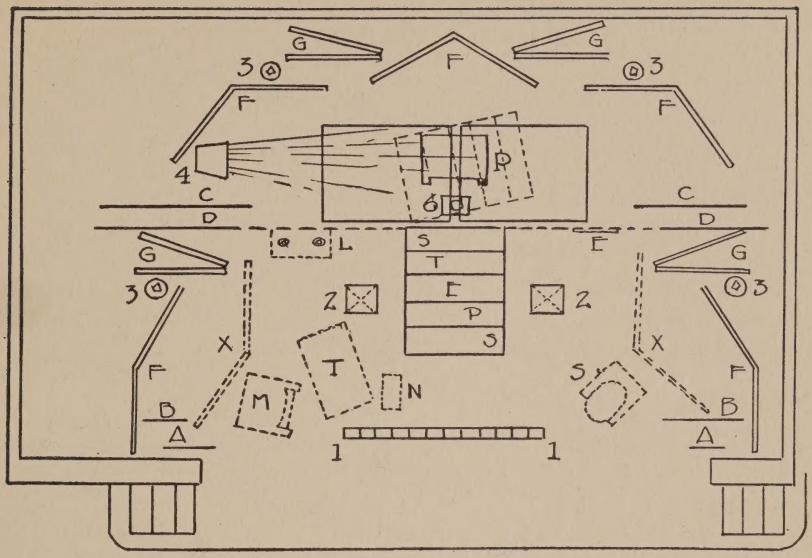
Caponsacchi: plain black cassock.

Pavel Nestorovitch: black cassock and black cap. Both should appear considerably worn. He must be made up with white hair and a full white beard.

Other characters of Episode Two: typical Russian costumes of the present day.

Moses: the illustration for this service should be followed closely.

Jesus: use the same costume as was described in Service Number Four.



CHART

SERVICE NUMBER FIVE

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	Black Curtain
D-D	Monk's Cloth Curtain—for Episode II
E	Door-opening in Monk's Cloth Curtain
F-F-F-F-F	Black Flipper Wings
G-G-G-G	Monk's Cloth Flipper Wings
X-X	Position of Monk's Cloth Wings in Episode II
P	Pope's Throne—Episode I
M	Armchair—Episode II
N-T-L	Stool, Table and Icon
S	Stove
1-1	Front Border Lights—amber
2-2	Second Border Lights—amber
3-3-3-3	Blue Strip-lights
4	Blue Flood-light—Episode III
6	Overhead Baby Spot-light

Note: In Episode III steps are placed in position indicated on platforms and are covered with rock-painted cloth.

SERVICE NUMBER SIX

Theme: *Freedom*

Order of Service

MUSICAL PRELUDE New World Symphony Dvořák

HYMN Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

Man, bound by the chains of fear and ignorance, struggles upward toward the freedom of the truth.

Episode I: Intellectual Freedom

A Socratic Dialogue

Episode II: Religious Freedom

Luther's Protest

Episode III: Political Freedom

The Declaration of Independence

Episode IV: Social Freedom

The New Russia

HYMN Holy Spirit, Truth Divine

PRAYER

HYMN Light of the World We Hail Thee

BENEDICTION

SERVICE NUMBER SIX

MUSICAL PRELUDE The New World Symphony Dvořák

(*Selections are played on the organ or an Orthophonic Victrola, using the Victor Musical Masterpieces Album Set No. M-1, Dvořák's "Symphony No. 5 in E Minor" by Philadelphia Orchestra.*)

HYMN (*Congregation standing*)

Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve

Words by Philip Doddridge *Tune*: Christmas

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on!
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

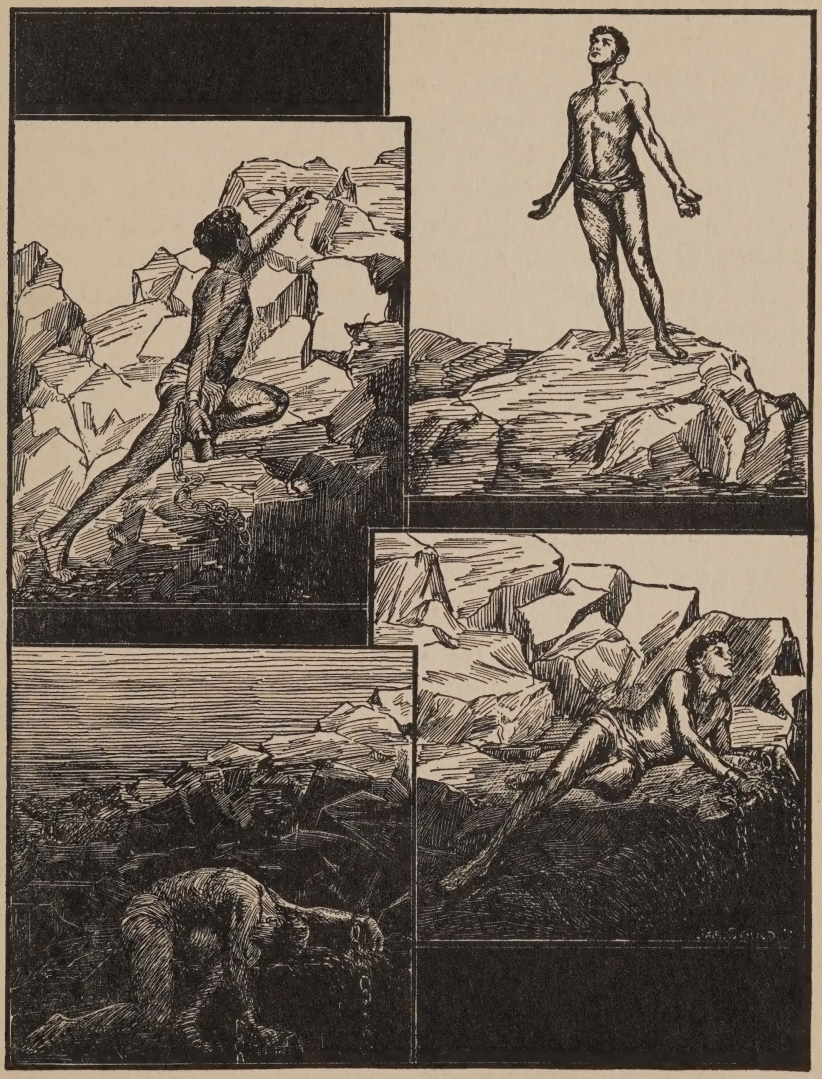
(*The auditorium lights are dimmed leaving spotlight on front curtain. A reader wearing black Geneva gown appears center stage before front curtain and reads:*)

READER: Throughout the ages, the soul of man has struggled upward, seeking to find freedom through new truth. In the beginning, shadows of the earth surround him and almost obscure the light which would guide him to a higher life. Fear and ignorance are the shackles that bind him. Superstition is a veil which hides the light. Hate and greed ever block the path to freedom.

Gradually he catches glimpses of the light and one by one the chains which bind him are broken. The task has not been easy. It has cost him pain and suffering and each new vision has required indomitable courage, unconquerable will, and the spirit of sacrifice.

(Soft music is heard played on either piano or organ. The front curtain opens. Upstage center, framed by the black curtains and border and a black flipper wing placed horizontally at the bottom of the scene, is revealed the figure of "symbolic man." A rocky hillside is created by building up the platforms and irregular boxes and covering them with the rock-painted cloth. The illustration accompanying this chapter shows four characteristic postures of the figure. In this first scene he is bent over, lying at the foot of the mountain, his hands held down into the shadows of the pit by heavy chains. The only light is a faint blue light which is played upon the top of the rocks. The figure remains motionless in deep shadow. During episodes showing man's struggle upward—appropriate measures from Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slave" are played on the piano or organ. Front curtain closes. Music stops and spotlight is again brought up on reader who continues:

READER: Prophet and Seer, Teacher and Saviour, man, reaching upward toward freedom, in persecution and death discovers the possibilities of his own soul. Fear gives way to faith,



THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

ignorance to purposive intelligence. To know himself is the first step toward power. (*The reader goes out and curtain opens.*)

Episode I

(*In the prison of Socrates on the last day of his life, 399* B.C. *It is early morning and Socrates lies on his couch right center. For this scene the monk's cloth back-drop is used with monk's cloth flipper wings as shown in chart. When the curtain opens the bluish gray light of dawn covers the stage; this brightens to pale amber as the scene proceeds. Crito, a young Greek, enters left, comes quietly to the couch, and stands watching his teacher. In a moment or two, Socrates wakens, raises up, and sees Crito.*)

Socrates: Why have you come at this time of day, Crito? Is it not still quite early?

Crito: Day is just beginning to dawn.

Socrates: I wonder that the keeper of the prison was willing to answer your knock. (*He sits on the side of the couch.*)

Crito: He is used to me now—I have been here so often.

Socrates: That is true. But why have you come so early?

Crito: To bring bad news, Socrates; though not for you it seems. But for myself and for all your friends it is indeed bitter and grievous; and I, above all others, shall find it most hard to bear.

Socrates: What is it? Has the ship come from Delos, on whose arrival I am to die?

Crito (*sadly*): Aye.

Socrates: Well, Crito, this is for the best. If it please the gods, so be it.

Crito: But, O beloved Socrates, be persuaded by me while there is yet time, and save yourself.

SOCRATES: Would it not seem strange if an old man, who has in all probability such a brief remaining time to live, were so greedy of life as to dare to set at naught the highest laws? Nay, good Crito, you say not well, if you think that a man who is good for anything at all ought to take into account the chances of living or dying, and should not rather consider when undertaking anything, whether it be right or wrong. It would be a strange act indeed on my part, after having taken my place in battle and facing death like any other man, if now, under orders from the gods to pass my time in the pursuit of wisdom and in examining myself and others—if now, I say, through fear of death, I were to desert my post. (*Enter from left Apollodorus and Phædo, two more Greek youths who come to the couch, raising their arms in greeting.*) And here are two more who no doubt have also come early to urge me to escape.

PHÆDO (*anxiously*): We have come to urge you to let us save you. For if you die it will appear to many that although it was within our power to save you had we been willing to spend the money, we did not care to do so, and therefore, valued money more than a friend.

SOCRATES: But why, dear Phædo, do we care so much for the opinion of the multitude? Besides I do not fear death. For to fear death, friends, is nothing at all but to think that you are wise when you are not wise—to think that you know what you do not know. For no one knows what death is, or whether it may not be the greatest of all goods to men; yet do they fear it as though they knew it to be the greatest of evils; and what is this but the same old disgraceful ignorance—that of thinking you know what you do not know. But it behooves you all to be of good hope about death, and to believe that this at least is true—there can no evil befall

a good man, whether he be alive or dead, nor are his affairs uncared for by the gods.

APOLLODORUS: Tell us, Socrates, what is death?

SOCRATES: Only the separation of the soul from the body, is it not?

APOLLODORUS: Then should not all hate death as depriving them of life?

SOCRATES: Most men, it is true, have no other aim than to obtain bodily pleasures, and hold that to live without these is no better than to die. But the aim of the true philosopher is to attain unto truth; this, however, the body cannot understand, for the senses blind the eye of the mind and lead us astray. Hence, philosophers regard the body as a hindrance from which the soul must be freed before it can arrive at perfect knowledge.

PHÆDO: How may we obtain knowledge while we are yet alive?

SOCRATES: Know thyself. The greatest good to man is to discourse daily about virtue, and to examine himself, for a life without examination is not worth living. Let not your first thought be for your body or your possessions, nor care for anything so earnestly as for your soul, that it may attain unto the highest virtue; insisting that not from possessions does virtue come, but that from virtue do possessions and all other good things, both private and public, come to man.

CRITO: But can we be sure that the soul continues its existence after the death of the body and is immortal?

SOCRATES: Can we suppose that the soul, being invisible, and on her way to a place like herself invisible and noble and pure, will, when released from the body, be instantly scattered to the winds and destroyed? Far from it, my dear friends, but rather is it thus: if upon her release the soul be found pure and free from all that pertains to the body, never hav-

ing been slave to material things, she goes then to the world which is invisible like herself, to the world divine and immortal and full of thought; there, set free from error, folly, fears, the fierce passions and other evils of humanity, her lot is a happy one and she abides in very truth for all time with the good and wise God.

PHÆDO (*after a brief pause*): Tell us, Socrates, if there is any service we may do for you, in return for all the wisdom you have given us.

SOCRATES: This favor I ask of you: when my sons are grown up, torment them as I have tormented you, if they appear to care for riches or for anything else above virtue; and if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing, reproach them as I have reproached you, with not caring for what they ought, and with thinking themselves to be something when they are worth nothing at all. If you do this, I shall have received payment in full for any service I may have done you—I as well as my sons. And now here comes the servant of the Eleven and we must go away, I to die, you to live. Which of us is going to a better fate is unknown to all save God.

(*Enter the jailer, a heavy-set fellow of about forty years. He comes center and speaks to Socrates with all respect.*)

JAILER: I shall not have to reproach you, O Socrates, as I have other men, with being enraged and cursing me when I announce to them, by order of the magistrates, that they must drink the poison; but during the time of your imprisonment I have learned to know you as the noblest and gentlest man of all that have ever come here, and so I am sure now that you will not be angry with me; for you know the real authors of this, and will blame them alone. And now—for you know what it is I have come to announce—farewell, and try to bear

as best you may the inevitable. (*He bows his head sorrowfully, covers his face with his right hand, and goes out left.*)

SOCRATES: May it fare well with you also! We will do as you have bidden. (*He turns to his friends.*) How courteous the man is! The whole time I have been here he has been constantly coming to see me, and has frequently talked to me, and shown himself to be the kindest of men; and see how feelingly he weeps for me now! But come, Crito, we must obey him. So let the poison be brought if it is already mixed; if not, let the man mix it.

CRITO (*protesting*): But, Socrates, the sun is scarce upon the mountains. Others, I know, have not taken the poison till very late, and have feasted and drunk right heartily, some even enjoying the company of their friends long after receiving the order. So do not hasten, for there is yet time.

SOCRATES: It is very natural, Crito, for those of whom you speak to do this, for they think to gain thereby; but it is just as natural that I should not do so, for I do not think that, by drinking the poison a little later, I should gain anything more than a laugh at my own expense, for being greedy of life and "stingy when nothing is left." So go and do as I desire. (*Crito goes out left. The other two are overcome with grief, turn away and hide their faces.*) What are you doing, you strange people? There is no need for sadness, so pray be composed, and restrain yourselves!

(*Crito returns with the jailer who carries the cup of hemlock. He hands the cup to Socrates, who is still seated on the couch. He then retreats left center. Crito stands center on the left of Socrates. Phædo, with one foot upon the end of the couch, leans toward Socrates on his right. Apollodorus stands on Phædo's right.*)

SOCRATES (*addressing the jailer*): Well, my friend, I must ask you, since you have had experience in these matters, what I ought to do.

JAILER: Nothing but walk about after drinking until you feel a heaviness in your legs, and then, if you lie down, the poison will take effect of itself.

SOCRATES: What say you to pouring a libation from this cup to one of the gods? Is it allowed or not?

JAILER: We prepare, Socrates, only just so much as we think is the right quantity to drink.

SOCRATES: I understand, but prayer to the gods is surely allowed, and must be made, that it may fare well with me on my journey yonder. For this then I pray, and so be it! (*He drinks and all bow their heads.*)

(*The curtain closes. The music begins, this time using appropriate theme from "Marche Slave." The curtain opens, showing symbolic man still in the shadows at the foot of the cliff. Now he lifts his head, and with the beat of the music he yearns upward. Gradually he pulls his body out of the shadows, and when the music finishes he is part way up the cliff; his body still reclines but his head is up looking toward the light. The curtain closes and the reader continues.*)

EPISODE II

READER: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Knowledge of himself brings man closer to the nature of the universe. His soul reaches out toward God. Broken are the shackles of superstition. He rebels from the imposition of authority and claims the freedom which comes upon the

recognition of being a co-worker with God in the divine plan of the universe.

(*Curtain opens. The study of Martin Luther at Wittenberg. Plain walls are suggested by the monk's cloth curtain. Luther is seated at a desk right center. He wears a cassock and the tightly fitting black priest's cap. Several heavy tomes lie on his desk and he is busily writing on a parchment scroll with a quill pen. As the scene opens he finishes writing, picks up the scroll and reads.*)

LUTHER: The time for silence is gone and the time to speak has come. The Romanists have, with great adroitness, drawn three walls around themselves, with which they have hitherto protected themselves, so that no one could reform them, whereby all Christendom has fallen terribly.

Firstly, if pressed by temporal power, they have affirmed and maintained that temporal power has no jurisdiction over them, but on the contrary that the spiritual power is above the temporal.

Secondly, if it were proposed to admonish them with the scriptures, they objected that none may interpret the scriptures but the Pope.

Thirdly, if they are threatened with a council, they pretend that no one may call a council but the Pope.

Thus they have secretly stolen our three rods, so that they may be unpunished and have entrenched themselves behind these three walls, to act with all wickedness and malice, as we now see. And whenever they have been compelled to call a council, they have made it of no avail, by binding the Princes beforehand with an oath to leave them as they were. Besides this they have given the Pope full power over the arrangements of the councils, so that it is all one, whether we have many councils, or no councils, for in any case they

deceive us with pretence and false tricks. So grievously do they tremble for their skins before a true, free council; and thus have they overawed Kings and Princes, that these believe they would be offending God, if they were not to obey them in all such knavish, deceitful practices.

Now may God help us, and give us one of those trumpets, that overthrew the walls of Jerico, so that we may blow down these walls of straw and paper. And that we may set free our Christian rods, for the chastisement of sins, and expose the craft and deceit of the devil, so that we may amend ourselves by punishment and again obtain God's favor.

(*Lays paper down with gesture of finality and determination. The lights fade down till the figure is lost in the shadows. The pianist begins to play. The monk's cloth curtains are drawn allowing the figure of the "symbolic man" to be seen again. And now to the accompaniment of the music, in rhythmic movement he struggles to rise. His head toward the light which grows brighter at the top, he gradually lifts his body to a more upright position with arm extended.*)

Episode III

Reader: Singly and in groups, mankind enlists under banners of freedom. Great causes challenge the soul of man to strive for equality. Faith in himself causes him to claim for all men the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

(*Curtain opens. The signing of the Declaration of Independence. The stage is filled with the signers dressed in the costumes of the period and wearing powdered wigs. Several are grouped at the right stage entrance giving the impression that there are still others in the room beyond. They are all turned in attention to Thomas Jefferson who*

is standing behind a small table left stage and holds in his hands a piece of parchment. He reads:)

JEFFERSON: When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its power in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established will not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them to absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such a government and provide new guards for their future security.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the

Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies, are and of right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as Free and Independent States they have full power to levy war, to conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce and to do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortune, and our sacred honor.

(*Representatives step forward, and one by one taking the quill from its holder on the table, affix their signatures and having signed return to a position near the right stage entrance. As they sign the light gradually becomes dim, the stage becomes black, and once again the symbolic figure appears. To the accompaniment of the pianist who plays several more measures of the "Marche Slave," the figure attains a more erect position near the top of the cliff.*)

CURTAIN

Episode IV*

Reader: Truth shines brighter upon the soul of man. Ever higher levels are reached as he yearns to be free. Machines have lightened his burden; science has eased his pain. But

* The material in this episode includes a speech by Lenin at the beginning of the revolution, a peasant's protest to the Czar in 1907, and certain reports of conditions in Russia today as witnessed by William C. White in a recent issue of the Forum Magazine.

unequal opportunity enslaves the mass of men. Greed and social injustice restrain man's feet from the path of freedom.

(*The curtain opens revealing a Russian cellar. The monk's cloth back-drop and flipper wings are used. The stage is in semi-darkness; an overhead light center-stage falls on a rough wooden table, and casts dark shadows on the back-drop. On the table stands a Russian laborer who is speaking to a group of men and women who stand about the table with upturned faces. In the group are laborers, peasants, Communist soldiers, and students. From time to time they cheer, murmur, and talk among themselves in excited fashion.*)

LABORER: Comrades, laboring people, remember that you are now the state's supreme power. Nobody will help you if you do not unite to take the affairs of the state into your own hands. From now on, your Soviets are the organs of the state, with full power to decide and to act. Rally around your Soviets. Make them strong. We must maintain the strictest revolutionary order, and suppress mercilessly all attempts at anarchy. We must establish the most rigid control over production and the accountancy of the products. Imprison and turn over to the revolutionary tribunals all those who injure the cause of the people. Arrest all those who sabotage production or hoard grain and other food stuffs. Comrades, workingmen and women, soldiers, peasants, take over all the power in the hands of your local Soviets. Be careful with the land, the food, the factories, the tools of production, the products, the transportation facilities; be anxious to guard them as the pupil of your eye, because they are yours, completely yours, the property of all who work in productive, creative labor. (*All cheer.*) Over there (*he points to a middle-aged peasant at the edge of the group*)

is Dmitri Voronovitch. He can tell you why it was necessary to overthrow the old régime. Come up here, Dmitri, and tell them what you told the Czar.

(*The crowd cheers, and make way for Dmitri, a vigorous man of about fifty-five, to get through to the table. The laborer reaches down a hand and helps him jump up on the table.*)

DMITRI: It was back in 1907. Conditions had become unbearable for laborers and peasants. We organized a delegation to petition the Czar. We felt sure that he would listen and would recall officials who were oppressing us. We went to the palace and, as spokesman, I was brought before the Czar. He commanded me to read the petition, which later was repeated so many times that it burned its way into my memory. It read as follows: "We come to thee, Sire, to seek for truth and redress. We have been oppressed; we are not recognized as human beings; we are treated as slaves, who must suffer their bitter fate and keep silence. We are choked by despotism and irresponsibility, and we are breathless. The limit of patience has arrived. Sire, here are many thousands of us, and all are human beings only in appearance. In reality in us, as in all Russian people, there is not recognized any human right, not even the right of speaking, thinking, meeting, discussing our needs, taking measures for the improvement of our condition. We have been enslaved, and enslaved under the auspices of thy officials. All the people are handed over to the discretion of the officials of the government who are thieves of the property of the state, robbers who not only take no care of the interests of the people, but trample these interests under their feet. Sire, is this in accordance with the divine law, by grace of which thou reignest? Is it not better to die, better for all the toiling

people of Russia, and let the capitalist, the exploiters of the working class, officials, grafters and robbers of the Russian people live? This has brought us before the walls of thy palace. We are seeking here the last salvation. Do not refuse assistance to thy people. Destroy the wall between thyself and thy people and let them rule the country together with thyself." (*All cheer.*) The Czar told me to go away and that he would send his answer to our village. We went away and waited, day after day, and month after month. (*A pause.*) And no answer came. (*There are murmurs and grumblings in the crowd.*) We found that the Czar and those in power did not care what happened to the peasants and laboring people of Russia.

A Girl (*a young student in peasant dress*): But their oppression is no reason why we should be unjust now that we have the power. Why should not the children of priests and merchants have the same chance to be educated that we have? Yet we exclude them from our University. Yesterday we discovered that one of the girls was the daughter of a factory owner and she was expelled. Last night she committed suicide.

Another Girl (*also a student*): But you don't understand. There is not room enough for all the workers who had no chance before; therefore we cannot take in our enemies. The former people had their chance to run Russia; we have abolished them and there is no longer a Russia. It is our Soviet Republic—*ours.* Did these former people protest when Lenin was exiled to Siberia, and when the Czar's gendarmes shot two hundred and seventy workers in the Lena fields in 1912? Who felt sorry for them? Peter the Great knew that sacrifices were necessary if Russia were to be built up. The Czarist group, the capitalists, the nobility were too selfish, as always, to make sacrifices. We must be

severe. There is no time for sentimentality. What if a thousand perish, if we shall be able to build Socialism in our country with the remainder? We make mistakes—of course. We must constantly find new roads, retreat, detour. We are not afraid to criticize ourselves unflinchingly when we are wrong. But it is better that a hundred innocent perish than that one guilty conspirator against our class escape. (*Cheers.*)

LABORER: No—never forget for a moment that the revolution is continuing. We have enemies both external and internal. We must always be ready, comrades. The capitalist West becomes more jealous every day as they see our Soviet power growing. The capitalists see that their own pockets are threatened by the success of a workers' democracy in which private profit has been eliminated.

A YOUNG MAN: Why should the Western capitalists hate us?

LABORER: Because here there is peace and all our energies are devoted to building our future. We are a menace—a menace to their blood-sucking system. Here the working class moves forward to achieve itself. In the West there are class contradictions, continuous friction, strikes, unemployment—all the accompaniment of the exploitation of man by man. We declare that such a system is wrong. We are proving that on the basis of socialism we can build a new world. The revolution has put meaning into life for us, just as it will for millions around the world who now see no meaning in their eight-hour labor in someone-else's factory, at monotonous toil at someone-else's machines. We would free man from his enslavement by man! (*All cheer.*)

(*The curtain closes. The music begins again and the curtain opens once more showing the symbolic figure near the top of the cliff. He kneels on one knee, with the freed right arm reaching upward. With a few rhythmic move-*

ments he is erect, his left hand drops its chain, and at the final crash of the finishing chords he stands erect on the top. A beam of light falls upon the victorious figure from above, while a voice is heard off-stage.)

VOICE: Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make ye free. I am the way and the truth and the life. I am come that ye may have life and have it more abundantly.

CURTAIN

HYMN (*Congregation seated*) Holy Ghost, Truth Divine
Words by Samuel Longfellow *Tune*: Gottschalk (Mercy)

Holy Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be,
Firmly bound, forever free.

PRAYER (*The reader appears center stage and leads the congregation in the following prayer:*)

Father of all mankind, who throughout the ages art making man in thine own image, we thank Thee for that in us which responds to Thy moulding hand.

Lead us, O God, into new paths toward clearer truth and freer life.

Teach us wisdom which enlightens, give us purpose which

ever strives onward, imbue us with the courage to dare new heights.

Guide us into a greater love and service, that we may share with Jesus the life and light which makes us free. Amen.

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) Light of the World
Words by John S. B. Monsell *Tune*: Salve Domine

Light of the world we hail Thee,
Flushing the eastern skies;
Never shall darkness veil Thee
Again from human eyes;
Too long, alas, withholden,
Now spread from shore to shore;
Thy light, so glad and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.

Light of the world, illumine
This darkened earth of Thine,
Till every thing that's human
Be filled with the divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from love and Thee.

BENEDICTION (*The reader appears again and pronounces the Benediction.*)

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Service Number Six

Stage Setting

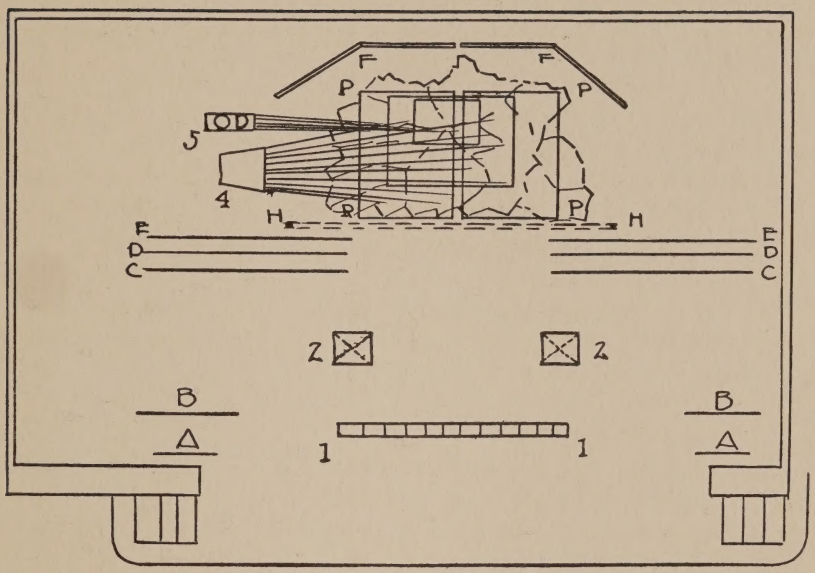
The charts show the arrangement of a pantomime platform upstage where the figure of the symbolic man is placed while the downstage is arranged for the enactment of the various episodes. In the presentation of the four episodes, the atmosphere needed is suggested by the monk's cloth, black or white curtains. As few properties as possible are included in the sets to facilitate a quick change from one scene to another.

Costumes

Socrates wears a loose-fitting tunic which is badly worn and ill-kept. He is barefoot. The young men wear knee-length tunics of different colors. A long drape of a contrasting color is caught on the shoulder and drops in a graceful line below the knee, being long enough to be caught in a loop over one arm. They wear bands of ribbon about their heads and sandals on their feet.

Luther wears the cassock of the mediæval priest.

The signers of the Declaration of Independence wear the typical colonial costume: embroidered coats and waistcoats in different colors, tight-fitting silk knee breeches and black or white silk stockings. A lace choker collar and a white wig completes the costume. The white wigs may be effectively created out of white cotton in the following manner: Procure any type of close-fitting skullcap. Cut out of the best quality cotton batting pieces large enough to cover these caps and hang down in a short plait at the back of the neck. The cotton may be sewed on to the cap in folds which suggest the marcel of the hair wig. When the wigs are put in place they may be fastened to the forehead line by spirit gum. This gives a realistic and neat-fitting appearance. A small black ribbon on the plait makes a very good-looking wig.



CHART

SERVICE NUMBER SIX

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	Black Curtain
D-D	White Curtain
E-E	Monk's Cloth Curtain
F-F	Black Flipper Wings
H-H	Black Flipper Wing laid on floor
P-P-P-P	Built-up Platforms covered with rock-painted cloth
1-1	Front Border Lights
2-2	Second Border Lights
4	Blue Flood-light—brought up gradually during entire service
5	Spot-light—use for strong light at climax of service

In the Russian scene the costumes suggest hardship and poverty. A touch of color is given by a red and blue blouse on two of the younger men. Dmitri wears a long black belted coat and a worn fur turban cap. The girls have black skirts and simple blouses. Only Dmitri wears a beard.

SERVICE NUMBER SEVEN

Theme: *The Other Wise Man*

Order of Service

HYMN O Worship the King

THE OTHER WISE MAN

A dramatization of the story by
Henry van Dyke

Characters

Artaban, the Median
Abgarus, the chief priest of the Magi
Tigranes, Abdus, Rhodaspes — Followers of Zoroaster
A Hebrew man
A Hebrew mother
A Roman captain
A passer-by
A Parthian girl
Two Macedonian soldiers
A crowd of Hebrew men and women

Setting

Scene I: An upper room in the home of Artaban
Scene II: A lonely place near the walls of Babylon
Scene III: The porch of the Temple at Borsippa
Scene IV: A room in a cottage in Bethlehem
Interlude
Scene V: A street in Jerusalem

HYMN O Master Let Me Walk with Thee

BENEDICTION

SERVICE NUMBER SEVEN

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) O Worship the King
Words by Robert Grant *Tune*: Lyons

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His pow'r and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

THE OTHER WISE MAN*

A dramatization of the story by Henry van Dyke

CHARACTERS

Artaban, the Median, a young priest of the Magi
Abgarus, a very old man, the chief priest of the Magi
Tigranes, a Persian noble and member of the priesthood
Abdus, also of the sacred order of the Magi, and guardian of the royal treasure
Rhodaspes, another member of the priesthood
A Hebrew traveler near the walls of Babylon
A Hebrew mother in Bethlehem
A Roman captain
A passer-by in a street in Jerusalem
A Parthian girl
Two Macedonian soldiers
A crowd of Hebrew men and women

SCENE I

(An upper room in the home of Artaban, in the city of Ecbatana, among the mountains of Persia. Its spacious simplicity, the graceful folds of the draperies, the tall columns on either side, and the soft glow of rose and blue lights which tint the columns and the silken hangings give to the chamber an atmosphere of peace and charm. The white silk curtain center back, which remains closed during the early part of the scene, opens and shows a balcony from which one may view the heavens. Upstage center is a small black altar;

* Notice. No dramatic production or representation of this play may be made without the written permission of Dr. Henry van Dyke obtained through his agents, Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City. This dramatization is made by the authors of *Worship Through Drama* with the special permission of Mr. van Dyke.

on this stands a brass urn in which a fire burns, sending up a column of smoke, and casting a red glow over the white curtain, and up into the face of Artaban who stands back of it, facing front, in an attitude of prayer. He is a tall, soldierly man of about thirty years, with black beard and hair. He wears a tall, white, pointed cap with long lapels at the sides, the sacred headdress of the ancient priesthood of the Magi, and on his breast the winged circle of gold, sign of the follower of Zoroaster. When the curtain opens the stage is dimly lighted, and the lights are brought up somewhat as the other priests enter. Artaban remains in his place, greeting each priest with uplifted arm. Each priest returns his greeting, raising his arm as he enters. Abdus enters first and moves across the stage to the end of the long bench left. Rhodaspes comes next and follows Abdus left center in front of the bench. Tigranes goes downstage right to the end of the bench, and Abgarus takes his place on Artaban's right hand, right center stage.)

ARTABAN: Welcome! Welcome, Abdus. Peace be with you, Rhodaspes, and with you Tigranes, and with you, my father, Abgarus. You are all welcome, and this house grows bright with the joy of your presence. (*All take their places and remain standing.*) You have come tonight at my call, as the faithful scholars of Zoroaster, to renew your worship and rekindle your faith in the God of Purity, even as this fire has been rekindled on the altar. We worship not the fire, but Him of whom it is the chosen symbol, because it is the purest of all created things. It speaks to us of one who is Light and Truth. Is it not so, my father?

ABGARUS: It is well said, my son. The enlightened are never idolaters. They lift the veil of the form and go in to the

shrine of the reality, and new light and truth are coming to them continuously through the old symbols.

ARTABAN: Come then, let us chant together our prayer before the holy flame. (*The other four priests kneel. Artaban stands in his place behind the altar and leads the chant.*)

We worship the Spirit Divine,
all wisdom and goodness possessing,
Surrounded by Holy Immortals,
the givers of bounty and blessing,
We joy in the works of His hands,
His truth and His power confessing.

We praise all the things that are pure,
for these are His only Creation;
The thoughts that are true, and the words
and deeds that have won approbation;
These are supported by Him
and for these we make adoration.

Hear us, O Mazda! Thou livest
in truth and in heavenly gladness;
Cleanse us from falsehood, and keep us
from evil and bondage to badness;
Pour out the light and the joy of Thy life
on our darkness and sadness.

Shine on our gardens and fields,
Shine on our working and weaving;
Shine on the whole race of man,
Believing and unbelieving;
Shine on us now through the night,
Shine on us now in Thy might,

The flame of our holy love,
and the song of our worship receiving.

(*There is a moment of silence after the chant ends, and then the men rise quietly and seat themselves on the low benches right and left. Artaban still remains standing, but moves out in front of the altar.*)

ARTABAN: Hear me now, my father and my friends, while I tell you of new light and truth that have come to me through the most ancient of all signs. We have searched the secrets of nature together, and have studied the healing virtues of water and fire and the plants. We have read also the books of prophecy in which the future is dimly foretold in words that are hard to understand. But the highest of all learning is the knowledge of the stars. To trace their courses is to untangle the threads of the mystery of life from the beginning to the end. If we could follow them perfectly, nothing would be hidden from us. But is not our knowledge of them still incomplete? Are there not many stars still beyond our horizon—lights that are known only to the dwellers in the far south land, among the spice-trees of Punt and the gold mines of Ophir?

(*There is a murmur of assent.*)

TIGRANES: The stars are the thoughts of the Eternal. They are numberless. But the thoughts of man can be counted, like the years of his life. The wisdom of the Magi is the greatest of all wisdom on earth, because it knows its own ignorance. And that is the secret of power. We keep men always looking and waiting for a new sunrise. But we ourselves know that the darkness is equal to the light, and the conflict between them will never be ended.

ARTABAN: That does not satisfy me. If the waiting must be end-

less, if there can be no fulfillment of it, then it is not wisdom to look and wait. We should become like those new teachers of the Greeks, who say that there is no truth, and that the only wise men are those who spend their lives in discovering and exposing the lies that have been believed in the world. But the new sunrise will certainly dawn in the appointed time. Do not our own books tell us that this will come to pass, and that men will see the brightness of a great light?

RHODASPES: That is true. Every faithful disciple of Zoroaster knows the prophecy of the Avesta, and carries the word in his heart. "In that day the Victorious One shall arise out of the number of the prophets in the east country. Around him shall shine a mighty brightness, and he shall make life everlasting, incorruptible, and immortal, and the dead shall rise again."

ABDUS: This is a dark saying, and it may be that we shall never understand it. It is better to consider the things that are near at hand, and to increase the influence of the Magi in their own country, rather than to look for one who may be a stranger, and to whom we must resign our power.

(*Murmur of assent from Rhodaspes and Tigranes. Abgarus remains silent.*)

ARTABAN (*turning to Abgarus*): My father, I have kept this prophecy in the secret place of my soul. Religion without a great hope would be like an altar without a living fire. (*He turns and indicates the altar behind him.*) And now for me the flame has burned more brightly, and by the light of it I have read other words from the fountain of truth which speak yet more clearly of the rising of the Victorious One. (*He draws from his girdle two small rolls of linen.*) In the years long past, before our fathers came into the land of Babylon, there were wise men in Chaldea, from whom the

first of the Magi learned the secret of the heavens. Of these wise men Balaam the son of Beor was one of the mightiest. (*Unrolling the first scroll.*) Hear ye the words of his prophecy: "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall arise out of Israel."

TIGRANES (*scornfully*): Judah was a captive by the waters of Babylon, and the sons of Jacob were in bondage to our kings.

RHODASPES: Aye, and the tribes of Israel are scattered through the mountains like lost sheep; and surely from the remnant that dwells in Judea under the yoke of Rome, neither scepter nor star can arise.

ARTABAN: And yet the Hebrew Daniel, the mighty searcher of dreams and counselor of the wise Belshazzar, was the one most honored and beloved of our great king Cyrus. And these are the words he wrote (*reading from the second scroll*): "Know, therefore, and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore Jerusalem, unto the Anointed One, the Prince, the time shall be seven and threescore and two weeks."

ABGARUS: But my son, these are mystical numbers. Who can interpret them, or who can find the key that shall unlock their meaning?

ARTABAN: It has been shown to me and to my three companions among the Magi, Caspar, Melchior, and Belshazzar. We have searched the ancient tables of Chaldea, and computed the time. It falls in this year. We have studied the sky, and in the spring of the year we saw two of the greatest stars draw together in the sign of the Fish, which is the house of the Hebrews. We also saw a new star, which shone for one night and then vanished. Now again the two great planets are meeting. This night is their conjunction. My three brothers are watching at the ancient temple of the

Seven Spheres, at Borsippa, in Babylonia, and I am watching here. If the star shines again, they will wait ten days for me at the temple, and then we will set out together for Jerusalem, to see and worship the Promised One, who shall be born King of Israel. I believe the sign will come. I have made ready for the journey. I have sold my house and my possessions, and have bought these three jewels (*he draws out a small pouch from his girdle, and takes out the stones*) —a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl—to carry them as tribute to the king. I ask you to go with me on the pilgrimage that we may have joy together in finding the Prince who is worthy to be served.

(*There is silence when he finishes, and then the men shake their heads doubtfully with growing incredulity.*)

TIGRANES: Artaban, this is a vain dream. It comes from too much looking upon the stars and the cherishing of lofty thoughts. It would be wiser to spend the time in gathering money for the new fire-temple at Chala. No king will ever rise from the broken race of Israel, and no end will ever come to the eternal strife between light and darkness. He who looks for it is a chaser of dreams. Farewell. (*He rises just before he says farewell, and raises his arm in farewell salute, then goes out.*)

ABDUS: I have no knowledge of these things, and my office as guardian of the royal treasury binds me here. The quest is not for me. (*He rises and goes toward Artaban.*) And I would fain persuade thee from this strange journey. (*Pause, and Artaban shakes his head*) But if thou must follow it, fare thee well. (*He salutes and goes out. Artaban returns the salute each time.*)

RHODASPES: (*He has risen, and now speaks complainingly.*) I am ill and unfit for hardship. Therefore this quest is not for

me. (*He starts off and then turns as if an afterthought had struck him.*) But there is a man among my servants whom I will send with thee when thou goest, to bring me word how thou farest. So, farewell! (*He salutes and goes out.*)

ABGARUS: (*He rises and comes to Artaban in fatherly fashion.*) My son, it may be that the light of truth is in this sign that has appeared in the sky, and then it will surely lead to the Prince and the mighty brightness. Or it may be that it is only a shadow of the light, as Tigranes has said, and then he who follows it will have only a long pilgrimage and an empty search. But it is better to follow even the shadow of the best than to remain content with less than the best. And those who would see wonderful things must often be ready to travel alone. I am too old for this journey, but my heart shall be a companion of thy pilgrimage day and night, and I shall know the end of thy quest. Go in peace. (*They exchange the oriental kiss on the cheek, and Abgarus goes out.*)

(*Artaban stands for a moment watching Abgarus off, and then turns upstage and pulls the cord right center. The white silk curtain tableaus, revealing steps leading up to the outer balcony. He ascends the steps, and gazes off-stage right and up. The sky is a deep midnight blue. As he watches, a light begins to glow, which is reflected on the white of his cape and on his face. First a pale yellow, then blue, then amber, then crimson, as if two great lights had drawn together.*)

ARTABAN: Lo, the two planets draw together! (*He waits and watches, and suddenly a strong white light shines in his face.*) Behold, the new star! (*He bows his head and covers his brow with his hand.*) It is the sign. The king is coming. I go to meet him!

CURTAIN

Scene II

(*A lonely place near the walls of Babylon. A palm tree downstage left. The figure of a man lies prone across the center of the stage. Silence as the curtain opens, then the sound of a horse's hoofs off-stage right. They halt, then Artaban enters cautiously.*)

Artaban: Strange that my horse will not go on! He breathes anxiously and stands quivering as though some danger were lurking near. (*He begins searching and comes upon the stricken figure. He goes to it, turns the body over on its back, and looks at the face.*) Alas, the fever! (*He examines the body, lifts one arm which falls back inertly.*) Dead! (*As he turns away, a long faint sigh comes from the lips of the fallen man, and a hand grasps the hem of his gown.*) Art still alive? Alas, why does thou clutch my garment as if to claim my care and hold me here? If I linger but for one short hour I cannot reach the temple at the appointed time. My companions will go on without me and I shall lose my quest. And yet, if I go on, this man will surely die. What shall I do? The star calls me on; must I then turn aside to minister to a poor perishing Hebrew? O God of Truth and Purity, direct me in the holy path, the way of wisdom, which thou alone dost know!

(*He turns back to the sick man, takes the headdress off, and unfastens his cloak at the neck. He then goes off-stage, brings his water-jug from the horse, mixes a potion of herbs from his girdle, and pours it slowly between the man's lips. Gradually the man revives.*)

Hebrew: Who art thou? Why hast thou sought to bring me back to life?

Artaban: I am Artaban the Magian, of the city of Ecbatana,

and am going to Jerusalem in search of one who is to be born King of the Jews, a great Prince and deliverer for all men. I dare not delay any longer from my journey, for the caravan that has waited for me may depart without me. But see, here is all that I have left of bread and wine, and here is a potion of healing herbs. When thy strength is restored thou canst find the dwellings of the Hebrews among the houses of Babylon.

HEBREW: Now may the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob bless and prosper the journey of the merciful and bring him in peace to his desired haven. But stay: I have nothing to give thee in return,—only this: that I can tell thee where the Messiah is to be sought. For our prophets have said that he should be born not in Jerusalem, but in Bethlehem of Judea. May the Lord bring thee in safety to that place, because thou hast given life to the dying.

(*Artaban goes right, raises his arm in gesture of farewell, and goes out. There is again the sound of horse's hoofs.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE III

(*The porch of the temple at Borsippa in Babylonia. Artaban enters right, finds the place deserted, and looks for traces of his friends. Finally sees a small pile of broken bricks, and under them a piece of parchment. He takes it up and reads.*)

ARTABAN (*reading*): "We have waited past the midnight and can delay no longer. We go to find the king. Follow us across the desert." (*He drops his arms in despair, and speaks in dismay.*) How can I cross the desert with no food and with a spent horse? I must return to Babylon, sell my sapphire, and buy a train of camels and provision for the journey. I

may never overtake my friends. Only God the Merciful knows whether I shall not lose the sight of the king because I tarried to show mercy!

CURTAIN

Scene IV

(*A room in a low stone cottage in Bethlehem, three days after the Wise Men visited Jesus. A Hebrew mother is hushing her baby to sleep. There is a knock on the door and she goes to the door at the back upstage right, and looks out.*)

Artaban (*from without*): I am a stranger in this land, having come hither on a long pilgrimage.

Mother: Thou art indeed welcome, and my humble dwelling will be honored if thou wilt enter and rest from thy journey. (*She stands aside as Artaban enters, and comes down stage right. She indicates the stool by the table.*) Seat thyself here, and I will bring thee food and drink. (*She brings a bowl from a rack upstage right, and then pours water from a jug into a small cup, and places it on the table in front of Artaban.*)

Artaban: May the God of Purity bless thee for thy kindness and reward thy tender mercy, for thou bringest cheer and hope to one who has traveled far and who is weary with the disappointment of a vain and lonely search.

Mother: Thy handmaiden is glad if she has found favor in thy sight. Perhaps if thou wilt tell me further what it is thou seekest after, it will give me joy to aid thee in thy search.

Artaban: I have come to find the king—a new-born babe who is the promised prince, destined to shine as a great light and make life everlasting.

Mother: 'Tis strange, but knowest thou, but three days ago

other men from the East visited our village. They wore tunic and gown even as thou.

ARTABAN: My friends! So they were here? And thou didst see them?

MOTHER: Aye.

ARTABAN: How many were there?

MOTHER: Three.

ARTABAN: 'Tis well. Tell me more.

MOTHER: They said a star had guided them to Bethlehem: and as they journeyed, it came and stood over the place where Joseph of Nazareth was lodging with his wife and her new-born child.

ARTABAN: Joseph of Nazareth, sayest thou?

MOTHER: Aye, he was on his way to Jerusalem to pay his taxes. And when the strangers found the child they knelt down before him and gave him rich gifts—gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

ARTABAN: It is the king! I must see him also, and lay my gifts at his feet.

MOTHER: Alas, you have come too late. The man of Nazareth took the babe and his mother and fled that same night secretly. It was whispered that they were going far away into Egypt.

ARTABAN: Ah, woe is me! Why did I tarry to aid another when I should have been paying tribute to the king? But why did the Nazarene flee?

MOTHER: We know not. The travelers, too, disappeared as suddenly as they came. Ever since there has been a spell over the village; something evil hangs over it. They say that the Roman soldiers are coming from Jerusalem—some say to force a new tax upon us, and men have driven their flocks

and herds far back among the hills to escape it; and others say that the Romans will come and slay our children.

ARTABAN: Nay, 'tis impossible—they would not be so cruel. (*The mother looks apprehensively toward the cradle, goes over, seats herself and takes up the child in her arms, and croons very softly to it. He continues as if speaking to himself.*) Might not this child have been the promised prince? Kings have been born ere now in lowlier houses than this, and the favorite of the stars may rise even from a cottage. But it has not seemed good to the God of Wisdom to reward my search so soon and so easily. The one whom I seek has gone before me, and now I must follow the king to Egypt.

(*Suddenly from without come cries of alarm mingled with the rough voices of soldiers. Artaban rushes to the door and listens. A Roman captain, sword in hand, appears in the doorway and starts to enter, but Artaban bars his entrance. The soldier is surprised at sight of the strange garb but recovers himself and tries to thrust him aside.*)

CAPTAIN: By order of King Herod, every child must die. Let me pass that I may search this house. To block my entrance is to play with death!

ARTABAN: (*His quiet dignity holds the soldier silent for a moment, then he speaks in a low voice.*) I am alone in this place, and I am waiting to give this jewel (*he holds out the ruby*) to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace.

(*The captain looks across at the woman and her child, then once more at the ruby. His eyes grow wide with wonder and desire. He snatches the gem and turns quickly to the men without.*)

CAPTAIN: March on! There is no child here. The house is still.

(*Artaban turns back slowly into the room and comes downstage center. He bows his head in prayer.*)

"I AM WAITING TO GIVE THIS JEWEL TO THE PRUDENT CAPTAIN."

ARTABAN: God of Truth, forgive my sin! I have said the thing that is not, to save the life of a child. And two of my gifts are gone. I have spent for man that which was meant for God. Shall I ever be worthy to see the face of the King?

MOTHER (*kneeling at his feet and kissing the hem of his robe*): Because thou hast saved the life of my little one, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee, may the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee, may the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

CURTAIN

INTERLUDE

(*A reader comes out through the center of the front curtain and stands center stage during the reading of the interlude.*)

There was silence in the Hall of Dreams, and I understood that the years of Artaban were flowing very swiftly under the stillness of that clinging fog, and I caught only a glimpse, here and there, of the river of his life shining through the shadows which concealed its course.

I saw him moving among the throngs of men in populous Egypt, seeking everywhere for the traces of the household that had come down from Bethlehem, and finding them under the spreading sycamore-trees of Heliopolis, and beneath the walls of the Roman fortress of the New Babylon beside the Nile—traces so faint and dim that they vanished before him continually, as footprints on the hard river sand glisten for a moment with moisture and then disappear.

I saw him again at the foot of the pyramids, which lifted their sharp points into the intense saffron glow of the sunset sky, changeless monuments of the perishable glory and of the imper-

ishable hope of man. He looked up into the vast countenance of the crouching Sphinx and vainly tried to read the meaning of the calm eyes and the smiling mouth. Was it, indeed, the mockery of all effort and all aspiration, as Tigranes had said—the cruel jest of a riddle that has no answer, a search that can never succeed? Or was there a touch of pity and encouragement in the inscrutable smile—a promise that even the defeated shall attain a victory, and the disappointed shall discover a prize, and the ignorant shall be made wise, and the blind shall see, and the wandering shall come into the haven at last?

I saw him again in an obscure house in Alexandria, taking counsel with a Hebrew rabbi. The venerable man, bending over the rolls of parchment on which the prophecies of Israel were written, read aloud the pathetic words which foretold the pathetic sufferings of the promised Messiah—the despised and rejected of men, the man of sorrows and the acquaintance of grief.

"And remember, my son," said he, fixing his deep-set eyes upon the face of Artaban, "the King whom you are seeking is not to be found in a palace, nor among the rich and powerful. If the light of the world and the glory of Israel had been appointed to come with the greatness of earthly splendor, it must have appeared long ago. For no son of Abraham will ever again rival the power which Joseph had in the palaces of Egypt, or the magnificence of Solomon throned between the lions of Jerusalem. But the light for which the world is waiting is a new light, the glory that shall rise out of patient and triumphant suffering. And the kingdom which is to be established forever is a new kingdom, the royalty of perfect and unconquerable love.

"I do not know how this shall come to pass, nor how the turbulent kings and peoples of earth shall be brought to acknowledge the Messiah and pay homage to him. But this I know.

Those who seek him will do well to look among the poor and the lowly, the sorrowful and the oppressed."

So I saw the other wise man again and again, traveling from place to place, and searching among the people of the dispersion with whom the little family from Bethlehem might, perhaps, have found refuge. He passed through countries where famine lay heavy upon the land, and the poor were crying for bread. He made his dwelling place in plague-stricken cities where the sick were languishing in the bitter companionship of helpless misery. He visited the oppressed and the afflicted in the gloom of subterranean prisons, and the crowded wretchedness of slave-markets, and the weary toil of galley ships. In all this populous and intricate world of anguish, though he found none to worship he found many to help. He fed the hungry and clothed the naked and healed the sick and comforted the captive; and his years went by more quickly than the weaver's shuttle that flashes back and forth through the loom while the web grows and the invisible pattern is completed.

It seemed almost as if he had forgotten his quest. But once I saw him for a moment as he stood alone at sunrise, waiting at the gate of a Roman prison. He had taken from a secret resting-place in his bosom the pearl, the last of his jewels. As he looked at it, a mellow luster, a soft and iridescent light, full of shifting gleams of azure and rose, trembled upon its surface. It seemed to have absorbed some reflection of the colors of the lost sapphire and ruby. So the profound secret purpose of a life draws into itself the memories of past joy and past sorrow. All that has helped, all that has hindered it, is transfused by a subtle magic into its very essence. It becomes more luminous and precious the longer it is carried close to the warmth of the beating heart.

Then, at last, while I was thinking of this pearl, and of its meaning, I heard the end of the story of the Other Wise Man.

Scene V

(*A street in Jerusalem which leads to the Damascus Gate and out to Golgotha. It is the day of the crucifixion. Thirty-three years have passed since Artaban started his search, and he is now an old man with white hair and white beard. He stands upstage center watching people who are hurrying by him. There is a buzz of excitement off-stage right and left. As the curtain rises, groups of people are seen hurrying across the stage. Artaban calls to one of the passers-by.*)

Artaban: I pray thee, tell me the cause of all this tumult. Whither are all these people going?

Passer-by: We are going to a place called Golgotha, outside the city walls where there is to be a crucifixion. Have you not heard? Two famous robbers are to be crucified, and with them another called Jesus of Nazareth, a man who has done many wonderful works among the people, so that they love him greatly. But the priests and elders have said that he must die because he gave himself out to be the Son of God. And Pilate has sent him to the cross because he said that he was the King of the Jews.

(*He and his companions pass on off-stage left.*)

Artaban: Jesus of Nazareth?—the Son of God?—the King of the Jews?—Can this be my king, for whom I have searched these long years, and I have found him in the hour of his death? The ways of God are stranger than the thoughts of men, and it may be that I shall find the king at last, in the hands of his enemies and shall come in time to offer my pearl as his ransom before he dies.

(*He starts off left. Enter right two Macedonian soldiers dragging a young girl with torn dress and disheveled hair. She catches sight of Artaban, breaks away from the soldiers, and throws herself at his feet.*)

GIRL: Have pity on me and save me for the sake of the God of Purity! I also am a daughter of the true religion which is taught by the Magi. My father was a merchant of Parthia, but he is dead, and I am seized for his debts to be sold as a slave. Save me from worse than death.

(*Artaban looks down at her pityingly, looks off left in the direction of the crucifixion, bows his head, thrusts his hand into his girdle, and pulls out the pearl.*)

ARTABAN: This is thy ransom, daughter. (*He places it in her hand.*) It is the last of my treasures which I have kept for the king.

(*At this moment darkness covers the stage. There are flashes of light showing the girl crouching at Artaban's feet and the soldiers fleeing. A noise off-stage as of falling stones. A black stage, then a beam of light from left stage reveals Artaban fallen to the ground, his head held in the arms of the girl as she kneels by his side. A look of joy shines on his face.*)

VOICE (*off-stage left as if coming out of the light*): I was anhungered and ye fed me; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison and ye visited me.

ARTABAN: Not so, my Lord! For when saw I thee anhungered and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger and took thee in, or naked and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick and in prison and came unto thee? Three and thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King.

VOICE: Verily I say unto thee, inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren thou hast done it unto me.

(*Artaban dies and the light fades.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

HYMN O Master Let Me Walk with Thee

Words by Washington Gladden *Tune:* Maryton

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give—
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

BENEDICTION

The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and your minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Service Number Seven

Stage Setting

In creating the fire in the urn for the first scene, four lighted cigarettes held in a paper clamp will provide a more visible volume of smoke than burning incense. A red bulb, lighted, placed in the urn casts the glow of fire against the rising smoke. Some one must be stationed at the tableau lines on the white curtain so that they may be drawn at the exact moment when Artaban pulls the black pull-cord which hangs against the wall.

In the second scene, the palm tree may be made as follows: a spiral of heavy building paper is constructed seven feet long, so that it is eight inches at the bottom. This is wrapped with brown burlap and makes the trunk of the tree. About twelve leaves are cut out of buckram, of varying shapes and lengths, the widest being about five inches in width at their widest point and several feet long. These leaves are painted green with high lights of yellow and brown. They are then placed into the top of the spiral: some of them are bent to resemble the irregularity of palm leaves; the others stand or droop naturally according to their size and weight. The effect of withered leaves which hang closer to the trunk is gained by adding curled strips of brown paper.

The door and the long window in the monk's cloth curtain used for Scene IV should be constructed in the manner described in the chart furnished for Service Number Eight.

A touch of realism may be added to the street setting of Scene V by using in the spot indicated on the chart the duck side of one of the flipper wings, painted as a stone doorway.

Costumes and Make-up

The Magi: each wears a long straight, sleeveless gown of rayon silk, belted in by a sash of the same material. A touch of richness is added by trimming neck and hem with bands of gold and silver braid.

Over this is worn a long circular cape which touches the floor in the back. This cape is made of white outing flannel: two widths, two and one-half yards long, are sewed together; the corners are cut off to make it a large oval; one end is then turned down one-half yard, and this fold is plaited to form the neckline. A piece of tape is sewed from shoulder point to shoulder point; this can be slipped over the head to hold the cape in place. The tall pointed hat which each Magian wears is made as follows: two pieces of buckram are cut out in the proper shape; these are sewed together down both sides; two pieces of white outing flannel are then cut out to match; these are sewed similarly and are turned inside out; the outing flannel is then pulled over the buckram. The winged circle which is on each breast may be cut from cardboard and painted; they are hung from the neck by a cord.

The Magians differ from each other only in the color of their gowns: Artaban wears red, Abgarus lavender, Tigranes green, Rhodaspes yellow, Abdus black.

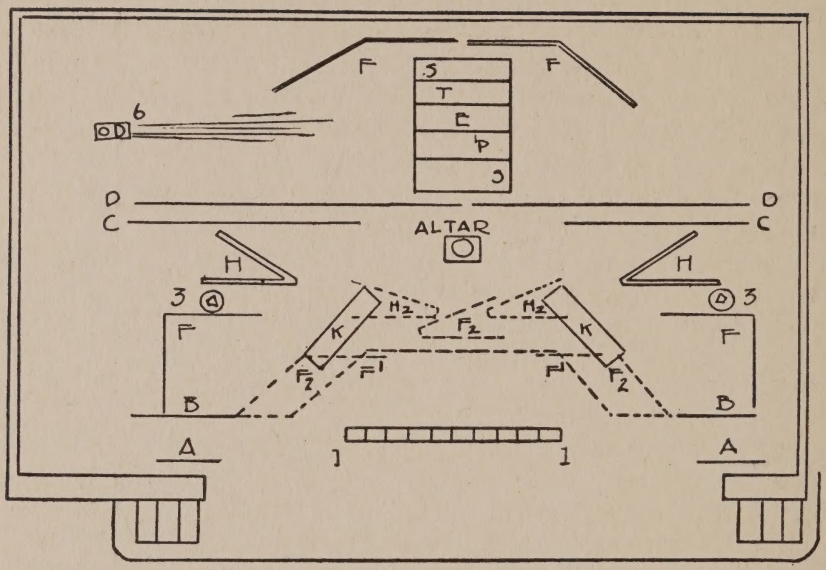
The Hebrew costumes in this service should resemble the types described under Service Number Four, being careful to observe the most effective combination of colors.

The Roman captain's costume should, if possible, be rented. It is plainly shown in the illustration for this Service. The Macedonian soldiers wear short tunics, helmets, and breastplates; these also should be rented if possible.

The Parthian girl wears a long loose-fitting gown and her hair hangs loose.

All the Magians except Tigranes wear beards: Abgarus and Abdus are old men, Abgarus with a long, white beard and Abdus with a short gray one.

The reader of the Interlude, if a girl, should be dressed in a long full sleeveless gown of white rayon silk, with a blue drapery fastened to the shoulder in Greek fashion. If a man reads, he should wear a Geneva gown.

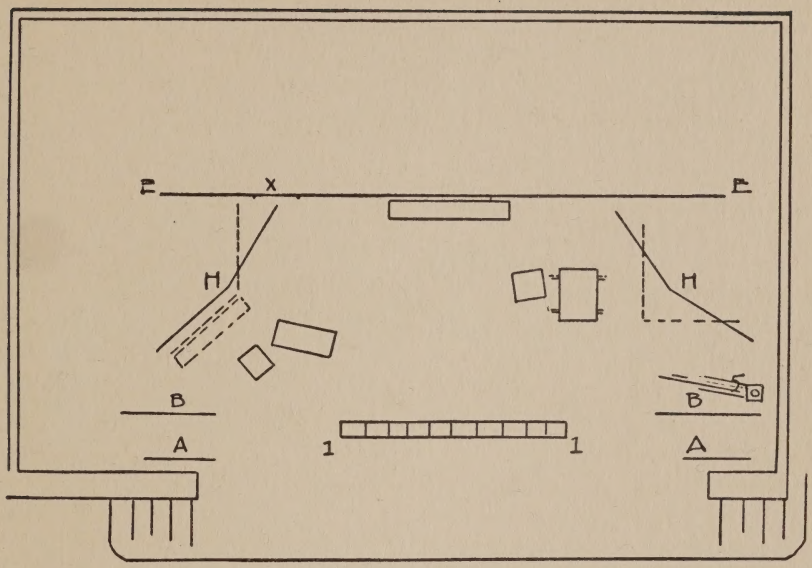


CHART

SERVICE NUMBER SEVEN

SCENES I, II, III

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	Black Curtain
D-D	White Curtain
F-F-F-F	Black Flipper Wings
F^1-F^1	Black Flipper Wings—position for Scene II
F^2-F^2-F^2	Black Flipper Wings—position for Scene III
H-H	Monk's Cloth Wings
H^2-H^2	Monk's Cloth Wings—position Scene III
K-K	Benches—Scene I
1-1	Front Border Lights—blue and amber
3-3	Blue Strip-lights
6	Spot-light with different colored gelatins



CHART

SERVICE NUMBER SEVEN

SCENES IV, V

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
E-E	Monk's Cloth Curtain
H-H	Monk's Cloth Wings—move to dotted position for Scene V
X	Door in Monk's Cloth Curtain—Scene IV
1-1	Front Border Lights—amber
5	Baby Spot-light—Scene V
	Furniture for Scene IV indicated as shown in illustration
	Dotted square right stage shows position of painted doorway for Scene V

SERVICE NUMBER EIGHT

Theme: *Light*

Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL HYMN Light of the World

HE CAME SEEING

A Drama by Mary P. Hamlin

Characters

Asa, servant to Hilkiah
Joab, Asa's son, born blind
Judith, his mother
Anna, mother of the disciple Thomas
Hilkiah, a Pharisee
Neighbors

Setting

A room in a simple dwelling in Jerusalem, a morning in December, the last year of Jesus' life.

EPILOGUE The Light of the Cross

HYMN O Light That Followest All My Way

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

RECESSIONAL HYMN Fairest Lord Jesus

SERVICE NUMBER EIGHT

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

(*The choir proceeds from the back of the auditorium and down the center aisle carrying lighted candles. They take seats in the front rows, extinguishing their candles as the hymn ends.*)

Words by John S. B. Monsell *Tune:* Salve Domine

Light of the world, we hail Thee,
Flushing the eastern skies;
Never shall darkness veil Thee
Again from human eyes;
Too long, alas, withholden,
Now spread from shore to shore;
Thy light, so glad and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.

Light of the world, Thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part;
Thou robest in Thy splendor
The simplest ways of men,
And helpest them to render
Light back to Thee again.

Light of the world, illumine
This darkened earth of Thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with the divine;

Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from love and Thee.

HE CAME SEEING*

By Mary P. Hamlin

CHARACTERS

Asa, a man in the early forties, the best type of loyal, respectful servant.

Joab, Asa's son, born blind, a lad of eighteen: tall and slender, but, owing to his blindness which makes him stoop, he seems shorter than he is. His bearing is gentle, timid, and patient. His mother's over-carefulness has made of him a child, robbing him of possible responsibility.

Judith, the wife of Asa. Like all Oriental women, she is a child, with the simple curious mind of a woman who has no outlet for her mentality except her housework and gossip with other women. She is about thirty-five years old.

Anna, mother of the disciple Thomas. A more spirited woman than Judith, and a bit more mature, because of her tendency to think for herself.

Hilkiah, a member of the Sanhedrin, and a fine type of Jewish aristocrat. He is between forty and fifty years of age.

Neighbors, a group of men, women, and children—at least

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six or seven—who crowd in as interested spectators after the healing of Joab.

SETTING

A room in a small stone house in Jerusalem, a morning in December, the last year of Jesus' life. In the back wall are two long narrow slits for windows. For this wall use the monk's cloth back-drop. By tacking narrow window-frames to the edges of the curtains where they separate right and left center, the slits may be made as shown in chart. Blue cloth hung two or three feet back from the slits will give the effect of sky, when the proper lighting is placed on it as shown in chart. Monk's cloth flipper wings fill in completely the side wall on the left. A shelf on this wall holds a few crude pottery utensils, and a copper bowl, highly polished. Flipper wings form the right wall also, leaving an entrance upstage where they join the back drop. Near it on the back wall is a rough wooden rack holding several pottery jars. Downstage left center is a low, home-made bench. There is another smaller one downstage right. A pile of rugs lies in the corner upstage left. Downstage center is a brazier, a low, wide, metal dish with live coals in it, which may be effected by using red electric bulbs lighted under pieces of coal or brick.

As the curtain rises Asa is seen standing, somewhat impatiently, by the door. Down center, Joab stands with bent patience, enduring the many fussy arrangements that Judith is making to his clothes. As the curtain opens, she is putting his coat on him, drawing it tight about his neck, rearranging his headdress, and patting him as though he were a little child. He has a staff in his hand, and when he moves he gropes his way, feeling timidly with it.

JUDITH (*with a final unnecessary pat, and speaking with exaggerated cheer*): Careful, son.

JOAB (*listlessly*): Yes, mother.

ASA (*sharply*): Come.

JOAB (*turning right and beginning to grope his way*): Yes, father.

JUDITH: Watch him, Asa. (*To Joab*): You'll stay right where Father puts you?

JOAB: Yes, mother.

JUDITH: I'll come at noon and we'll take a nice walk about the Temple porch.

JOAB: Yes, mother. (*He has now reached Asa, who takes him firmly by the right arm and they turn to go.*)

JUDITH: Wait! Your barley cakes! (*She runs over to shelf left and gets three little flat cakes—round pieces of corrugated pasteboard may be used. Meantime Anna enters, nods to Asa, slips past Joab without his noticing her, and stands upstage center. Judith hands the barley cakes to Joab.*)

JOAB (*speaking in a disappointed tone as he feels the cakes*): Won't you bring them hot?

JUDITH: It's Sabbath.

JOAB (*sighing*): Oh, I forgot. (*He turns to go again, cakes in hand.*)

JUDITH (*running to him, taking cakes and slipping them in his girdle*): You mustn't carry them. That's doing work.

JOAB: I forgot.

ASA: Mustn't forget to keep Sabbath holy, Son.

JOAB (*patiently*): No, sir. (*They go out. Anna watches them go, and Judith comes downstage left.*)

ANNA: Poor boy! If there's anything I hate it's stale bread.

JUDITH: I always bake it fresh other days, but I can't bake on Sabbath, can I?

ANNA (*coming down center, and speaking with sudden daring*): I did, once.

JUDITH (*shocked but interested*): Oh, Anna!

ANNA: Well, I forgot all about making bread the night before.

JUDITH: How could you?

ANNA: I don't know, but I did; so Sabbath morning I made some nice hot cakes and nothing happened. (*She looks defiantly at Judith, lips pursed, head back.*)

JUDITH: It was a sin. You should have gone without.

ANNA: I won't let my family starve for anybody.

JUDITH (*clapping hand over mouth in fascinated horror*): Ohhh! (*She looks at Anna and they stand like children discussing delicious, forbidden things. Judith clutches Anna and pulls her confidentially down on the bench left, speaking in a scared whisper.*) Anna, did you ever forget to tithe? (*She watches her friend eagerly. Anna shuts her lips tight, looks at Judith out of the corner of her eye, and then with wicked joy, she rocks herself back and forth and nods her head up and down.*) So did I—once.

ANNA: Anything happen to you?

JUDITH: Not a thing.

ANNA: Well, then! Judith, will you promise never to tell as long as you live? (*Judith nods with passionate interest.*) Swear by your head.

JUDITH (*placing hand solemnly on headband*): By my head.

ANNA (*bragging*): I don't tithe half the time.

JUDITH (*with a shocked squeal*): Anna!

ANNA: Hasn't anything happened—yet.

JUDITH (*admiring but frightened*): How'd you dare?

ANNA (*with zest*): Well, once I went to market to get some mint and cummin for a lamb stew. I was so excited about having meat—it was my Thomas's birthday—I forgot to tithe the

spices. I never once thought of it till after I was just going to sleep that night. I was scared all night long, expecting—(*Judith nods in understanding terror*)—but nothing happened. And then, I tried it again, on purpose, and nothing has ever happened; so now I just don't bother about tithing spices and little things.

JUDITH (*shocked into realizing the enormity of the offence*): And you call yourself a Pharisee?

ANNA: Of course I'm a Pharisee.

JUDITH: Not if you don't keep the law.

ANNA (*rising and walking center*): Well, I have enough to do with all my housework, weaving and cooking and toting water for my family, without bothering to mess with every little bit of spice I use.

JUDITH: Then you aren't a Pharisee. That's all.

ANNA (*scared and savage*): I am, too, a Pharisee. I guess I'm own third cousin to Prince Caiaphas; and don't we eat Passover at the Palace every single year?

JUDITH (*in an outburst of self-pity*): Then it isn't fair. Here I keep the Law the best I know how, and I have a blind baby that has to grow up a beggar, and you don't even tithe, and your baby's all right, and you're invited to the High Priest's Palace for Passover.

ANNA (*bursting to tell her news*): Judith, will you promise never to tell anybody, if I tell you something?

JUDITH (*with a quick shift from reproof to curiosity, she jumps up and comes to Anna center*): Not a soul.

ANNA (*gloating with her news*): Well, last year, when we went to the Palace, I kept my eyes open. You know, of course, we don't eat in the big room with the Prince and his grand friends because we're poor and we're only third cousins, anyway, so we always eat in the court, near the kitchens; and I

got talking with one of the scullery girls—after—and—Judith, you won't tell, because I promised on my head I wouldn't—but they don't tithe, up there, the way they tell us. *Not in the High Priest's kitchens,* they don't. And what's more, Prince Caiaphas knows and doesn't say a word.

JUDITH (*genuinely shocked*): Isn't that awful?

ANNA: I could tell you wors'n that.

JUDITH (*eagerly*): Go on.

ANNA: There's all kinds of parties up there at the Palace, with Roman officers and things not lawful ——

JUDITH (*sudden reaction, realizing that they are going too far, she turns away left*): We ought not to talk like this. Asa says it's our place to respect our betters. He's confidential servant to Hilkiah, the best known Pharisee in Jerusalem, and there's things he knows—(*bragging*)—I could tell you, but I won't. (*She walks a few steps left.*)

ANNA (*in an agony of curiosity*): Oh, do.

JUDITH (*struggling between desire to show off and fear of her husband*): I don't dare. Asa'd find out. But I know things in high places ——

ANNA: Oh, please tell. (*She follows Judith up left.*)

JUDITH (*trembling on the verge, but pulling herself together and retreating to the bench left*): I don't dare. (*Anna clutches her pleadingly.*) No. (*She shakes her off.*) I can't. (*She sinks down on the bench, and Anna turns away right. A pause.*) What I don't understand is why God made my baby blind.

ANNA (*glibly, as she wanders upstage to water jars*): Sin.

JUDITH: What have I ever done?

ANNA: You must have done something—you or Asa or Joab.

JUDITH (*sullen*): I keep the law better'n you do.

ANNA (*turning and coming down to bench right*): You do now—yes—but probably you were a great sinner in a former life, Judith. Anyway, the wrath of Jehovah is upon you. You can see that. (*She sits on bench.*)

JUDITH (*sighing*): Yes. Well, I keep the Law the best I can, and so does Asa, and we've brought Joab up strict. He never does anything wrong.

ANNA (*frowning*): No, he's blind. (*As always when women gossip, the air becomes tense. They are verging on a quarrel.*)

JUDITH: Well, you needn't tell me that. I know he's blind. Just because you have a son that's all right, you needn't be so mean. I guess if you had to tend your boy, year after year, the way I do—never free a minute ——

ANNA (*thinking of her own troubles*): You tend him too much. He could do more for himself if you'd let him. Everybody says so.

JUDITH: Oh, they do, do they? Well, then, everybody can mind their own business. I don't happen to want my boy to wait on himself. I want him to depend on me for everything.

ANNA (*sullen*): Yes, that's what every mother wants. Blindness isn't the worst trouble in the world.

JUDITH (*defiant*): What's worse?

ANNA (*bitter*): Losing your son.

JUDITH (*too self-centered to understand*): Oh, yes, I couldn't do without Joab. I'd die if I lost him.

ANNA: No, you wouldn't. You'd go right on living, same as always, only the heart inside you would be broken.

JUDITH (*rising in panic*): You think Joab looks sick? What you scaring me about his dying?

ANNA: Who said anything about dying? There's ways of losing besides dying.

JUDITH (*shaken out of her own sorrow by Anna's bitter tone*): Anna! What do you mean? (*She crosses to Anna.*) Is it your Thomas? (*Anna nods grimly with tight lips. Judith kneels on the floor beside her.*) What?

ANNA (*bursting with pent-up suffering*): Judith, I lost him. He's gone. I've got to tell someone.

JUDITH (*in a scared whisper*): When?

ANNA: Oh, I don't mean that. He comes home nights, but he's different. I've worn my fingers to the bone for that boy, Judith, and he don't pay any more attention to me than if I wasn't around. Nights he sits by the brazier and doesn't speak. If his father asks him a question, likely he doesn't even hear.

JUDITH: Perhaps he's sick.

ANNA: No. I almost wish he was, then I could nurse him and he'd need me, same as your boy needs you. That's what hurts so—he's through needing me. He won't even tell me what he's thinking.

JUDITH: Why don't you ask?

ANNA: I have, but it's worse when he talks—he says such things. His father gets angry—so angry—I've tried to reason with him, and now he doesn't talk at all and he doesn't want to hear a thing I have to say. Oh dear, I love my boy so, but if I was dead, he wouldn't care.

JUDITH: Hush, Anna! That doesn't sound like your Thomas. I think it's only because he's growing up. They say boys are like that—(*sadly*)—boys who can see.

ANNA: Oh, it's more than that. Something's troubling him, but he won't ask our advice. He used to be such a hand to ask questions. Remember?

JUDITH (*with a quick laugh, remembering the child*): Yes—"Why?"

ANNA: Oh, my sakes! It was why, why, why, from morning till night. I used to be about crazy with it. I'd say we must be getting ready for the Sabbath, and he'd say "Why?"—I'd say, because it was the Law, and he'd say, "Why is it the Law?" I'd say because Moses said so. He'd say, "Why did Moses say so?" I'd say, "Because Jehovah told him to," and he'd say, "Why did Jehovah tell him to?" And so on and so on, but now—he doesn't ask any more. He doesn't care what we think. It was that very thing that made his father so provoked, one night when he did talk.

JUDITH: About Sabbath?

ANNA: Yes, he said it was silly bothering to keep the Sabbath the way we do. He said God didn't care—said—wait till I think. It was so queer what he said —— Oh, yes—"The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

JUDITH (*rising, proud that she understands*): I know what's the matter with him. He's been hearing that fellow from Nazareth talk. That's one of the very things that's been reported he said. (*She goes left center.*)

ANNA (*rising and following Judith to center*): Reported? What do you mean?

JUDITH: I ought not to tell. I promised Asa I wouldn't, but you should know. He's a dangerous man. Our young men are following him. He's heading a revolution; and Asa's master, Hilkiah, and some of our other leading men, they've got spies, and they are going to arrest him before the Romans. (*Claps hand over mouth.*) Oh, don't you ever tell that I told, Anna. Asa would be that provoked because it's a great secret, but they know every single person that's listening to him. You must stop your Thomas.

ANNA (*clutching Judith*): What shall I do?

(*The two women stand staring at each other in terror as Asa enters and comes down right center.*)

JUDITH: Asa, Anna's Thomas has been listening to that man from Galilee.

ASA (*with sharp suspicion*): You haven't been telling her?

JUDITH: No, sir, I haven't told a thing, only ——

ASA (*to Anna*): How do you know he is?

ANNA: I don't know, Asa, only he's changed, my Thomas is, and he says things that scare me.

ASA: What?

ANNA: He and his father were disputing and his father backed up his side by quoting Moses, and Thomas said that Moses had been dead a long time, and anyway, he didn't know all there was to know, and that there were newer ideas ——

ASA: The very thing that carpenter said to my master. "Moses says so and so, but I say ——" (*The women gasp in horror.*) Now, Anna, you mustn't repeat a word of what I tell you, but the leading Pharisees are after this fellow. He's bad. The way I know was taking in the wine. There was a supper at my master's last night and all the slaves were sent out afterwards—only I had to take in the wine—keep it cool and take it in—so I couldn't help hearing. But my master knows he can trust me. (*Sharply.*) You won't tell? (*Both women shake their heads vigorously, looking at him with frightened eyes.*) If the Romans suspect another revolution, it's all up with our people. The fellow hails from a little mountain town and he's the most ignorant, brazen —— The other day he called King Herod a fox. Publicly! Said to some leading citizens: "Go, tell that fox." Fox, to the Roman governor! What do you think of that?

ANNA: Oh, I don't believe my boy's listening to a man like that.

ASA: Well, if he is, you want to stop him and stop him quick.

ANNA: Easier said than done. Your Joab does what you tell him to, but Thomas —— Oh, well, I just don't believe he's listening to a bad man. He wouldn't.

ASA: You'd be surprised the people who do listen; decent people, some of them; though most are a pretty bad lot. You must be silent about this if I tell you, but the other day he had a crowd—slaves, publicans, and prostitutes—and he was stirring up that rabble to believe that Jehovah took an interest in them. He claims to know all about God, and he told them that there wasn't so much as a tail-feather on a sparrow that God didn't care about. As my master said, "You can't let that kind of talk go on."

ANNA AND JUDITH (*shocked*): Ohh!

ASA: He's crazy, of course; but he's dangerous. I'd rather see *my* boy dead at my feet than listening to a fellow like that.

JUDITH: Oh, Joab wouldn't listen.

ASA: Well, he can't, thank God. He can't run about after rebels.

JUDITH: No, blind but safe.

(*Noise of crowd outside. Anna turns upstage center. Enter Joab, followed by a crowd of neighbors, men, women, and children, who group themselves upstage right and left. His entire appearance is changed. His head is up and his face radiant. His headdress is off, and his hair is wet, and when he opens his outer cloak, his clothes are seen to be wet and clinging. The most startling thing, however, is that his eyes are open, and it is evident that he can see. He looks eagerly from Anna to Judith.*)

JOAB: Mother! Which? (*He runs to Anna, feels her arms eagerly, shakes his head. Goes to Judith, feels her, and gives a glad cry.*) Mother! (*He kisses her on both cheeks and holds her off by both shoulders, looking deep into her eyes.*) I said, I will not look, I will not see till I have seen my

mother's face. That must be first. Oh, you are beautiful, but your eyes are sad. I thought they would be happy eyes. Oh, my mother, how I love you! (*Laughs with infectious gayety.*) Isn't it funny? I see you with my eyes now, and yet to be sure you are my mother, I must feel. (*Suddenly he skips up and lifts a copper bowl from shelf left, his face illuminated with happiness.*) Oh, this is the bowl we eat out of! Wonderful! (*Brings it back center and looks at his mother for confirmation.*) Isn't it? It is the one I have always helped you polish. You said it must be kept shining, but oh, my mother, I did not know shining was so beautiful. (*He places it on the bench.*)

ASA: Son, you see?

JOAB (*turning quickly to his father*): Father!

ASA (*voice stern with awe*): How did you get your sight?

JOAB (*he stands center, with Asa right and Judith left*): I sat right where you put me, Father, by my column in Solomon's Porch. Some men were coming, and I held out my bowl. I heard one of them ask who had sinned—you, Father, or Mother, or I, and oh, I was so angry. They cannot say my mother sinned. Then suddenly another man spoke, and ah—(*his face is radiant*) what a voice! I can tell, by men's voices, whether they are good and friendly, or bad and dangerous. This man's voice—it was strong—I knew he must be big. It was an outdoor voice—like a man who had slept on the ground and climbed mountains. He was no weakling like me, and yet his voice was full of friendship, but he spoke short and sharp to the man who asked the question. And what do you suppose he said? Nobody had sinned, but that the work of God is going to be seen. I felt the strangest, most thrilling something, and then, he was stooping over

me, and putting mud on my eyelids, and he spoke—oh, so kindly, and yet with command, "Go, wash in Siloam."

JUDITH: Oh, my son, you didn't? Not alone?

JOAB: Mother, I had to. If you had heard his voice, you'd know I had to.

JUDITH: But you promised! Oh, the danger!

ASA: Hush, Judith. And then?

JOAB: He went off with his friends and I got up and tried to start. Oh, I was frightened. I had never found my way alone.

JUDITH (*turning to Anna, who stands upstage left*): Never.

JOAB: And I didn't want to disobey you, Mother. It was dreadful, all alone, and I almost gave up, but Something made me keep on. It was the ring in his voice I couldn't forget. I kept feeling my way and getting all turned about, and lost, and then I was at the steps and I knew I had found the pool. I threw off my cloak, and plunged right in.

JUDITH: Oh! In the water! All by yourself?

JOAB: The plunge was terrible, but I got my sight! (*He picks up a little boy, who has come toward him from the crowd, and swings him high above his head. He and the boy laugh and shout like young and happy gods in a crowd of terrified mortals.*)

(*Enter Hilkiah. The crowd draws back to let him pass. He comes down center.*)

ASA (*bowing to the ground*): Master!

JUDITH (*bowing low*): My lord!

HILKIAH (*pointing to Joab, who is left center. He has put down the child but still holds his hand*): Is that your son, Asa?

ASA: My only son, sir. (*Short and sharp to Joab*): Son, this is my master.

JOAB (*leaving child and coming forward. He speaks pleasantly but without awe. He nods brightly*): Sir.

HILKIAH: Was he ever blind?

JUDITH: Born blind, sir.

HILKIAH: It is your son, the same son?

ASA: Our only son, my lord.

HILKIAH (*turning to the crowd*): You, here, do you know this boy?

NEIGHBORS (*pressing forward*): Yes. Yes, my lord. Sure, we know him. Yes, that's Joab.

HILKIAH (*sharply to an old man*): You? Do you know him? (*The old man shakes his head with deliberate obstinacy.*) Well, did you know the son of these people?

ELIAKIM: Oh, yes, Your Honor, I knew him very well.

HILKIAH: So? It isn't the same?

ELIAKIM: No, sir. This is a different boy. (*An excited pantomime of argument begins in the crowd.*)

HILKIAH: How different?

ELIAKIM: Well, for one thing, this fellow is a foot taller. (*Joab laughs delightedly.*)

JUDITH: He does look taller, standing so straight. His blindness made him stoop.

ELIAKIM: Oh, it isn't only that. This boy's got spirit. Joab is a poor devil.

JOAB (*with a gay laugh*): Wasn't I, Eliakim?

ANOTHER NEIGHBOR (*to Hilkiah*): It's Joab sir. I'd know him anywhere. We all know him.

JUDITH (*fiercely to Eliakim*): I guess I know my own son.

ELIAKIM: Oh, I admit the fellow looks like Joab—some. Not much when you look at him close. (*The argument in the crowd grows more excited.*)

ANOTHER NEIGHBOR: 'Tis too Joab!

ELIAKIM: 'Tain't, I tell you.

JOAB: Oh, ho! Eliakim, you don't know me! That's rich!

HILKIAH: Are you, or are you not, Joab, the son of Asa?

JOAB (*instantly sober, standing straight*): Sir, I am he.

HILKIAH: Were you blind?

JOAB: Oh, yes, sir, all my life.

HILKIAH: Are you sure you see now?

JOAB: Oh, I see! I see!

HILKIAH (*looking close into his eyes*): Are you sure?

JOAB (*face radiant*): Sure.

HILKIAH: Well, if you really see, what do I look like?

JOAB (*gravely*): You, sir? It's rather hard for me to say. I haven't seen much in this world, yet. But there was one thing I did see, and I think, sir, you're like that.

HILKIAH (*kindly*): Indeed, what was it?

JOAB: It was a palm tree. I know, because I have passed it many times, and felt it, and asked my mother what it was. She told me it was a palm tree.

HILKIAH (*pleased*): Well, so I remind you of a palm tree? A Royal Palm. In what way?

JOAB (*without thought of impudence*): Well, sir, the trunk's hard, like stone. It looks dead all the way up—it isn't thrilling with life, the way you expect a tree to be—not full of warm, friendly life, like common trees, like all these friends of ours here—but when you get to the top—look out! (*He taps his head significantly.*) It's alive! There's life at the top, for all it looks so dead. (*He beams at Hilkiah, expecting him to be pleased.*)

HILKIAH: Well, really! (*The crowd are astonished, somewhat frightened, but delighted at hearing some one who dares to speak up to an aristocrat.*)

ASA (*in frightened reproval*): Why, Joab!

JOAB (*pleasantly*): Have I said anything amiss? He asked, and it's all I have seen that seems like him. (*He looks about.*) Now, this bench, he's not like that. That's lowly and serving, like you. (*He picks up the bowl which he had placed on the bench.*) Or this bowl! You'd never say he was like this! Now, would you? *Shining!* This is like—(*Face radiant.*) You know I didn't see the man who cured me, father. He was gone when I came seeing, but I heard his voice and I think he must look like this. (*He gazes in admiration at the bowl.*) *Shining!*

HILKIAH (*too fine to be much offended*): Then you did not see the man?

JOAB: No, sir.

HILKIAH: Well I did, and I want to warn you, boy, that he is a dangerous fellow. Asa, I am afraid that this is going to get you into trouble. I mean to help you if I can.

JOAB: Where did he go?

HILKIAH (*for the first time showing bitterness*): He went into the Temple after breaking the Sabbath—the blasphemer!

JOAB: How did he break the Sabbath?

HILKIAH: Why, by curing you, boy. That was work, wasn't it?

JOAB: Oh, that was the work of God. He said so. I know it was, anyway, because I felt it *here*, inside me. (*He places his hand on his heart.*) Nobody but God could get inside you, could they?

HILKIAH (*with restrained patience*): He put mud on your eyes. That was working.

JOAB (*trustfully*): But it wasn't the mud which cured. It was what happened *inside*. The mud on my eyelids made me know something was going to happen, and then it did; but it was God who worked.

HILKIAH: Hush, my boy, God doesn't work.

JOAB: He said he did.

JUDITH: Oh, my darling, you mustn't.

HILKIAH (*stern for the first time*): You, born in sin, are you trying to teach me?

JOAB: In the Temple you said? I'll find him. He'll know. (*He runs off through the crowd upstage right.*)

JUDITH: Oh, if anything should happen—(*She starts after him, but Asa catches her by the arm.*)

ASA: He isn't blind now.

HILKIAH: Let him go. Clear out these people. (*He makes an authoritative gesture to the crowd and crosses over left and sits down on the bench. The crowd backs out upstage right, Judith and Asa speaking to them as they go. Then they come back downstage, Judith center and Asa right center.*) Asa, this is a serious matter. When the thing happened and I was told that it was your boy, I came to warn you. (*Asa and Judith bow low in gratitude.*) We had a meeting of the leading citizens last night. You know, you brought in the wine. It took a mighty lot to warm them up. (*He smiles genially.*)

ASA (*gravely*): Yes, my lord, and it was your best, the oldest. I wondered, sir, if you meant so much.

HILKIAH: Well, to tell the truth, I didn't. I hadn't any idea it would take so long to come to a decision. There was more opposition—but we finally settled it to recommend to the Sanhedrin that anyone who acknowledges this carpenter shall be excommunicated.

JUDITH (*horrified*): Oh, the disgrace!

HILKIAH (*with a meaning look*): Yes, my girl, disgrace and worse.

JUDITH (*realizing that she is involved and terror-stricken*):

Oh, sir, we've always been respectable. I couldn't bear disgrace.

HILKIAH (*kindly*): No, and I don't want you to. That's why I came. Asa is valuable to me. No man ever had a more faithful servant. I couldn't let harm come to his home.

ASA: I thank you, my lord, most humbly. (*He crosses to Hilkiah, kneels and kisses the border of his robe, then goes back right center.*)

JUDITH (*greatly excited*): Why, sir, if you're cast out of the Synagogue, there can't anybody give you fire or water. Nobody can speak to you, and at the well, my lord, where I go for my water, who'd help me get my jar back on my head after it's full?

HILKIAH: Now, don't be frightened. I can get you out of it, if you will do exactly as I say.

JUDITH: It's most noble of you, sir. (*She comes forward and kisses his robe.*)

HILKIAH (*to Asa*): Did you see this man?

ASA: No, Master.

JUDITH (*with frightened vehemence*): No, *never.*

HILKIAH: Never spoke with him? (*They shake their heads in energetic and frightened denial.*) You don't know anything about his healing your son?

JUDITH: No, sir, only our boy said ——

HILKIAH: Never mind what he said. Be careful to tell only what you know. Nothing else.

ASA: We don't know one thing except that he is our son and was born blind and now he can see.

HILKIAH (*relieved*): Oh, well, then, stick to that when you are brought before the council.

JUDITH (*with a little shriek*): Before the council? Oh, sir, they won't make us go, will they? We haven't done any harm.

We're very particular. We keep Sabbath and we tithe, *always*. I *never* miss—(*her conscience accuses her*) well—once I did, but now, there's a neighbor and she ——

ASA (*sharply*): Hush!

JUDITH (*angry and frightened*): You don't think I was going to tell on her, do you? Only, if there's folks got to go before the Sanhedrin ——

HILKIAH: You'll have to go.

JUDITH (*whimpering*): What'll they do to us?

HILKIAH: Nothing, if you stick to it that you don't know this man and don't know how your boy got over his blindness.

ASA: But we do, Master. He told us.

HILKIAH: No, Asa. You don't know anything except what you have seen for yourself. Be blind to everything else and you will be safe.

ASA (*looking front and speaking thoughtfully*): Blind and safe?

JUDITH: But my boy? Will he have to go before the council?

HILKIAH: Yes.

JUDITH: Oh, sir, they won't cast him out! He couldn't help it!

HILKIAH: Not if he'll say what I tell him to say.

JUDITH (*eagerly*): He will! He will!

ASA: Doesn't the Sanhedrin want the truth, sir?

HILKIAH: We know the truth, Asa. We've made a thorough investigation.

ASA: But a man who can heal the blind, my lord ——

HILKIAH: Give God the glory. As for this fellow, he is a sinner and a danger to our nation. I have heard him utter blasphemies about Jehovah that made my blood run cold. With my own ears I heard him tell a shocking story to show what Jehovah was like. It was about a man who had two sons—one decent, one bad. The bad one went off and lived a loose,

wicked life till he had spent all his money, and finally got work *feeding pigs.*

JUDITH (*in disgust*): Ugh!

HILKIAH: Yes! A Jew taking care of pigs! Can you get anything lower than that? Well, he finally started for home meaning to own up how bad he'd been and take his punishment, but, if you'll believe it, his father was watching for him (*Judith becomes more and more entranced and her eyes open wider with interest*)—and ran out to meet him (*Judith claps her hands*) and never gave the fellow a chance to say he was sorry for his disgusting conduct, but he ordered his servants to dress him up in the best clothes they had, and jewelry, and invited a big company to meet him. And when the older brother—the decent one—very properly objected, the father said: "This my son was lost and is found. Of course we must be glad."

JUDITH (*clapping her hands*): Oh, what a lovely story!

HILKIAH: But he was talking about *God.*

JUDITH (*face falling*): Oh well, of course ——

HILKIAH: If men are to do as they please and then have a fuss made over them ——

JUDITH (*wistfully*): I suppose God is very angry with us, sir, when we sin?

HILKIAH: Of course, and nothing but the fear of God's wrath will make people behave.

JUDITH: Yes, I know I wouldn't tithe every little thing if I wasn't afraid. Would you, sir? (*She is curious to know whether he really does.*)

HILKIAH: No, that's it. This young man is spreading dangerous ideas, and the worst of it is that our boys are listening to him. It's got to stop and it's going to stop.

ASA: It was good of him to cure my son but I wish he hadn't done it on the Sabbath.

HILKIAH: Oh, well, he says the Sabbath isn't of any consequence.

JUDITH (*with a shocked squeal as she claps hand over mouth*): Ohhh! (*She is however more curious than shocked.*) Tell me some more he said, sir.

(*Enter Joab upstage right. He rushes down center between his father and mother. He is full of joy and confidence. The crowd has returned with him and stand grouped around the doorway.*)

JOAB: It *was* God that worked. I knew that was what he said. I found him, sir. He heard that I was going to be cast out of the Synagogue and he was looking for me. Wasn't that kind of him? Oh, Mother, you must see him. His face is shining like a bowl—only different.

HILKIAH: So he's heard about the excommunication, has he?

JOAB (*cheerfully*): Yes, but I told him he needn't worry about that. They'd never cast anybody out because they weren't blind any more, would they, sir? (*He laughs at the absurdity of the idea, but Anna grasps Judith's hand and they exchange a quick, anxious glance.*) God working in us—wanting to make us beautiful! Isn't that thrilling, Mother? Oh, I knelt at his feet and begged him to let me stay with him always, like the young men who were with him when he cured me.

HILKIAH: So you are his disciple, are you? (*Joab shakes his head with a sober face.*) Why not?

JOAB: He wouldn't let me. He said I had leaned on other people too long as it was. If I stayed with him the spirit of God wouldn't have a chance to grow in me.

HILKIAH: God—a chance! Fire of Gehenna, what do you mean?

JOAB: Why, you see the kingdom of Heaven isn't a place way off here—(*he flings out his right arm*) or there—(*he*

"IT WAS GOD THAT WORKED."

flings out his left). He says it is inside us and it has to have a chance to grow. He said it was something like yeast that my mother puts into leavened bread. At first it doesn't seem to do a thing, but in the end it raises the whole lump.

HILKIAH: Well of all the disgusting talk! It's worse than I feared.

JOAB: Of course it's a new idea. I always thought God was way off somewhere, sitting on a gold throne and watching us close to see that we didn't skip any of the rules. It's so different. I was afraid I didn't understand enough to go on without him. But he said I did. All you need is to begin giving God a chance.

HILKIAH: God—a chance! Sacrilege! (*He rises, pulls knife out of girdle as if to rend garments.*)

JOAB: No, it's true, I know. It was my faith gave God a chance to cure my blindness. He said so. I felt it. It was like a well of healing springing up inside me. God working.

HILKIAH: Stop, boy! God does not work. Servants work, and slaves, and poor people. Jehovah is a mighty ruler lifted up above the circle of the heavens.

JOAB: That's what I used to think, too, sir, but it's wrong. He knows—he said he did. I tell you it's good news for us poor people that God loves us as well as the rich people and the nobility.

HILKIAH: The man must be mad.

ANNA: Could a mad man open the eyes of the blind?

ASA: Perhaps he has to be a little mad to do it.

JOAB: He isn't mad. He's just as quiet and plain. He says——

HILKIAH: I don't want to hear any more that *he* says. I want to know what you are going to say, young man, when you are brought before the Sanhedrin.

JOAB (*delighted*): Oh, shall I be taken before the Sanhedrin?

HILKIAH: Yes.

JOAB: Father! Think of that! (*He looks about at his friends with ingenuous pleasure.*) The Counsel wants to hear about my cure. Oh, sir, I'm glad, though my cure isn't really the important thing. What matters is God—his being friendly and near ——

HILKIAH: Enough!

JOAB: Very well, sir, I'll save the rest for the Sanhedrin. I hope I can tell it right, but it's so big and so different ——

HILKIAH: You've just one thing to tell the Counsel and that is that you don't know one thing about the man who cured you. You don't know who he is or where he came from, do you?

JOAB: Why, no, sir. I didn't think to ask.

HILKIAH: Say so then.

JOAB: But that isn't important, who he is. What matters is that he was sent by God. If a man's sent by God, it's the message that counts—the good news ——

HILKIAH: Young man, I'll have you understand the Sanhedrin isn't interested in good news.

JOAB: Aren't they? Well, after all, they're not so important. (*Asa and Judith look frightened and move to stop him. A stir in the crowd indicates that they are shocked and amazed.*) This good news changes everything because if God is in everybody—why, a man is likely to pop up anywhere with God working in him like yeast. It's a big idea, isn't it, Father?

ASA: Too big, my son.

JOAB: How could it be too big?

ASA: Too much life in it.

JOAB: Life! Yes, he spoke about life—abundant life. He said he had come that we should have abundant life. Doesn't the Sanhedrin want abundant life, sir?

(*Hilkiah throws up his hands in despair at the boy's ignorance. He looks not unkindly at Asa.*)

ASA (*gently*): My son, your blindness has kept you from understanding the real world you live in.

JUDITH: I didn't want you to know, my darling. (*Joab looks from one to another, puzzled.*)

ASA: We thought to spare you suffering. You had enough with your blindness. (*He looks sadly into his eyes and places his hand on Joab's shoulder.*) But now that you see, Joab ——

JOAB (*frightened*): Father, what do you mean?

ASA: There are things in this world which have to be preserved —preserved at all costs—old things. Abundant life you talk about would sweep them away.

JOAB: How would it?

ASA: How can I explain? (*Thinks for a moment.*) Remember helping your mother sew new skins for the wine every fall?

JOAB (*with a return of old gayety*): Yes, Mother said I made good ones, too. I liked helping.

ASA: Why did we have to make new ones each time?

JOAB: Oh, the new wine, when it got working, would burst the old, dried—(*Something in his father's face arrests him, and slowly the truth dawns.*) You mean abundant life would burst ——?

ASA (*hand on Joab's arm*): My son, sight has come to you. It is a blessing, but don't see too much.

JOAB (*looking front, his eyes with a new fear*): All my life afraid of darkness, must I now fear the light?

ASA: There's more danger in it.

(*Father and son stand facing each other with tragic understanding, but Judith does not understand and breaks in impatiently.*)

JUDITH: Asa, what are you talking about? There isn't one bit of danger if Joab says exactly what your kind master tells him to. Prince Hilkiah is a very wise man. You couldn't have a better adviser.

JOAB: But I have.

JUDITH: Who?

JOAB: My Father.

JUDITH: Oh, well, your father wants you to do as the Prince says.

JOAB: I mean God.

JUDITH (*shocked*): I don't like to hear you speak that way about God.

JOAB: But that's the whole point of the good news, Mother. All my life I have been led by others, but now I know I have a Guide within. I see.

ASA: Don't try to see too far, at first, boy.

HILKIAH: You have one duty, and only one—to obey your parents. So long as a man lives, he is subject to his parents. It is the Law.

JOAB: The law of Moses, but there is a higher law.

HILKIAH: What?

JOAB: The law of a man's own soul—the Father within ——

JUDITH: How can a law be higher than Moses'?

JOAB: A greater than Moses has spoken to me, Mother. I have had an experience of the truth that God works in me. He charged me that I must be true to the light—even—why, he said if a man live the way he did, he'd have to be willing to hate his father and mother ——

HILKIAH: Horrible!

JUDITH: After all I've sacrificed for you.

JOAB (*gently*): Try to understand, Mother dear. He didn't mean it that way. It was only that he knew how dependent I had

been and now—why, there is a higher law than the law of obedience to parents—the law of a man's own soul.

HILKIAH: Young man, when you are cast out of the Synagogue, no one will give you so much as a drink of water, or a coal to light your fire. (*Joab does not understand.*)

ASA: For a little time yet, my son, you must lean upon others. You have never worked. You have no trade. Among strangers you would starve. Your own people will stand by you and help you to learn how, but the Romans are cruel. You would stand no chance with them.

JOAB (*utterly incredulous*): Cast out? Out of my own people? Out of my own home? That is impossible. I do not believe it. (*He turns upstage to the group at the door.*) Why, you are all my old friends. You would not go back on me? (*The crowd stands sullen without reply.*)

HILKIAH: Every Jewish door will be shut against you and you will be driven from the Temple porch where you have so long sat with your begging bowl.

JUDITH: The disgrace! I could not bear it.

ASA: Dear boy, I understand the struggle in your heart, but this world is too hard a place for perfect loyalty.

JUDITH (*pleading*): You wouldn't disgrace me, Joab?

JOAB: What are you asking of me, Mother?

HILKIAH (*sternly*): Silence, nothing more. When they question you, you do not know.

JOAB (*half to himself*): One thing I know; I was blind, now I see.

HILKIAH (*eagerly*): Say that, but as for this Jesus—silence.

ASA: You do not need to lie. In gratitude for all the weary years our hands have led you, be silent for our sake. *Afterward*, follow the voice, but now ——

JOAB: When the call comes, if you do not answer it, who knows whether it will come again? Who was it that said: "Seek the Lord while he may be found. Call upon him while he is near"?

HILKIAH: The prophet Isaiah.

JOAB: He knew.

ASA: They killed him for knowing—cut him in four pieces. (*Joab shudders.*) If you want to be safe in this world, don't see too much, and what you do see, don't talk about.

HILKIAH (*sternly*): You must decide. Stand by this stranger and every friend you have in the world will desert you. Here, you! (*He motions to the neighbors, and they move downstage.*) If this young man is cast out, how will you treat him? You will not speak to him?

CROWD: No.

HILKIAH: You will not feed him?

CROWD (*more emphatic*): No—no!

HILKIAH: You will not warm him by your fire nor give him a drink from the well?

CROWD (*shouting*): No, never!

HILKIAH: Henceforth he is accursed, a vagrant, and an exile from home and country, and if one of you so much as speaks a word of pity in his ear, that one, too, is outcast. (*There is a hum of excitement among the crowd and they all draw away from him toward the door.*)

JOAB (*looking at them in amazement and reaching out his arms pleadingly*): Why Anna? Mary? Eliakim? You would not go back on me? You have always been so kind to me, helping me in my blindness. (*His voice becomes desperate.*)

HILKIAH: They must desert you. They have no other choice if they would live.

JOAB (*turning to his parents in an agony of pleading*): Father? Mother? You will stand by? You would not have me disown the man who gave sight to my eyes and to my soul?

HILKIAH (*not without sympathy*): Father and Mother must disown you. They dare not otherwise.

JOAB (*holding out his arms, heartbroken*): Father! (*Asa shakes his head slowly and sadly and turns away right.*) Mother! (*It is the cry of a terrified child. Judith starts to hold out her arms but catches sight of Asa and turns away upstage dropping down on a low stool upstage left center.*)

HILKIAH: Is a stranger worth giving up all this for?

JOAB (*slowly*): Yes, he is worth it.

HILKIAH: Very well. You must choose.

ASA: Joab! Just this once shut your eyes for my sake.

JUDITH (*sobbing*): Son!

JOAB: Oh, warm and friendly blindness, is this the price of seeing?

HILKIAH: It is the price.

JOAB (*eyes front and uplifted*): Then I will pay it, but oh, God in Heaven, I did not know that seeing cost so high a price.

EPILOGUE The Light of the Cross

(*Lights have been very gradually fading since Hilkiah's speech—"He is accursed——," with the exception of a baby spot which is focused on the face of Joab. At the close the lights are quite dim revealing the other figures on the stage as shadows. The baby spot catches the upturned face of Joab. As his speech ends all the lights are out. The monk's cloth curtain at the back is opened from the center and there is revealed a cross silhouetted against a black background. It is lighted from behind and from the*

left so that the shadow of the cross is cast across the figures remaining on the stage. Judith is still seated on the stool upstage left center. Asa is seated on the stool downstage right. Joab has turned and is facing the door in the position where the shadow of the cross falls upon him most directly. These positions are held as a tableau while a soloist off-stage sings "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." During last verse light fades from the cross leaving a dark stage.)

Words by John Bowring *Tune*: Rathbun

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide.

THE CURTAIN CLOSES

HYMN O Light That Followest All My Way

Words by George Matheson *Tune*: St. Margaret

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

Eternal God—Search thou our hearts.

(*Pause for silent prayer*)

Open Thou our minds to Thy purpose for our life.

(*Pause*)

Illumine our way that we may not stumble in darkness.

(*Pause*)

Forgive our blindness in the face of need.

(*Pause*)

Give us courage to dare the difficult.

(*Pause*)

Strengthen us that we may bear our cross in the spirit of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

(*Pause*)

The Lord bless you and keep you: the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you: the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace.

Amen.

RECESSIONAL HYMN — Fairest Lord Jesus

Words by Munster — *Tune*: Crusader's Hymn

(*Choir marches out during singing of last verse.*)

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son;
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Service Number Eight

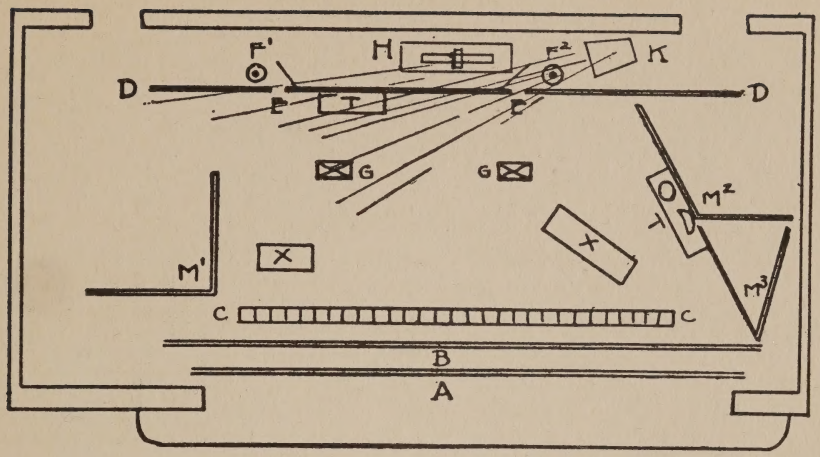
Stage Setting

Observe carefully the method of making the slit windows as shown on the chart accompanying this chapter.

The placing of the cross for the final tableau is indicated also in this chart. The size of the cross is determined by the size of the stage.

Costumes

The Hebrew costumes for this scene are made after the manner described in Chapter IV. The costume of Hilkiah should be distinctively rich in comparison with the plainness of the others.

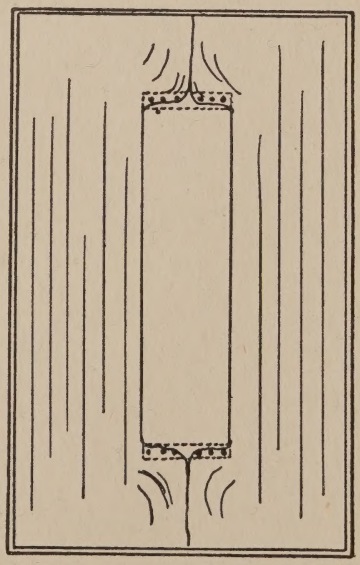


CHART

SERVICE NUMBER EIGHT

A	Front Curtain
B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	Border Light
D-D	Monk's Cloth Curtain
E-E	Window Slits (see detail)
F-F	Blue Strip-lights
G-G	Border Light
M-M-M	Monk's Cloth Flipper Wings
X-X	Benches
T-T	Tables
H	Cross on platform—for final tableau
K	Amber Flood-light—for final tableau

Detail: showing construction of slip window by tacking edges of curtain to small strips of wood



SERVICE NUMBER NINE

Theme: *Pride*

Order of Service

PROCESSIONAL HYMN O Worship the King

ROBERT OF SICILY

A dramatization of the Sicilian's Tale in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." *Time:* the eleventh century.

Characters

Robert, King of Sicily
A Counsellor
Two Knights
Doorkeeper of the chapel
An Angel who usurps the throne
A Page
A Minstrel

Scene I: The King's Chapel

A Scriptural Interlude

Scene II: The King's Chapel, a few hours later

Scene III: The Banquet Hall of the Palace

A Poetic Interlude

Scene IV: The Throne Room of the Palace, three years later

RECESSIONAL HYMN Make Me a Captive, Lord

BENEDICTION

SERVICE NUMBER NINE

MUSICAL PRELUDE — Pièce Heroïque — Franck

(*Victor record No. 9121 by Dupré may be used on Orthophonic Victrola.*)

PROCESSIONAL HYMN — O Worship the King

(*Front curtain tableaued against oleo curtain. Spotlight on oleo curtain; auditorium lights full up. The Choir, in gown and surplice, comes from the rear of the auditorium, down the center aisle, up onto the stage, through the oleo curtain, and off-stage right.*)

Words by Robert Grant — *Tune*: Lyons

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded in praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

ROBERT OF SICILY*

A dramatization of the Sicilian's Tale in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Scene I: The King's Chapel

(*When the processional hymn ends, the music of the choir chanting the king's service is heard as though being sung off-stage right. For this music use the Brunswick record of the Royal Polyphonic Choir singing the Credo Part I. The music continues for several minutes while the auditorium lights are brought down. Then the front curtain opens, and the oleo curtain opens, revealing the king and his courtiers kneeling in prayer as though attending service, and facing off right whence the sound of the music comes. They kneel in front of their chairs which should be arranged on the platform as shown in Chart: Robert extreme right, counsellor down stage center, one knight upstage center, and the other knight left. For lighting see Chart: BB very dim, EE full up, C1 and C2 one-half, D1 one-half. The Credo Part I ends, and the voice of a priest is heard off-stage right intoning a portion of a Latin service.*)

Priest: Venite, exultemus Domino; bonum est confiteri;
Domine, direge nos integros haurire fontes.
Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
Nobisque mittat Filius,
Charisma Sancti Spiritus.

* Permission to use this service must be secured from the authors of this volume. Communications should be addressed to the Church and Drama League, 103rd Street and Riverside Drive, New York City.

Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.
Dominus vobiscum.

(*The king rises from his knees, assisted by the counsellor on his left, and the knight on his right.*)

KING (*to the counsellor*): What mean these last words which the priest hath said?

COUNSELLOR: He hath put down the mighty from their seat
And hath exalted those of low degree.

KING: 'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known
There is no power can push me from my throne!

(*The king sinks back into his chair, counsellor and knights seat themselves, and the choir continues to chant. Use Brunswick record of the Royal Polyphonic Choir singing the Credo Part II. During this the king falls asleep, and the lights are lowered. When the music ends, the counsellor and knights rise, start to assist the king, see that he is asleep, motion to each other to leave him, and go out left. All lights are now out except the spotlight on the king, shown in the chart as D1. Silence for a minute and then the curtains close.*)

SCRIPTURAL INTERLUDE

(*Reader in Geneva gown comes out in front of oleo curtain. Auditorium lights still out, and spotlight on oleo curtain.*)

The Scripture saith that God resisteth the proud but giveth grace to the humble.

He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart—he hath put down princes from their thrones and hath exalted them of low degree.

"Behold, I am against thee, O thou proud one," saith the Lord of hosts, "for thy day is come, the time when I will visit thee; and Pride shall stumble and fall, and none shall raise him up. For him that hath a high look I will not suffer."

How are the mighty fallen! Though God is high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly, but the haughty he striketh down from afar.

Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

By pride cometh only contention and shame, and he that pursueth evil doeth it to his own death.

Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues with injustice.

It is an abomination to kings to commit wickedness, for the throne is established by righteousness.

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold!

Understanding is a well-spring of life unto him that hath it, but the correction of fools is their folly.

Better it is to be of lowly spirit with the poor than to divide the spoil with the proud.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall: God will root up the house of the proud.

Scene II: The King's Chapel

(*The stage is exactly as it was at the end of Scene I. The lighting is the same, all dark except for the spotlight on the king's chair. Several hours have passed, the king is asleep, and his regal garments have changed to a ragged peasant suit. All is quiet for a moment after the curtain opens; then the king gradually awakens, and stares about.*)

ROBERT: Where am I? What is this, a trick? (*He rises and gropes his way toward the center of the stage, stumbling against the counsellor's chair.*) Where are my men? (*He comes down the steps and strides back and forth across the stage, calling out*): Guiscard! Tancred! Grimald! Baldwin! (*He stops a moment and listens for an answer but all is silent.*) Attend me! Nay, at once, I say! (*He rushes to the door left and tries the door—this effect may be gained by the rattling of lock and chain off-stage.*) By all the saints, I swear thou wilt all smart for this! (*Unable to get out he comes back toward center stage.*)

DOORKEEPER (*from without*): Who's within there?

ROBERT: Open the door! Thou knave, art thou afraid?

DOORKEEPER (*still without*): Peace, I beseech thee, in the name of God. Who art thou?

ROBERT: Open: 'tis I, the king!

(*There is the sound of a lock being opened, and chains being unfastened, then light streams in, as though the door had opened, and the doorkeeper's lantern were illuminating the doorway. The light comes from his lantern and also from the strip C2 which is now brought up half. The disheveled, ragged figure of the king is now clearly revealed, and he looks at himself in amazement and anger during doorkeeper's next speech.*)

DOORKEEPER: Thou drunken vagabond, for shame! How came thou in the house of prayer? And making claim thou art the king? Haste thee, begone!

ROBERT: I am the king! There is some knavery in this. Plague take thee, villain! I'll to the court, for they will know me there. (*He rushes out left.*)

CURTAIN

Scene III: The Banquet Hall

(Before the curtain opens music is heard off-stage. For this use Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," Part I. (Victor record No. 9016.) Then oleo curtain opens with stage set as shown in Chart; the banquet table is now on the platform, and is set with golden goblets, a large bowl of fruit in the center, and tall candle sticks on either end. Now continue with "Pomp and Circumstance," Part II, and from the rear of the auditorium comes the court in procession: first, two knights, then the king (now the usurping Angel), followed by the counsellor and two ladies. When the two knights reach the platform, they stand at attention on either side of the steps, while the others take their places: the king center, the counsellor on his right and a lady on his left. The other lady sits on the downstage side of the table, right. The knights then take their seats at either end of the table. A page enters right, comes right center, and kneels toward the king.)

Page: Your Majesty, a minstrel is at the gate, and begs leave to sing for you.

Angel: Bring him within. 'Twere well to pass the time in song and revelry.

(Page goes out right and returns with the minstrel, who bows low before king and begins to sing. He is in the midst of his song when, from the rear of the auditorium, comes Robert, striding down the aisle in anger. As he reaches the platform, he cries out, "Silence!" The minstrel stops abruptly, and the king and his men rise.)

Angel: Who art thou, and why com'st thou here?

Robert (*now at the first step*):

I am the king and come to claim my own

From an impostor who usurps my throne!

(*The knights draw their swords.*)

ANGEL: Nay, not the king, but the king's jester, thou.
Henceforth thou shalt wear bells and scalloped cape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall.

(*He motions to the knights who come down the stairs and take Robert off left, still protesting.*)

Now, minstrel, thou may'st end thy song.

(*The minstrel begins his song again and sings it through. As he finishes, the knights return, bringing Robert dressed in court jester's costume. The cheers which followed the minstrel's song now turn to laughter and mocking. The knights force Robert to kneel on the steps.*)

ANGEL: Art thou the king?

ROBERT: I am, I am the king!

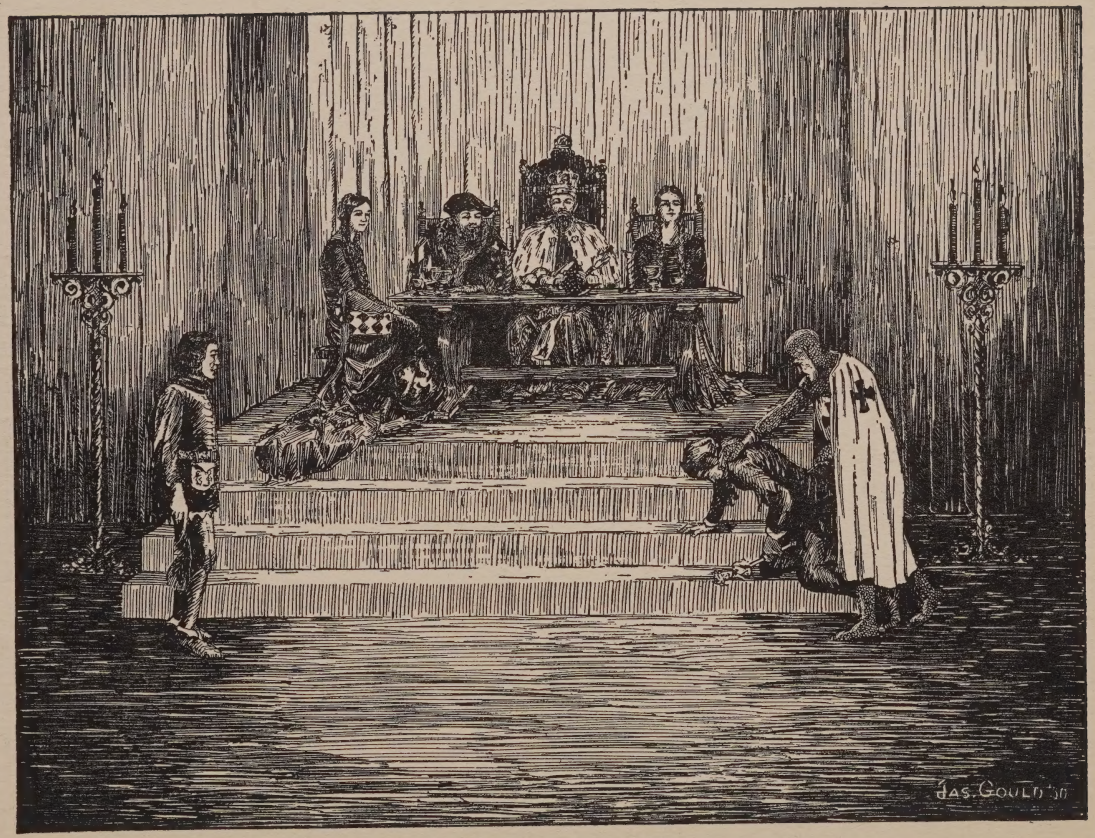
ENTIRE COURT (*raising their goblets*): Long live the Jester King!

CURTAIN

POETIC INTERLUDE

(*The reader in Geneva gown comes again in front of the oleo curtain. Use spotlight on curtain.*)

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
King Robert said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his head,
And 'round him rose the bare discolored walls;
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!
Days came and went; and now returned again



"ART THOU THE KING?"

To Sicily the old Saturnian reign:
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate,
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn.

Almost three years were ended, when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
Saying that Pope Urbane, brother to Robert, King of Sicily,
By letter summoned him forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city Rome.
The angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade;
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square,

Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the king! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"

The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
Then smiling, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor baffled jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

And now the visit ended, and again
The Angel journeyed homeward with his train
And came once more within Palermo's walls.

Scene IV: The Throne Room

(Oleo curtain opens. For setting see Chart; black velvet back-drop with monk's cloth columns, and throne chair on platform. Lighting: EE full up, D2 one-quarter, C1 and C2 one-half, BB one-half. Robert in his jester's costume is lying disconsolately on the steps leading up to the throne chair. His face is bowed over his outstretched arms, his cape

is thrown back off his head, and his fool's-head-stick is lying on the step beside him.

All is silent for a moment or two, and then from the right comes the Angel, the counsellor, and the two knights. The Angel goes quietly up the stairs and takes his seat on the throne chair, then motions to the others to retire. Robert raises his head, sees the king, and rises quickly to a kneeling position.)

ROBERT: Your Majesty.

ANGEL: Art thou the king?

ROBERT: Thou knowest best!

My sins as scarlet are: let me go hence,
And in some cloistered school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven
Walk barefoot, until my guilty soul be shriven!

(*As Robert bows his head, the Victor record of the "Angelus" No. 35767 begins playing off-stage. The Angel smiles, rises, and takes off his ermine robe, disclosing underneath his white angel robe. The spotlight D2 is brought up full, and BB should be brought down a little. The Angel places the ermine robe about the shoulders of Robert, takes the crown off and places it on Robert's head; then goes out center back through black curtains. Robert remains in kneeling position, while the "Angelus" continues; then the curtains close, as the "Angelus" finishes.*)

RECESSIONAL HYMN Make Me a Captive, Lord

(*During this hymn, the choir comes out through the oleo curtain, down off the platform, and passes out through auditorium.*)

Words by George Matheson *Tune*: Leominster

Make me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free;
Force me to render up my sword,
And I shall conqueror be.
I sink in life's alarm
When by myself I stand;
Impris'n me in Thy mighty arms,
And strong shall be my hand.

My heart is weak and poor
Until it master find:
It has no spring of action sure—
It varies with the wind:
It cannot freely move
Till Thou hast wrought its chain;
Enslave it with Thy matchless love
And deathless it shall reign.

My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve,
It wants the needed fire to glow
It wants the breeze to nerve;
It cannot drive the world
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach a monarch's throne

It must its crown resign:
It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant,
And found in Thee its life.

BENEDICTION

And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship and the communion of the Holy Spirit rest and abide with you now and forever. Amen.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Service Number Nine

Stage Setting

Complete details for the stage settings are given in the charts accompanying the service.

Costumes

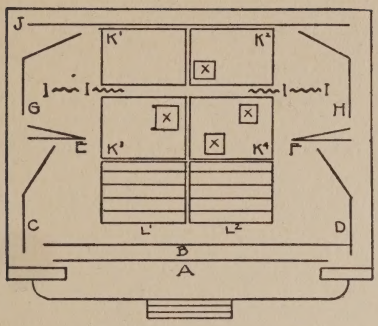
King Robert: the costume of a mediæval king—the long velvet gown with long tight sleeves, the sleeveless coat trimmed down the front and with collar of ermine, crown and scepter of gold. If it is possible, these should be rented. If not, the following suggestions are made: buy inexpensive velvet—dark red for the gown and purple for the coat; for the ermine use the best quality cotton batting in strips of the necessary thickness and width to suggest fur; small bits of fluffed black crepe hair may be sewed on at the proper intervals to suggest the black spots of ermine; for the crown take an old derby, cut off the brim and cut out the top until the proper shape is achieved, then gild it.

The Counsellor: a costume similar to that of the king without ermine or crown.

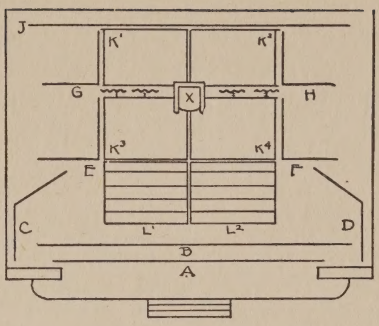
The Ladies: the long tight-fitting mediæval gowns with sweeping trains and long tight sleeves. Modern evening dresses may be adapted to serve the purpose. Their hair should be worn in long braids or else hanging loose under a Juliet cap.

The Knights: they wear the chain mail, tunic, helmet, and long white cape of the Crusader. The Crusader's cross is on the front of the tunic and on the left shoulder of the cape. A suit of long woolen underwear with long sleeves painted with aluminum paint may be used to suggest chain mail; the tunic of unbleached muslin which is knee-length is worn over this; it is belted in with the sword belt.

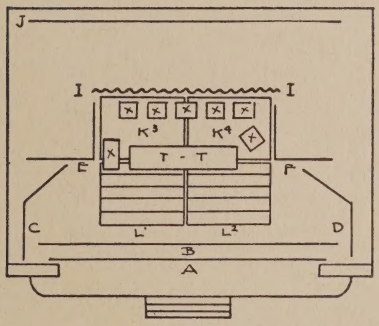
Doorkeeper: a rough smock, bloomers, and long dark stockings.



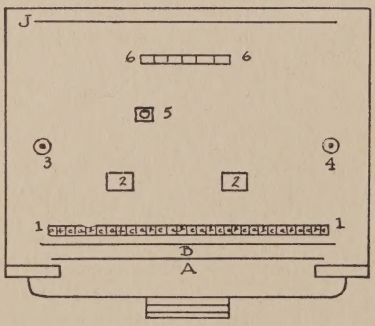
SCENE ONE - THE CHAPEL



SCENE THREE - THE THRONE ROOM



SCENE TWO - THE BANQUET



LIGHTING - CHART

CHART

SERVICE NUMBER NINE

A	Front Curtain	1-1	First Border Lights
B	Oleo Curtain		a—red b—blue c—white
C-D-G-H	Black Flipper Wings	2-2	Second Border Lights
E-F	Monk's Cloth Wings	3-4	Pedestal Strip-lights
I-I-I-I	Monk's Cloth Curtains	5	Baby Spot-light
K-K-K-K	Platforms	6-6	Overhead Strip-lights
L-L	Steps	X-X	Chairs
J	Black Curtain	T-T	Table

PAGE: white blouse, short bloomers, tights, and tablets which hang from the shoulders, and on which are sewn, front and back, a coat of arms. He should have short bobbed wig and plumed hat.

MINSTREL: regular mediæval minstrel costume.

JESTER: traditional jester's costume with cap and bells.

SERVICE NUMBER TEN

Theme: *Love*

Order of Service

HYMN Immortal Love

A READING

THE PRODIGAL SON

An Adaptation of the Oratorio by
Arthur S. Sullivan

Scene I: The Father Divides his Goods

Scene II: A Banquet

Scene III: The Son Repents

Scene IV: The Reconciliation

THE LORD'S PRAYER

MEDITATION WITH CHORAL RESPONSE

HYMN O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

BENEDICTION

SERVICE NUMBER TEN

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) Immortal Love
Words by John Greenleaf Whittier *Tune*: Serenity

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never ebbing sea.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

A READING (*Led by reader in Geneva gown who appears center stage. Congregation remains standing and reads in unison. Mimeographed copies of the reading are placed on the pews before the service begins.*)

Love, indeed, is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;

A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

BYRON: "Giaour"

THE PRODIGAL SON

CHARACTERS

The Prodigal Son, the younger son of a wealthy Hebrew
The Father
The Elder Brother
A Servant
Banqueters
Minstrels and musicians

SCENE I

(*The porch of a rich Hebrew dwelling. The monk's cloth curtain is divided in sections to form columns across the stage, using white silk curtain as back-drop. Oriental tapestries or small rugs may be hung on the white curtain or draped over long benches upstage to add color and richness to the set. When the curtain opens, the son, richly clad, stands between two columns center, looking off left in attitude of discontent and longing. Enter from right his father who sees him, hesitates, then comes to him and lays a hand on his arm. A servant has followed the father in, and stands respectfully at entrance right.*)

FATHER: My son, why art thou cast down? Is there aught that troubles thee? Has any man wronged thee?

SON: Nay, Father.

FATHER: Then wilt thou not tell me what it is that makes thee

sad? Thou knowest that I desire only thy happiness and will give thee anything that is within my power.

SON (*turning to his father*): Thou hast always been most kind, my Father, and I would not seem ungrateful. But I long to try my fortune in the marketplace and on the streets of the city yonder.

FATHER: Alas, my son, do not leave me. Come eat of my bread and drink of the wine which I have mingled. Forsake thy foolish thought and live in my house, and go in the way of wisdom. For with me thy days shall be multiplied and the days of thy life shall be increased.

SON: But here I sit idly day and night; I am not needed in the fields, for thou hast set my brother over thy servants. I would take my place in the world where things are bought and sold, and men match their wits one against another.

FATHER: Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a roasted ox where hate reigns; thou wilt find jealousy and false dealing and wicked tongues set against thee, for the world is full of trials and temptations. Hearken to my words, for a wise son maketh glad his father.

SON: Aye, my Father, and I long to bring joy to thy heart by achieving success in the affairs of men. Therefore, I pray thee, give unto me the portion of goods that falleth to me, and let me go forth. And when I have won for myself such honors as shall make thee proud, I shall return again to thee.

FATHER (*sorrowfully after a pause*): I would have thee still remain with me, for thou dost not know the world nor the weary way that thou must go. But if thou wilt not be content, then let it be so. (*Turns to servant who stands at entrance right.*) Go, call unto me my elder son. (*Servant goes out.*) I will divide unto you both my goods, and thou

shalt have an opportunity to use thy share as thou thinkest best. (*Enter from right the elder brother who comes center on right of father.*) I have called thee hither that I may give thee thine inheritance. Thy brother desires to leave his father's house and try his fortunes in the marketplace.

ELDER BROTHER: Be not hasty to go out of thy father's sight, for thou knowest not the hard way of the world. Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad. And when thou fallest on bitter days, say not thou, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" Would it not be better for thee to be diligent unto the state of thy father's flocks and to look well to our herds, considering well that the lambs are the price of thy clothing and goat's milk is thy food. For riches are not forever.

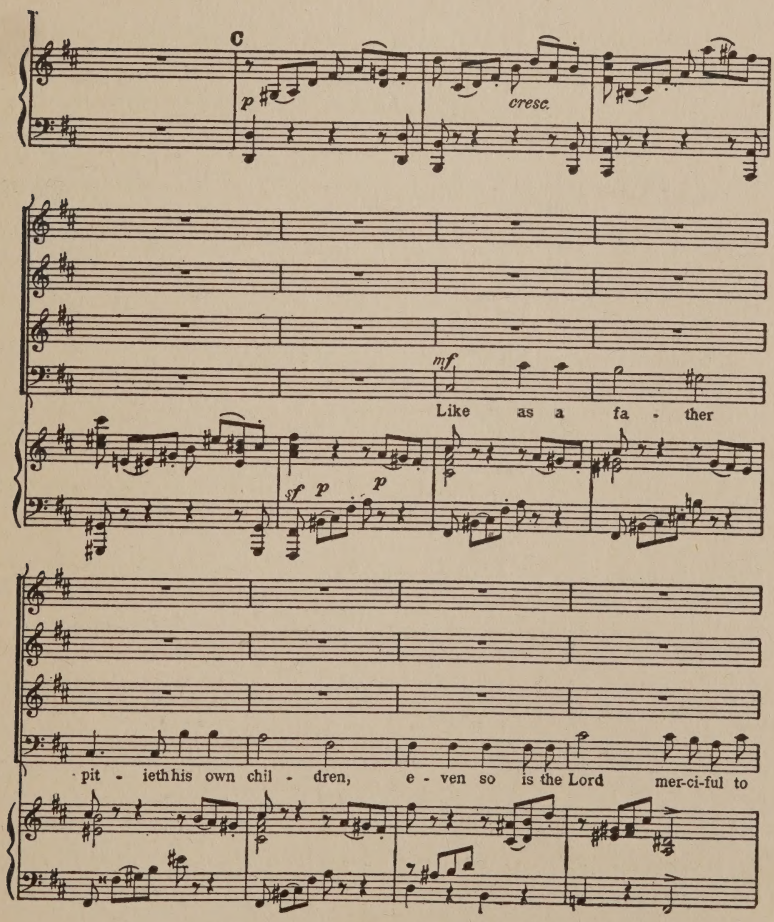
SON: All these things do I know. But thou art in charge of our father's flocks and hast servants to do all thy bidding. It is not mete that I should sit content with idleness. I, too, would have a chance to use my gifts.

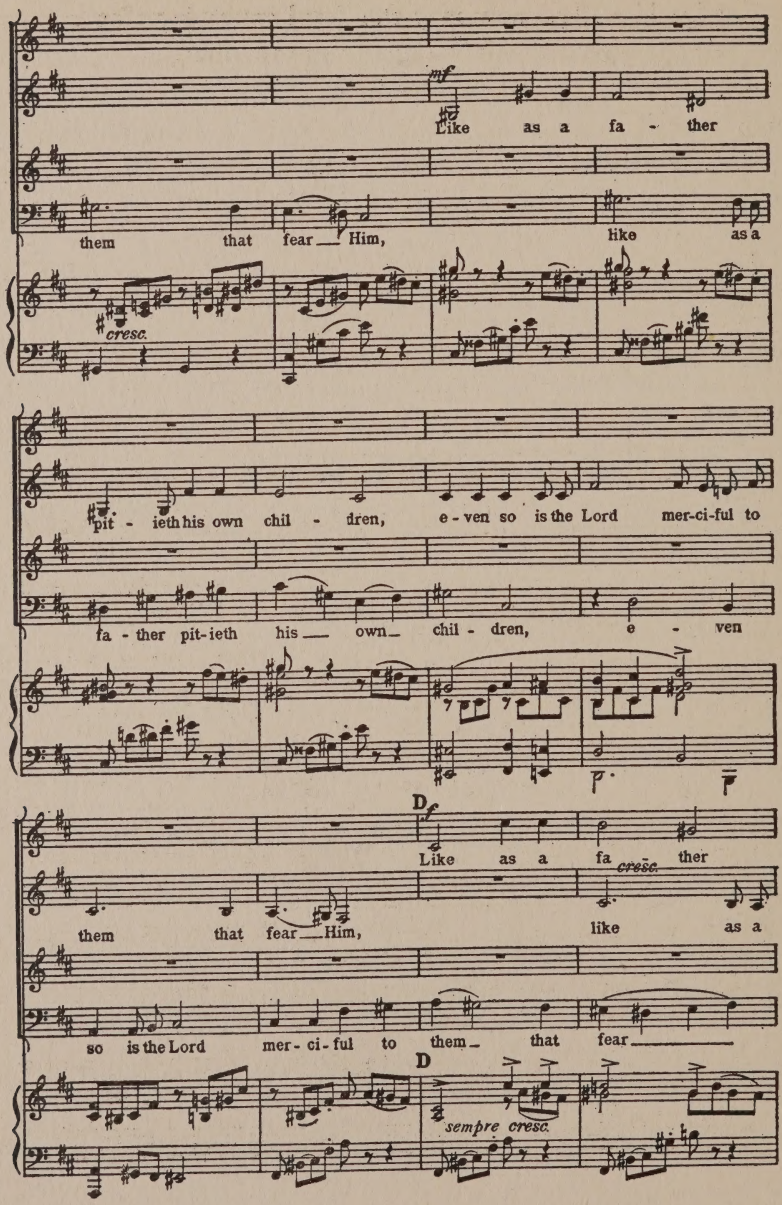
FATHER: 'Tis well. Since I have given unto my elder son charge over my flocks and herds, these shall be his inheritance. And unto my younger son will I give jewels and gold of equal value. (*Turning to younger son.*) Kneel down, my son, and receive my blessing. Attend to my words and incline thine ear unto my saying. He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him. Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness than he that is perverse in his ways though he be rich. Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son, but he that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father. Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and in all thy ways acknowl-

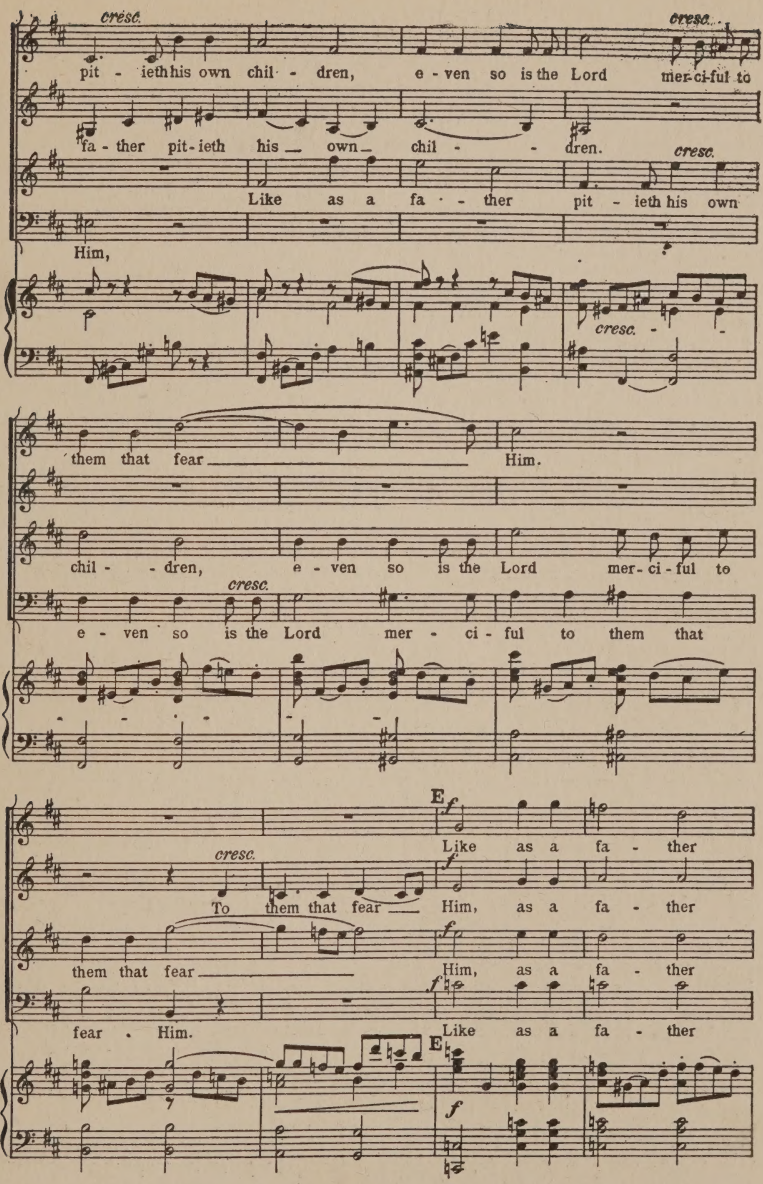
edge him. And now may the Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from the other.

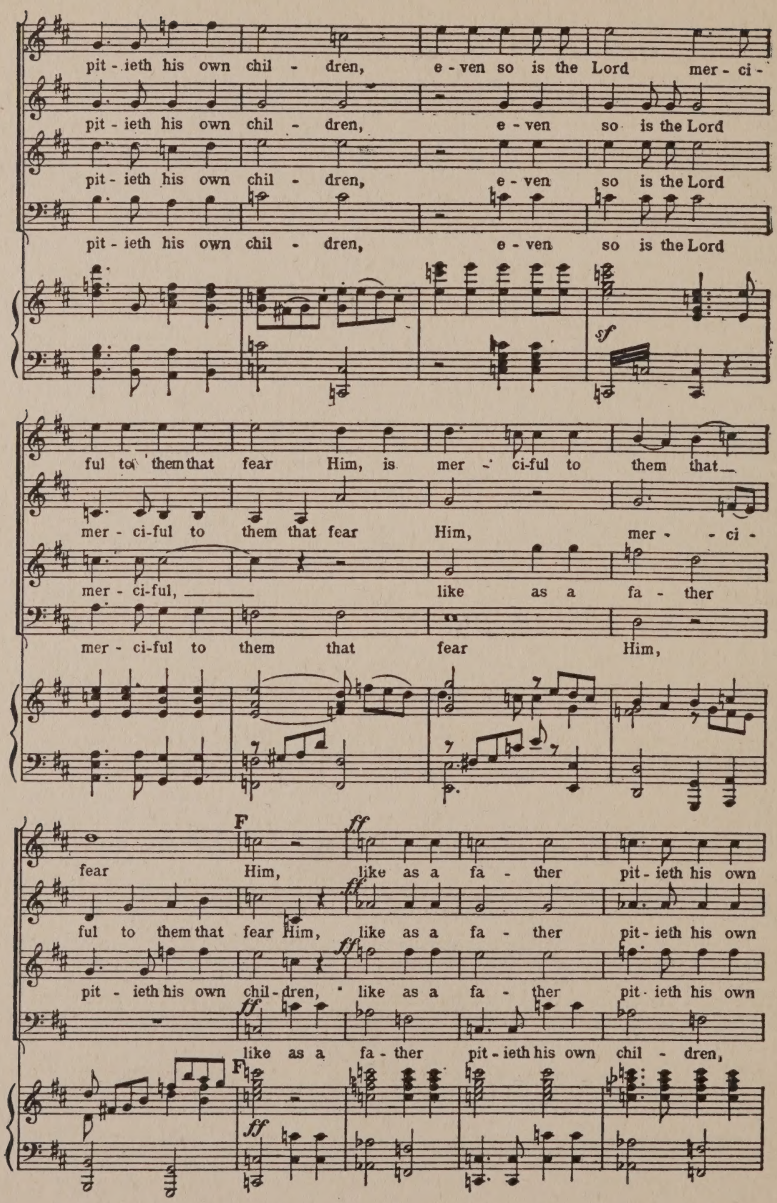
CURTAIN

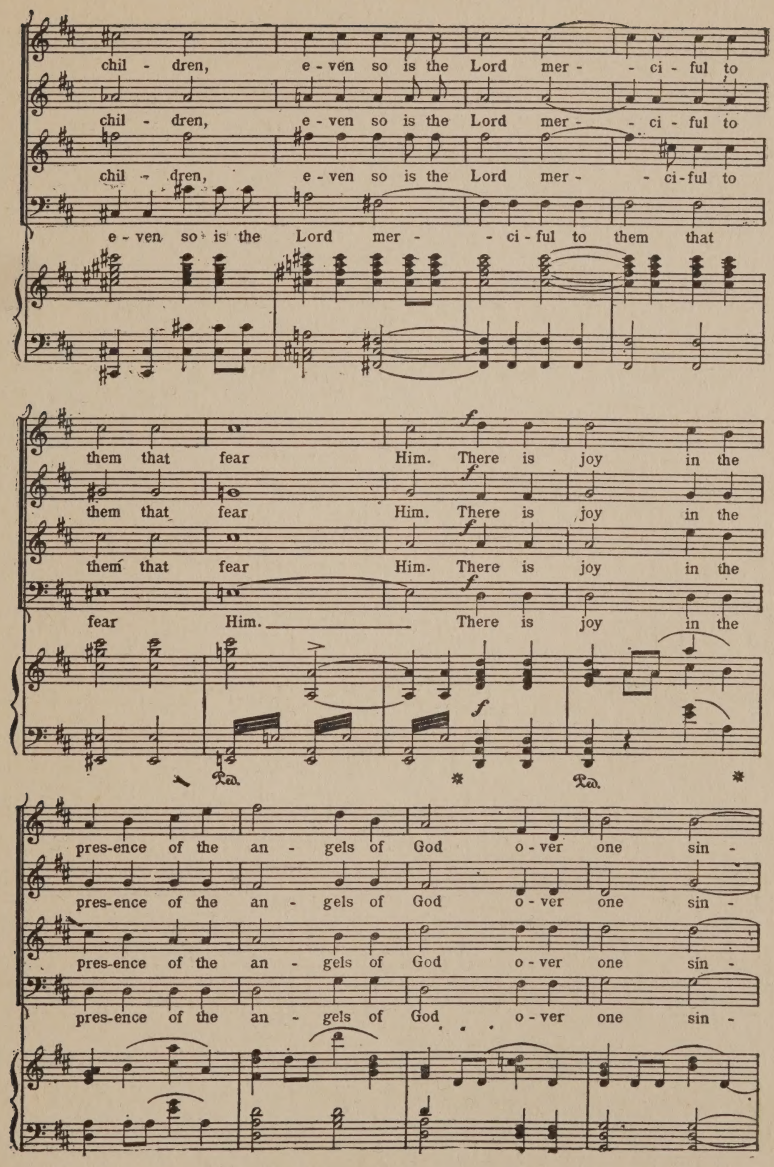
(*The house lights remain out while the Chorus sings "Like as a Father Pitieth His Children."*)

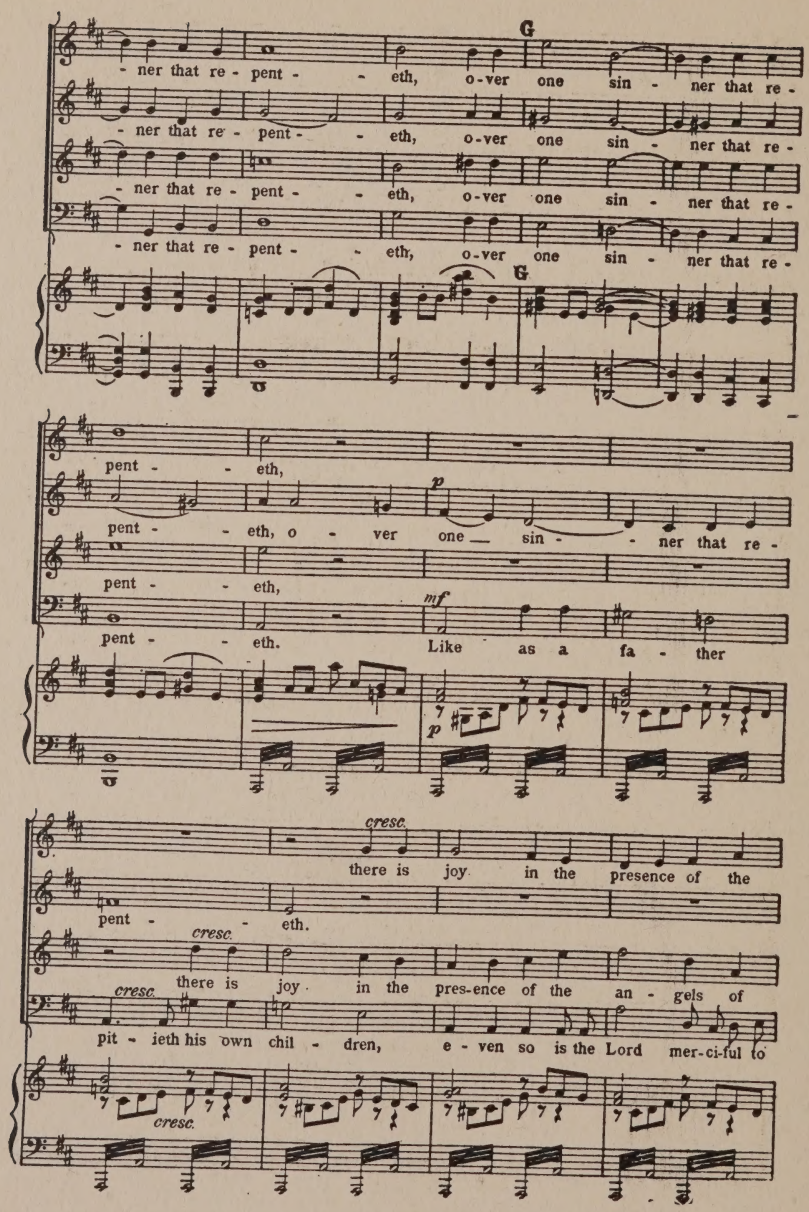



mf
Like as a fa - ther
them that fear Him, like as a
cresc.
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord mer-ci-ful to
fa - ther pit-ieth his own chil - dren, e - ven
D
f
Like as a fa ther
cresc.
them that fear Him, like as a
so is the Lord mer - ci - ful to them that fear
D
sempre cresc.


cresc.
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord mer-ci-ful to
fa - ther pit-ieth his own chil - dren.
Like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own
Him,
them that fear Him.
chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord mer - ci - ful to
e - ven so is the Lord mer - ci - ful to them that
E
Like as a fa - ther
To them that fear Him, as a fa - ther
them that fear Him, as a fa - ther
fear Him. Like as a fa - ther


pit - ieth his own chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord mer - ci -
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord
ful to them that fear Him, is mer - ci-ful to them that
mer - ci-ful to them that fear Him, mer - - ci -
mer - ci-ful, like as a fa - ther
mer - ci-ful to them that fear Him,
F
ff
fear Him, like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own
ff
ful to them that fear Him, like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own
ff
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own
ff
like as a fa - ther pit - ieth his own chil - dren,
F
ff


chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord mer - - ci - ful to
chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord mer - - ci - ful to
chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord mer - - ci - ful to
e - ven so is the Lord mer - - ci - ful to them that
them that fear Him. There is joy in the
them that fear Him. There is joy in the
them that fear Him. There is joy in the
fear Him. There is joy in the
pres-ence of the an - gels of God o - ver one sin -
pres-ence of the an - gels of God o - ver one sin -
pres-ence of the an - gels of God o - ver one sin -
pres-ence of the an - gels of God o - ver one sin -


G
- ner that re - pent - - eth, o - ver one sin - ner that re -
- ner that re - pent - - eth, o - ver one sin - ner that re -
- ner that re - pent - - eth, o - ver one sin - ner that re -
- ner that re - pent - - eth, o - ver one sin - ner that re -
G
pent - - eth,
p
pent - - eth, o - ver one sin - - ner that re -
pent - - eth,
mf
pent - - eth. Like as a fa - ther
p
cresc.
there is joy in the presence of the
pent - - eth.
cresc.
there is joy in the pres-ence of the an - gels of
cresc.
pit - ieth his own chil - dren, e - ven so is the Lord mer-ci-ful to
cresc.

H

an - gels of God. They shall

They shall

God o-ver one sin - ner that re - pent - eth. They shall

them, mer - ci - ful to them that fear Him They shall

H

ff *cresc.*

dim.

hun - ger no more, nei - ther thirst an - y more, they shall

hun - ger no more, nei - ther thirst an - y more, they shall

hun - ger no more, nei - ther thirst an - y more, they shall

hun - ger no more, nei - ther thirst an - y more, they shall

ff *dim.* *p*

I

p

hun - ger no more, nei - ther thirst. And

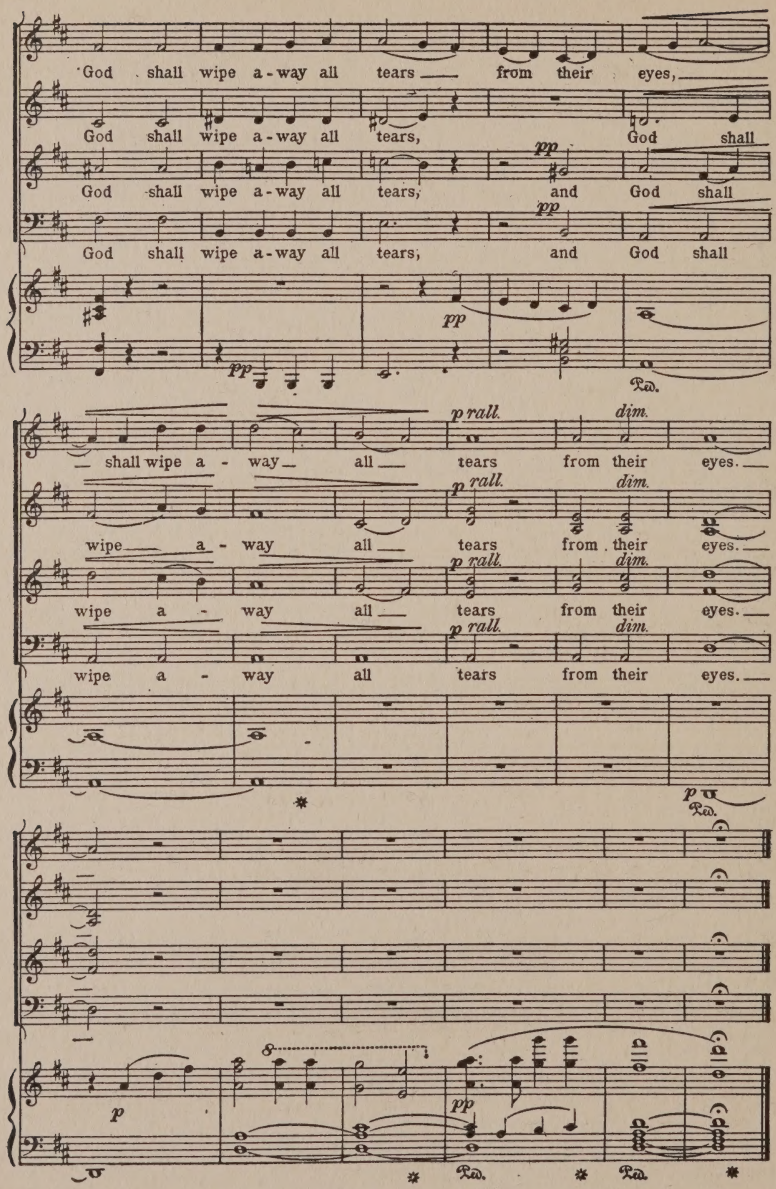
hun - ger no more, nei - ther thirst. And

hun - ger no more, nei - ther thirst. And

hun - ger no more, nei - ther thirst. And

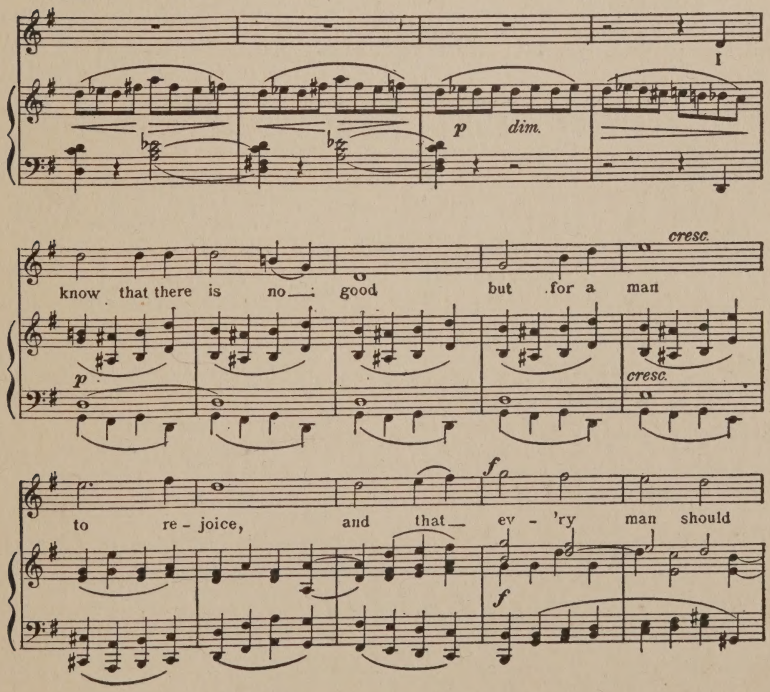
I

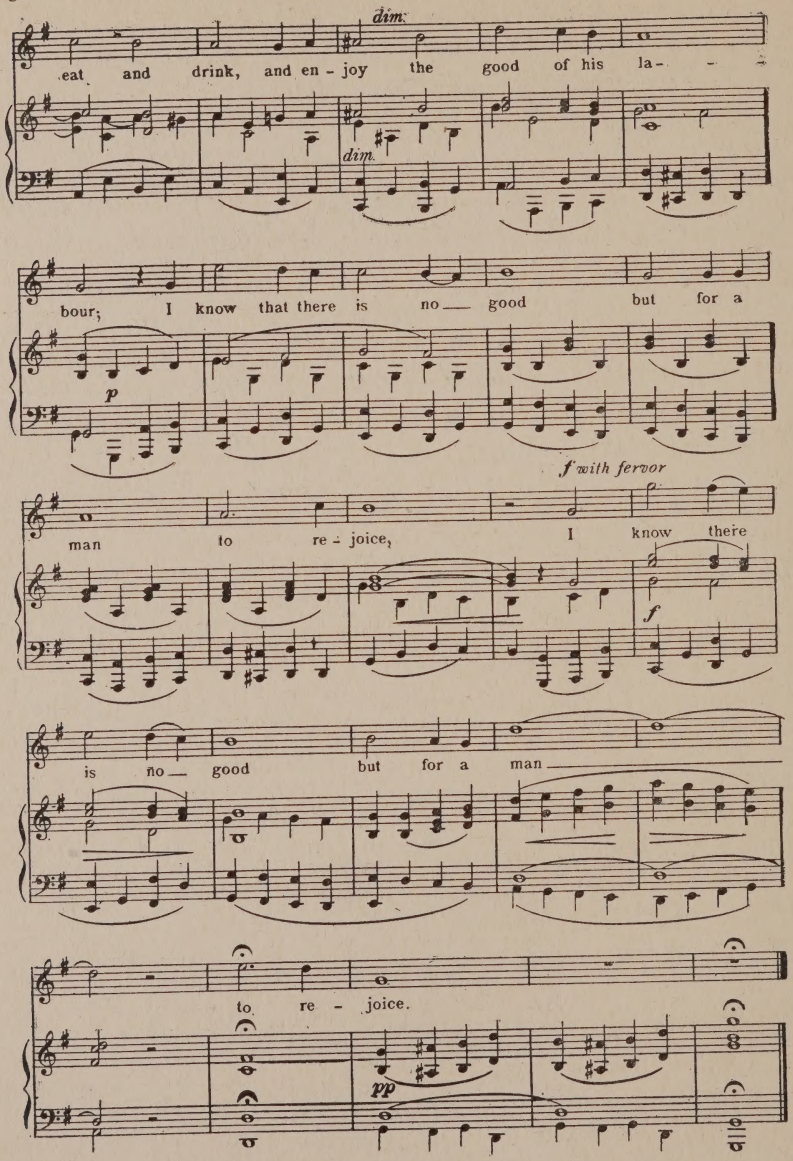
pp *pp*


God shall wipe a-way all tears from their eyes,
God shall wipe a-way all tears, God shall
God shall wipe a-way all tears, and God shall
God shall wipe a-way all tears, and God shall
pp
pp
pp
Ped.
p rall. dim.
shall wipe a - way all tears from their eyes.
wipe a - way all tears from their eyes.
wipe a - way all tears from their eyes.
wipe a - way all tears from their eyes.
p
Ped.
p
pp
Ped.
Ped.

Scene II

(A banquet room: a long table placed on a dais upstage center with benches for the guests along each side and stools at either end. The son is seated at the center, and guests, both men and women, are seated or are reclining about the table. All are dressed in Greek and Roman style. As the curtain opens musicians downstage right are playing softly on harp, viol, and flute. Orchestrations of the Sullivan music may be secured to accompany the singing in this scene. The guests are laughing and talking in gay fashion. Servants come and go from the left bringing jugs and platters of fruit. On the table are goblets and low Greek lamps. Finally there is a lull in the conversation and the son rises and begins to sing.)




dim.
eat and drink, and en - joy the good of his la- -
dim.
bour; I know that there is no — good but for a
p
f with fervor
man to re - joice, I know there
f
is no — good but for a man
to re - joice.
pp

(*As the song ends a servant enters left and bows low.*)

SERVANT: Behold, a poet from Jerusalem is come to entertain you.

ALL: Bring him in! Let us hear him!

(*The servant goes out and brings in an old man in Hebrew robes. He bows and comes left center. From a number of scrolls which he carries he chooses one and reads.*)

POET: To everything there is a season,
And a time to every purpose under heaven:
A time to be born and a time to die;
A time to plant and a time to gather,
A time to kill and a time to heal;
A time to break down and a time to mend;
A time to weep and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn and a time to dance;
A time to get and a time to lose;
A time to keep and a time to cast away;
A time to rend and a time to sew;
A time to keep silence and a time to speak;
A time to love and a time to hate;
A time of war and a time for peace.

A feast is made for laughter,
And wine maketh merry.
Therefore I commend mirth,
For a man hath no better thing under the sun
Than to eat and to drink and to be merry!

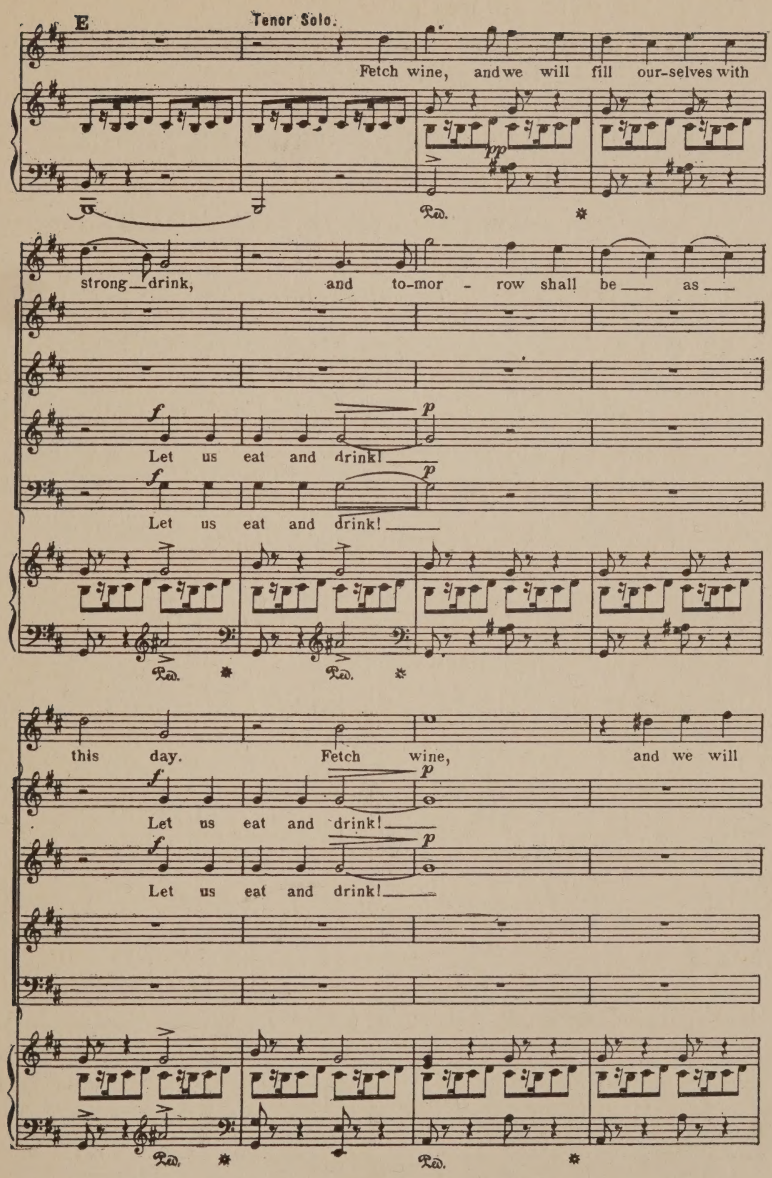
All things come alike to all.
There is one event to the righteous and to the wicked,
To the good and to the clean and to the unclean,
To him that sacrificeth and to him that sacrificeth not.

As is the good so is the sinner,
And he that sweareth as he that feareth an oath.

Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy,
And drink thy wine with a merry heart.
Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.
For there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom
In the grave whither thou goest.

Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!

(*All cheer as he finishes and shower him with coins and flowers. Led by the son all burst into the following song:*)


E
Tenor Solo.
Fetch wine, and we will fill our-selves with
pp
strong drink, and to-mor - row shall be as
f
p
Let us eat and drink!
Let us eat and drink!
this day. Fetch wine, and we will
Let us eat and drink!
Let us eat and drink!

fill our- selves with strong drink, and to-

mor- - row shall be as this day,

F cresc.

to- - mor- - row shall be as

this day, and much more

a- - bun- dant, more a- bun- dant.

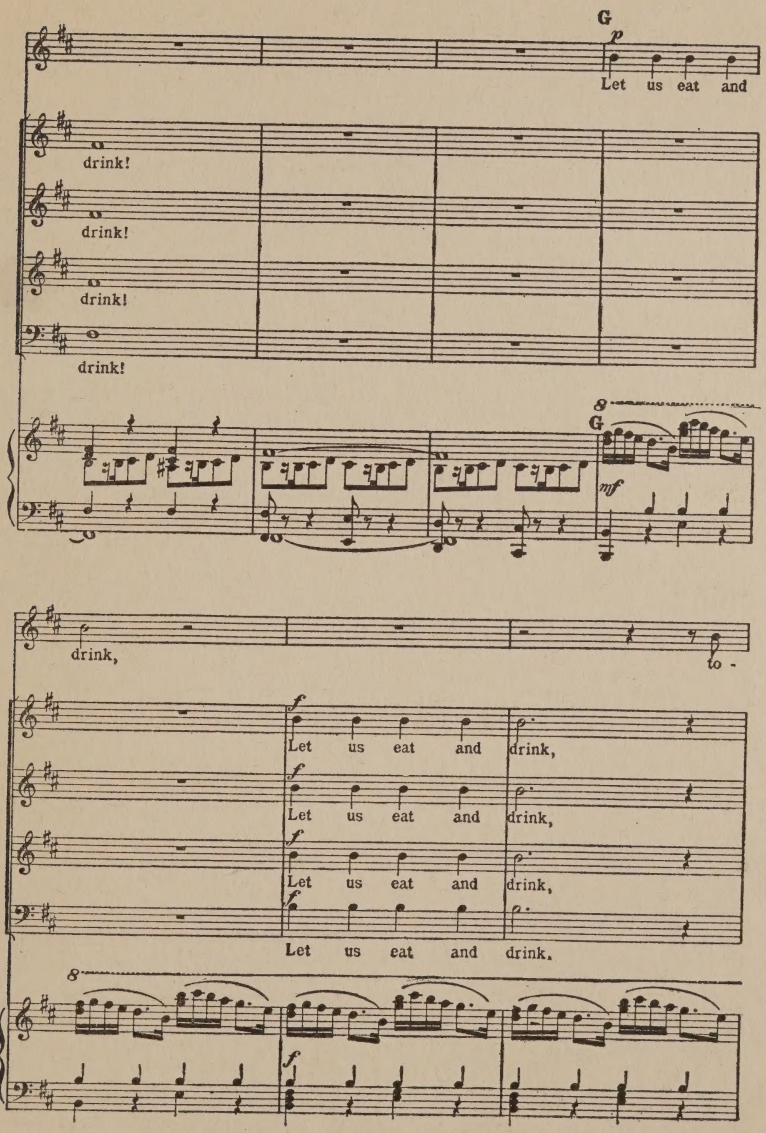
p Let us eat and

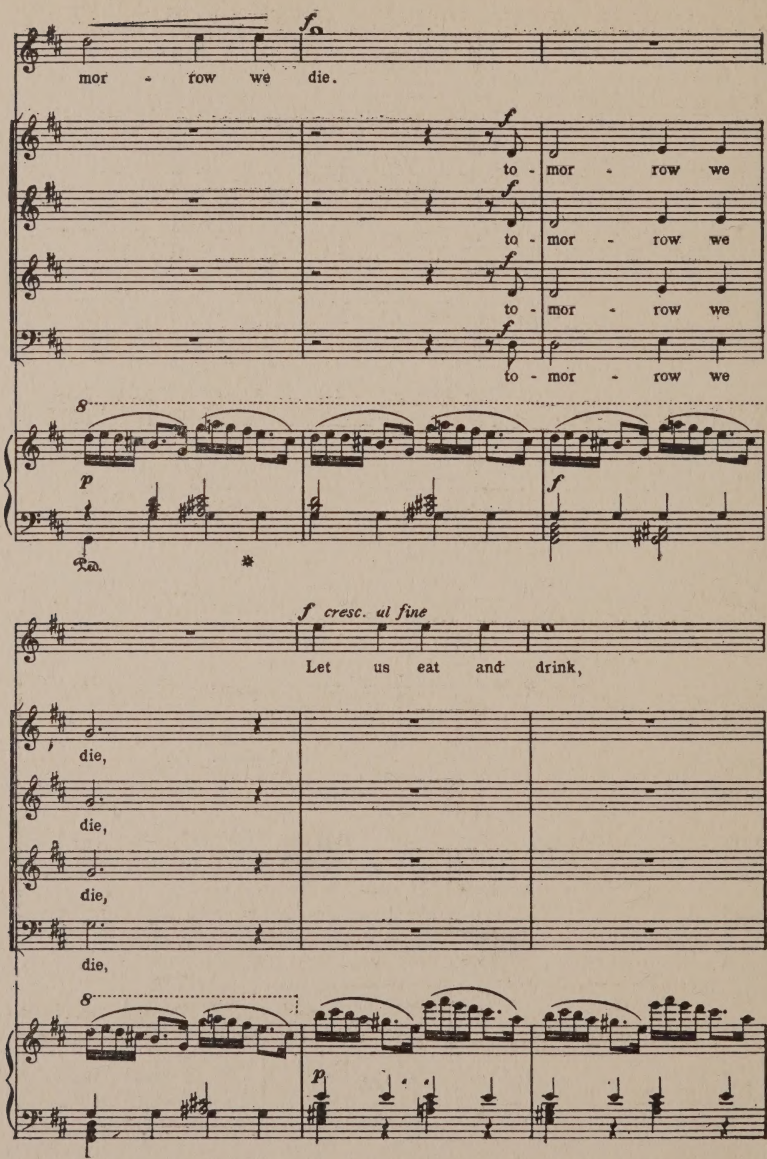
p Let us eat and

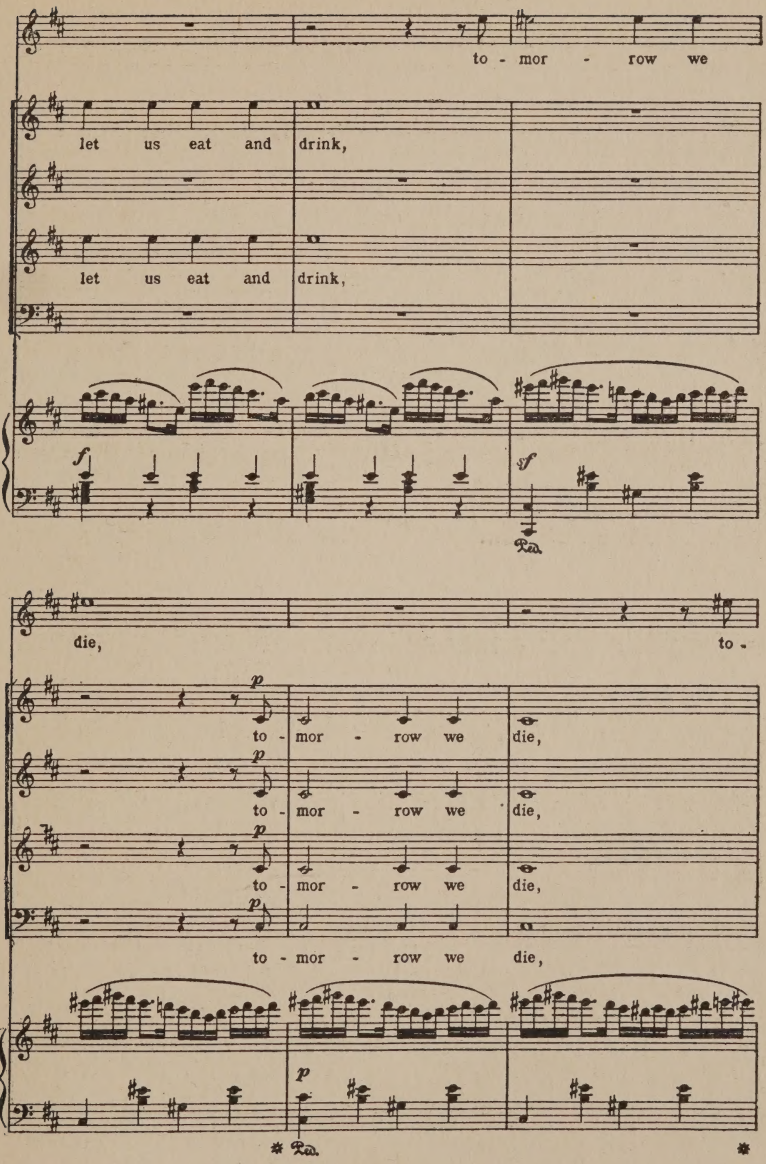
p Let us eat and

p Let us eat and

dim. p


G
p
Let us eat and
drink!
drink!
drink!
drink!
8
G
mf
drink,
to -
f
Let us eat and drink,
Let us eat and drink,
Let us eat and drink,
Let us eat and drink.
8
f


f
mor - row we die.
f
to - mor - row we
f
to - mor - row we
f
to - mor - row we
f
to - mor - row we
8
p
f
f cresc. ul fine
Let us eat and drink,
die,
die,
die,
die,
8
p


to - mor - row we
let us eat and drink,
let us eat and drink,
f
sf
Ped.
die,
to -
p
to - mor - row we die,
to - mor - row we die,
to - mor - row we die,
to - mor - row we die,
p
Ped.

H

cresc.

mor - row shall be as this

cresc.

let us eat and drink

cresc.

let us eat and drink

cresc.

let us eat and drink, let us

cresc.

let us eat and drink, let us

H

cresc.

day, and much more a - bun - - -

let us eat and drink, to - mor - row we

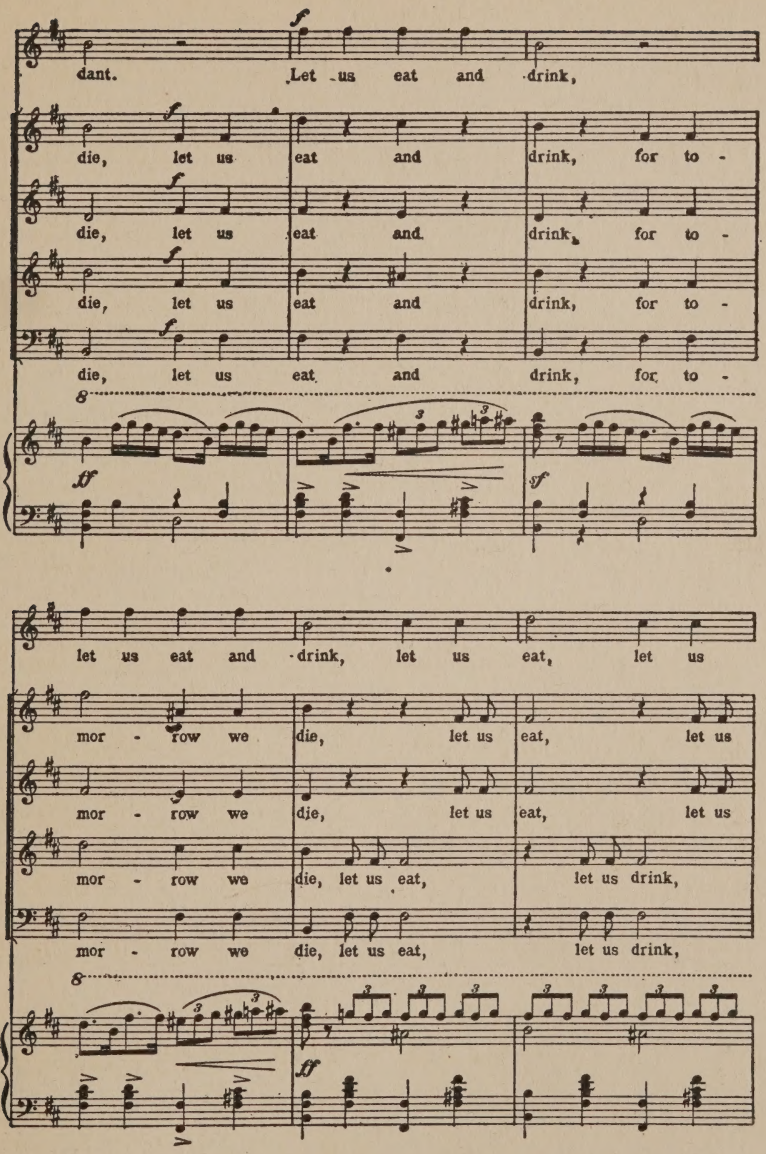
let us eat and drink, to - mor row we

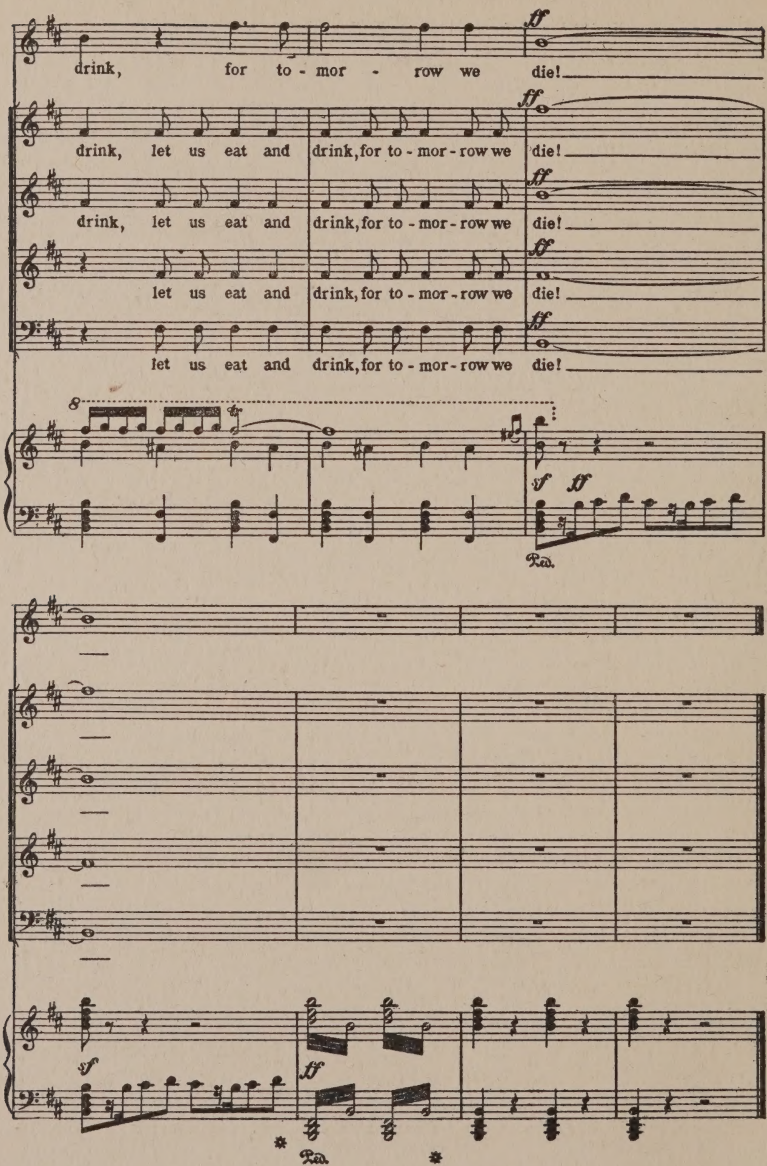
eat and drink, to - mor - row we

eat and drink, to - mor - row we

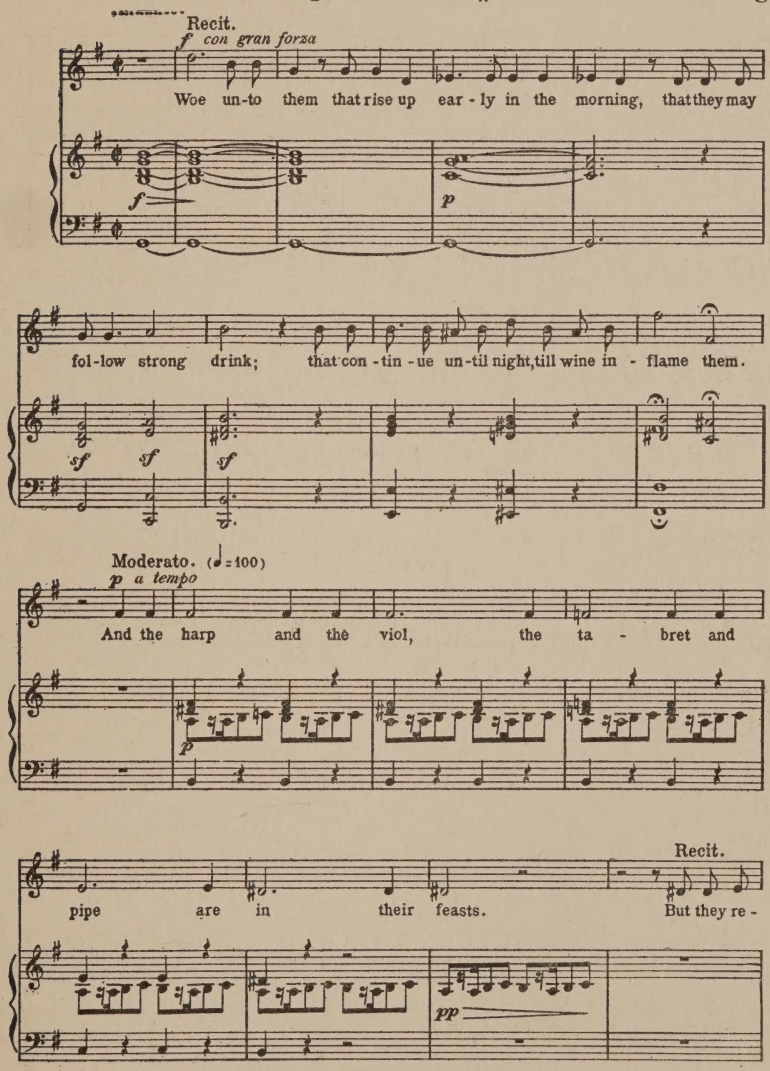
f

Ra. * Ra. * Ra. * Ra. *


dant. Let us eat and drink,
die, let us eat and drink, for to -
die, let us eat and drink, for to -
die, let us eat and drink, for to -
die, let us eat and drink, for to -
let us eat and drink, let us eat, let us
mor - row we die, let us eat, let us
mor - row we die, let us eat, let us
mor - row we die, let us eat, let us drink,
mor - row we die, let us eat, let us drink,


drink, for to - mor - row we die!
drink, let us eat and drink, for to - mor - row we die!
drink, let us eat and drink, for to - mor - row we die!
let us eat and drink, for to - mor - row we die!
let us eat and drink, for to - mor - row we die!
ff
f
Ped.

(The curtain closes as laughter and cheering end the song. The auditorium lights remain off while the chorus sings.



gard not the work of the Lord, neither con-sid-er the op-e-ra-tion of His hands.

segue

Chorus.

SOPRANO & ALTO. *p*

The mirth of ta - brets

TENOR & BASS. *p*

The mirth of ta - brets

Andante. (♩ = 80)

p

cresc.

ceas - eth, the noise of them that re-joice

cresc.

ceas - eth, the noise of them that re-joice

cresc.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

f *dim.* *p*

rall.

end - eth, the joy of the harp ceas - - eth.

f *dim.* *p*

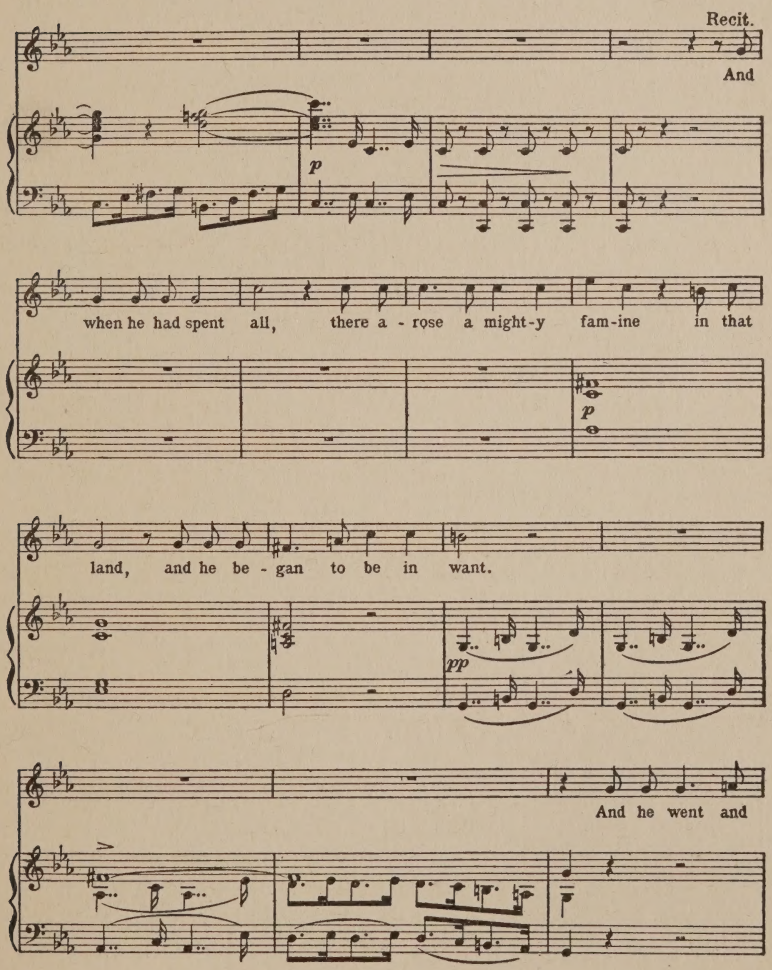
end - eth, the joy of the harp ceas - *rall.* - eth.

f *dim.* *rall.* *pp*

Ped. *

Scene III

(Before the curtain opens, the soprano sings the following recitative solo:)



join - ed him - self to a cit - i - zen of that

coun - try; and he sent him in - to his fields to feed

a tempo Andante.

swine. And he would fain have

dim. *p*

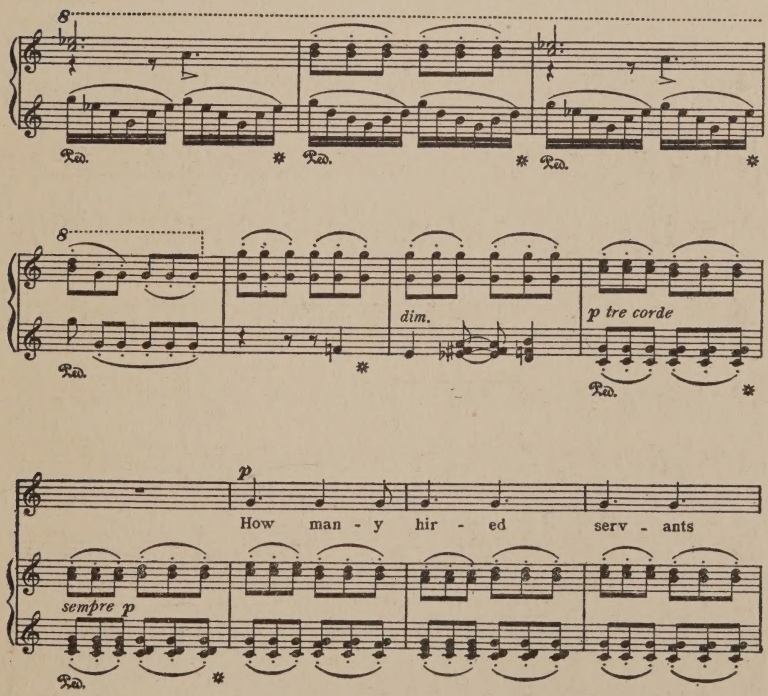
fill - ed him - self with the husks that the swine did eat;

pp

and no man gave un - to him.

pp

(As the solo ends, the curtain opens showing the son in rags seated bowed down in an attitude of despondence and despair. The scrim curtain is drawn across the front of the stage and has projected upon it a scene of barren and desolate country. The son is seen back of the scrim because of a baby spot-light which casts a bluish light upon him. The prelude should be played softly to complete the atmosphere of the tableau. He remains seated during the song until the second time he sings "I will arise." Then he rises, finishes the song, and the curtain closes as he starts off right.)



of my fa - ther's have bread e-nough

simile

and to spare, and I

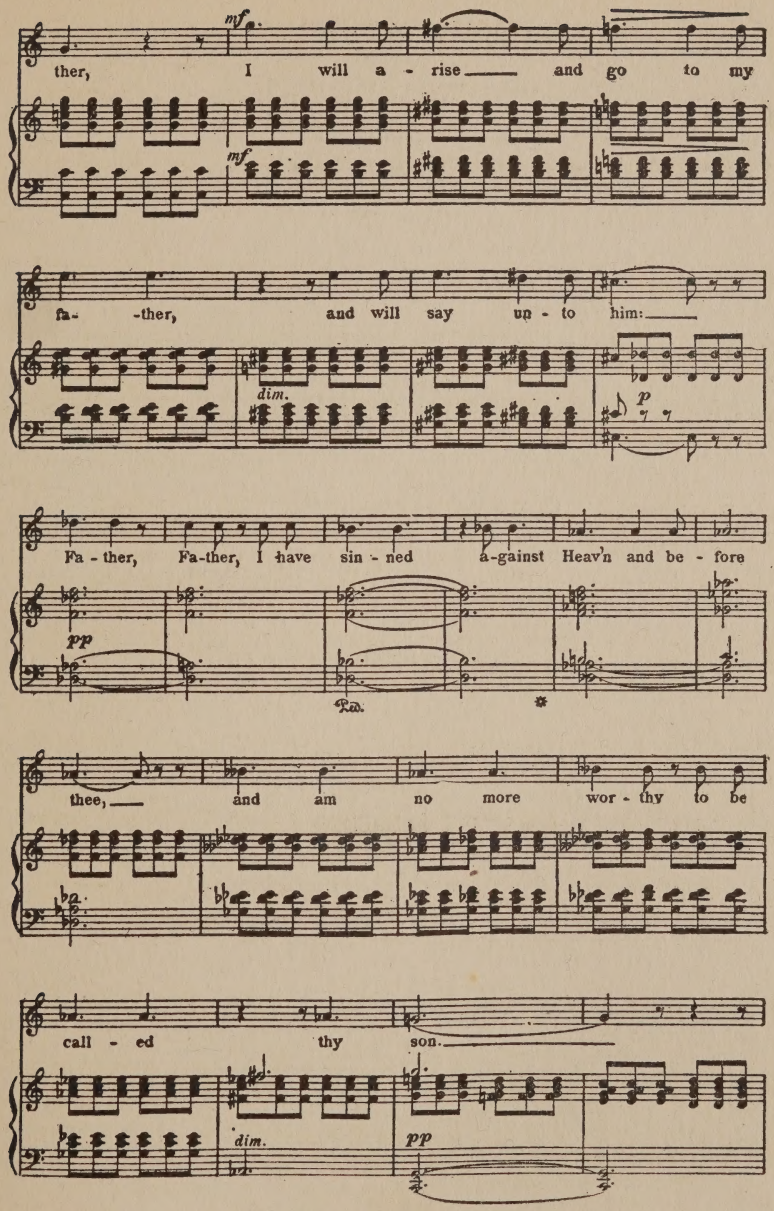
cresc.

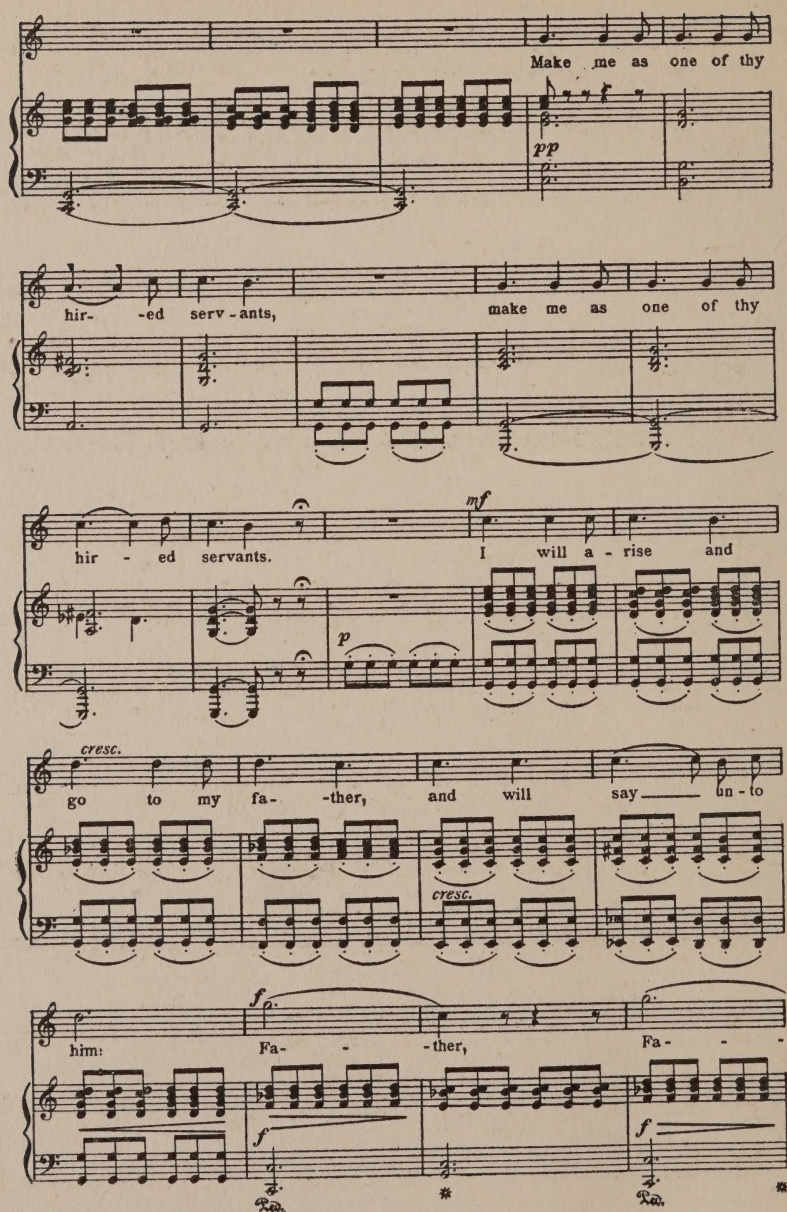
per - ish with hun- - -ger!

p

p

I will a - rise and go to my fa- -


mf
ther, I will a - rise and go to my
mf
fa- -ther, and will say un - to him:
dim.
p
Fa - ther, Fa-ther, I have sin - ned a-gainst Heav'n and be - fore
pp
Ped.
thee, and am no more wor - thy to be
call - ed thy son.
dim.
pp


Make me as one of thy
pp
hir- -ed serv-ants, make me as one of thy
hir - ed servants. I will a - rise and
mf
p
cresc.
go to my fa- -ther, and will say un-to
cresc.
him: Fa- - -ther, Fa- - -
f
f
f

ther, I have sin - ned a - gainst Heav'n,

p cresc. *uccel.*

ff *rit.*

a - gainst Heav'n, a - gainst Heav'n and be-

ff *rit.* *colla voce*

a tempo *p*

fore thee, and am

dim. *a tempo* *p*

no more wor - thy to be call - ed

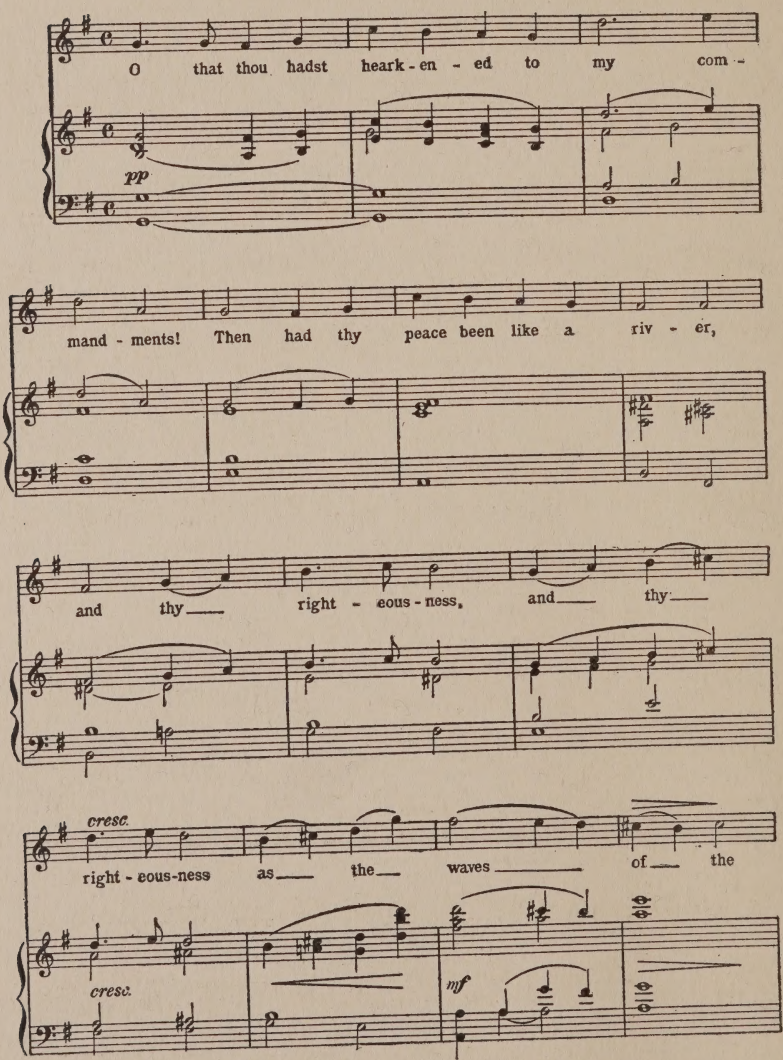
dim. *rall.*

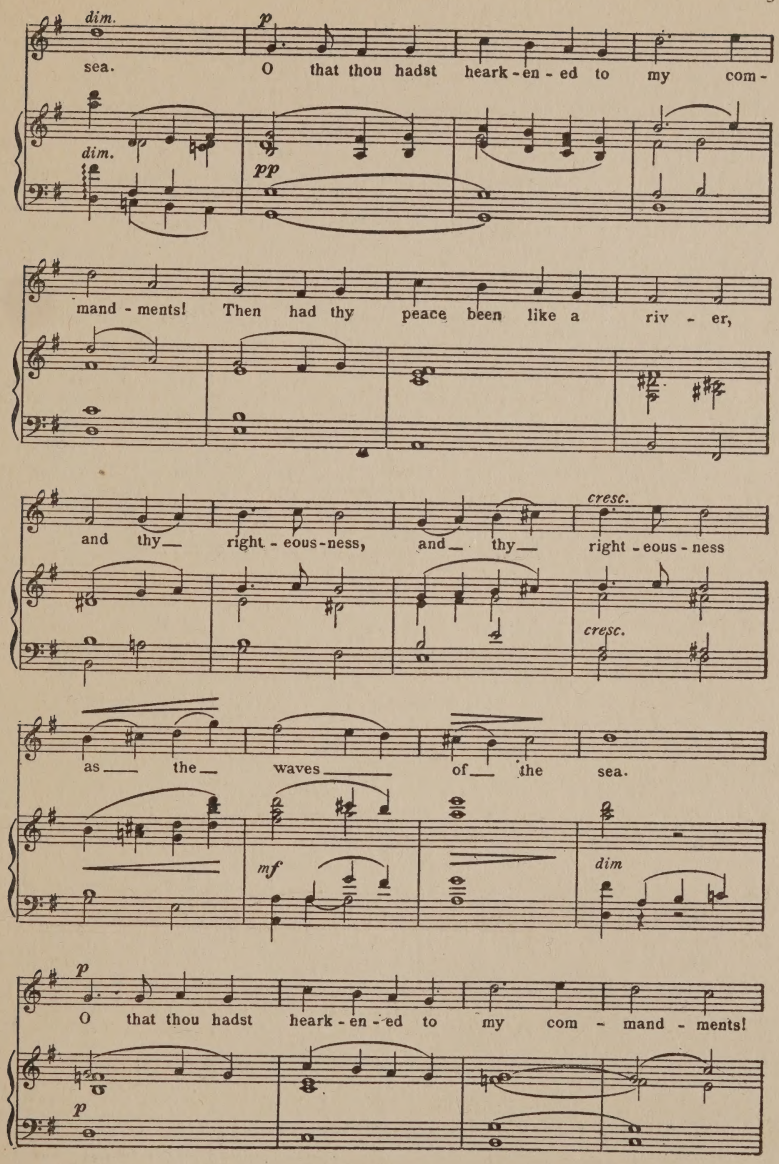
pp

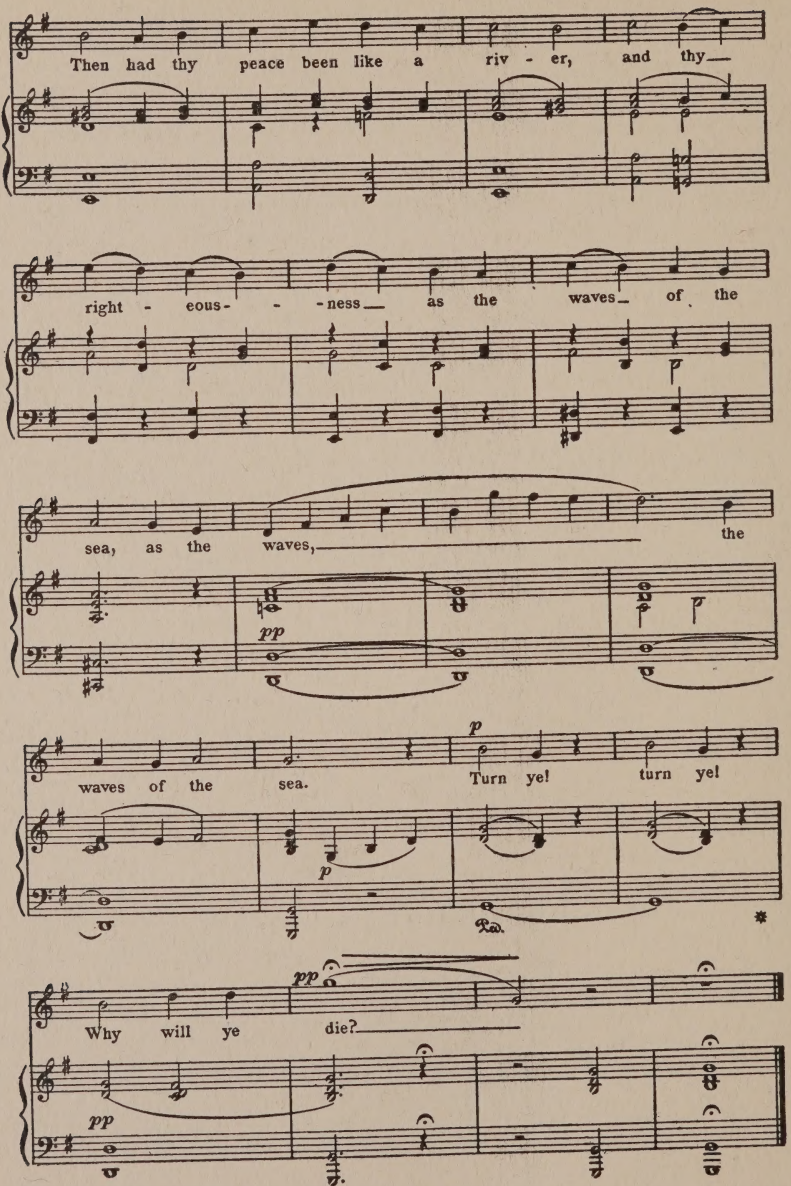
thy son.

pp

(The auditorium lights still remain out while the following solo is sung:)




dim.
p
sea. O that thou hadst heark-en-ed to my com-
dim.
pp
mand-ments! Then had thy peace been like a riv-er,
cresc.
and thy right-eous-ness, and thy right-eous-ness
cresc.
as the waves of the sea.
mf
dim
p
O that thou hadst heark-en-ed to my com-mand-ments!
p


Then had thy peace been like a riv - er, and thy
right - eous - - ness as the waves of the
sea, as the waves, the
pp
waves of the sea. Turn ye! turn ye!
p
p
Why will ye die?
pp
pp

Scene IV

(*The setting is the same as for Scene I. The father is seated on a bench between the two columns center stage, when the curtain opens. A servant stands at the entrance right. From the rear of the auditorium comes the son. When he gets half-way down the aisle, the father sees him, rises joyfully, and opens wide his arms to welcome him. The son begins his solo, "Father, I have sinned against thee." When he reaches his father, he falls on his knees before him. The father begins his song and the music continues as a duet. At the end of the duet the father turns to the servant and sings the solo "Bring the best robe" while the son remains kneeling at his feet. The servant goes off in the middle of the solo and returns at the end with robe and ring.*)

Tenor. (Father, I have sinned)

p

Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sin-ned a - gainst

a tempo

Oboe

ff

pp

Ped. *sempre*

Heav'n and in thy sight, and am no more

wor - thy to be call - ed thy son.

dim.

pp

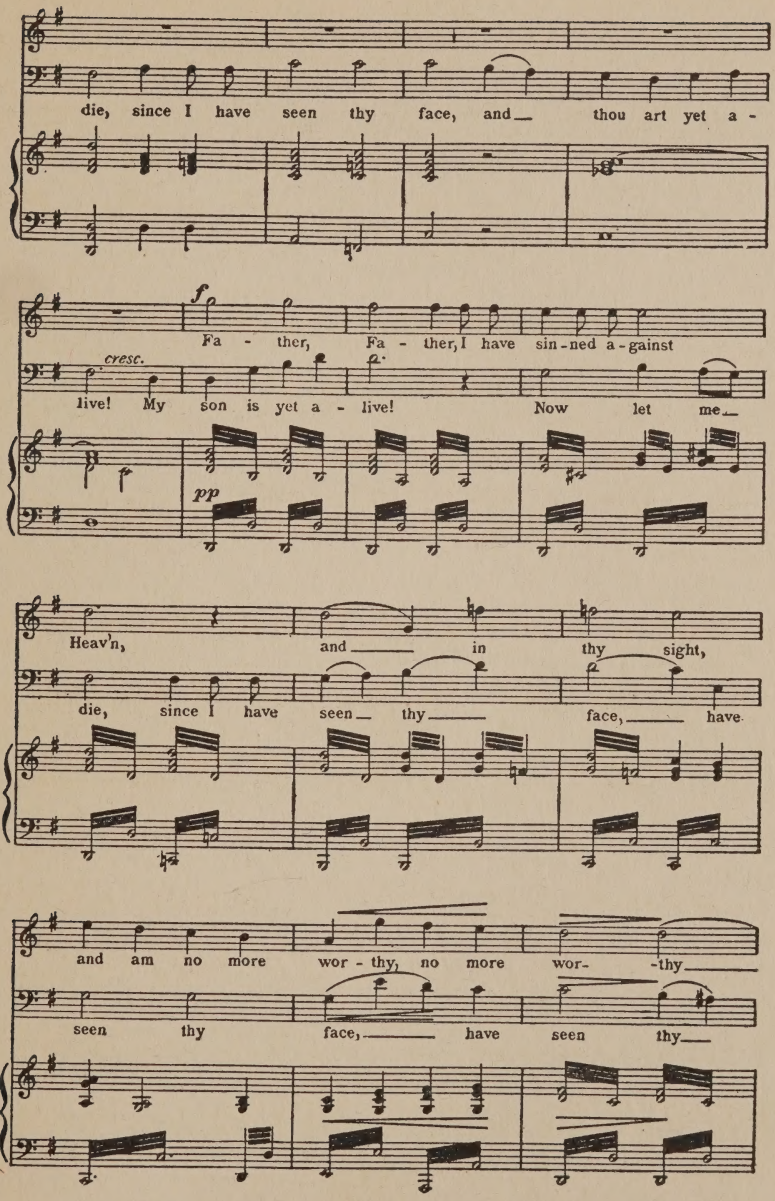
dim.

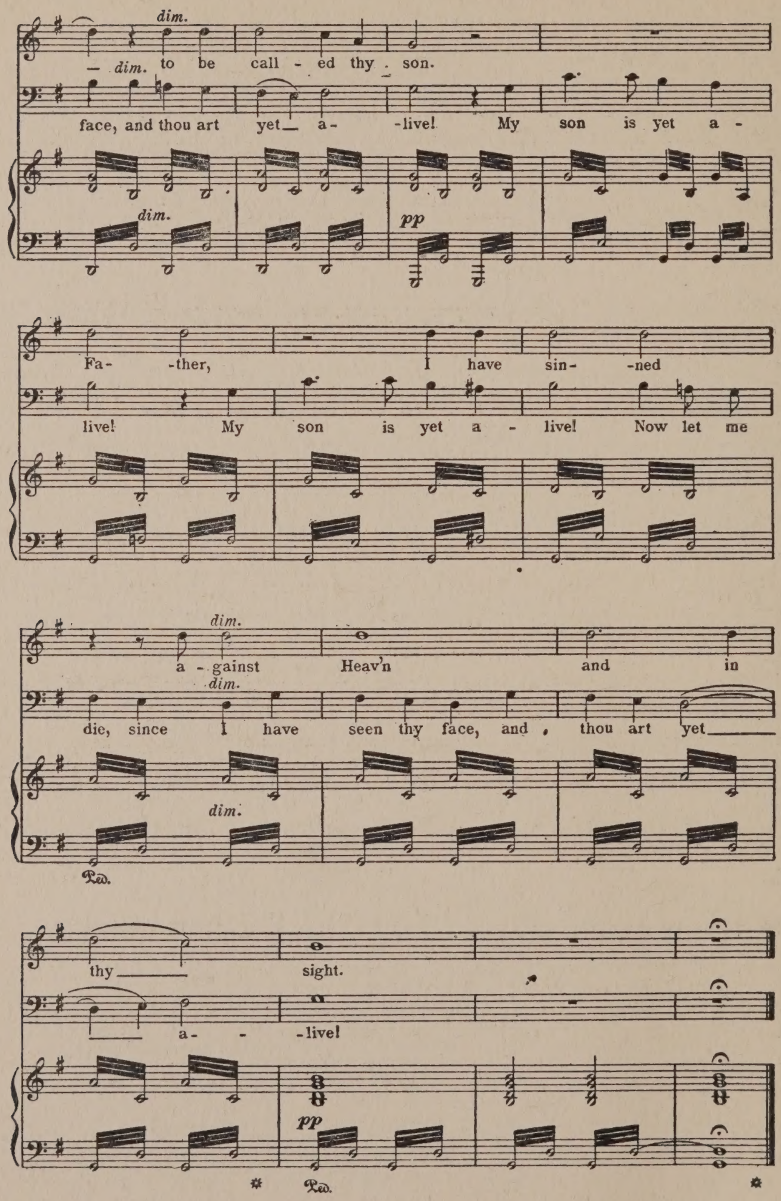
pp

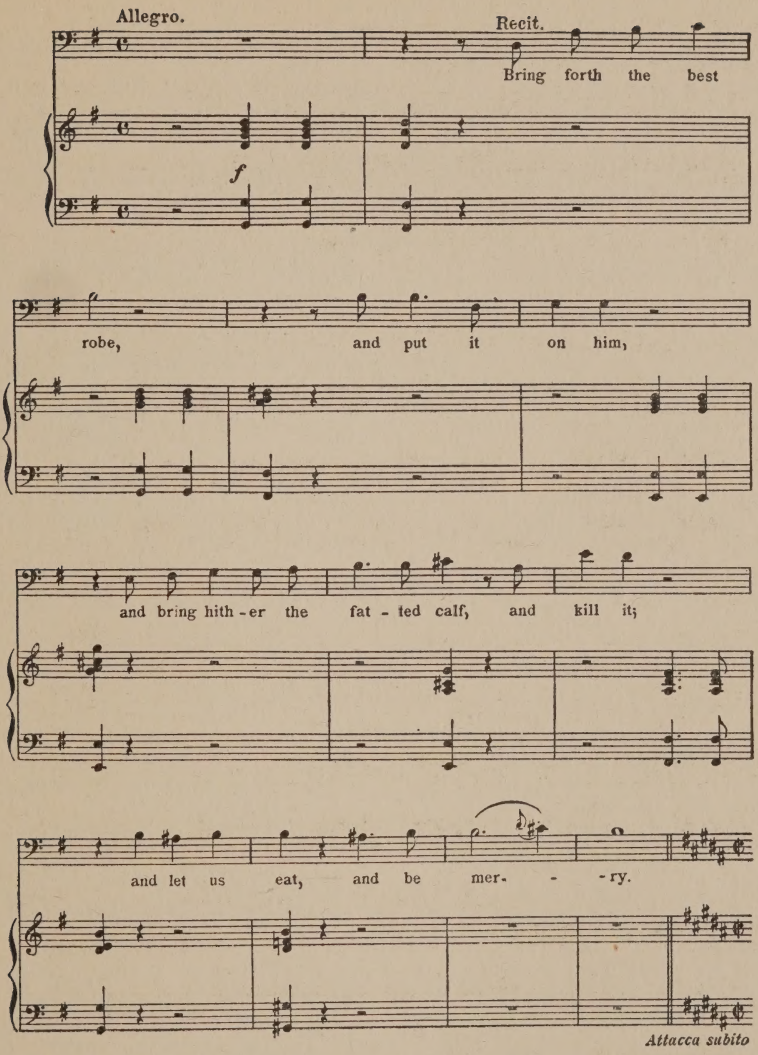
pp Bass.

My son is yet a - live! Now let me—

pp


die, since I have seen thy face, and thou art yet a-
f
Fa - ther, Fa - ther, I have sin-ned a-gainst
cresc.
live! My son is yet a - live! Now let me
pp
Heav'n, and in thy sight,
die, since I have seen thy face, have
and am no more wor - thy, no more wor- -thy
seen thy face, have seen thy


dim.
— dim. to be call - ed thy son.
face, and thou art yet a - -live! My son is yet a -
dim.
pp
Fa- -ther, I have sin- -ned
live! My son is yet a - live! Now let me
dim.
a - gainst Heav'n and in
dim.
die, since I have seen thy face, and thou art yet
dim.
Ped.
thy sight.
a - - -live!
pp
Ped.


Allegro.
Recit.
Bring forth the best
f
robe, and put it on him,
and bring hith - er the fat - ted calf, and kill it;
and let us eat, and be mer- - - ry.
Attacca subito

Allegro vivace. (♩= 88)

ten.

ff

Ped. * Ped.

Aria.

f p p

For this, my

f

son, was dead, and is a - live a - gain; he was

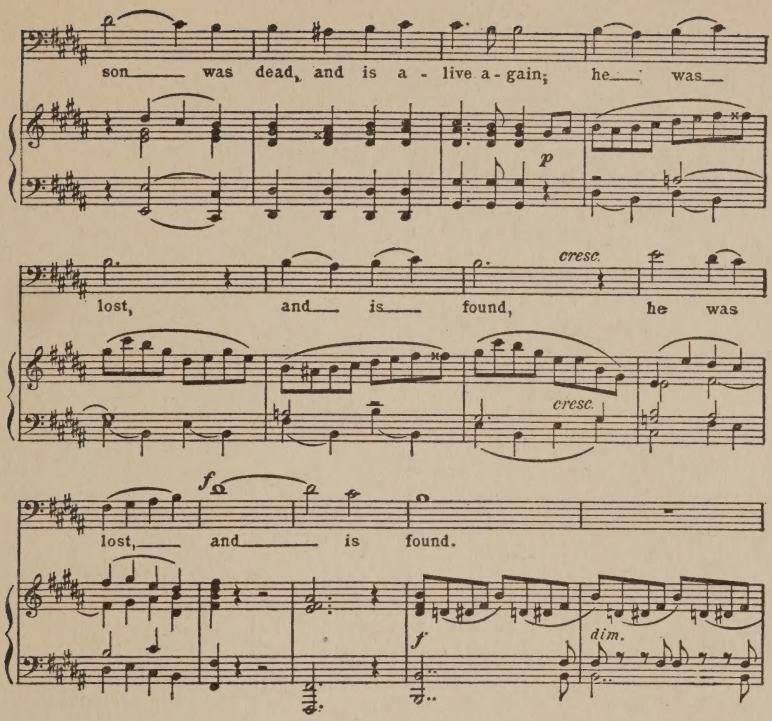
f p p

lost, and is found, he was

cresc.

lost, and is found. For this my

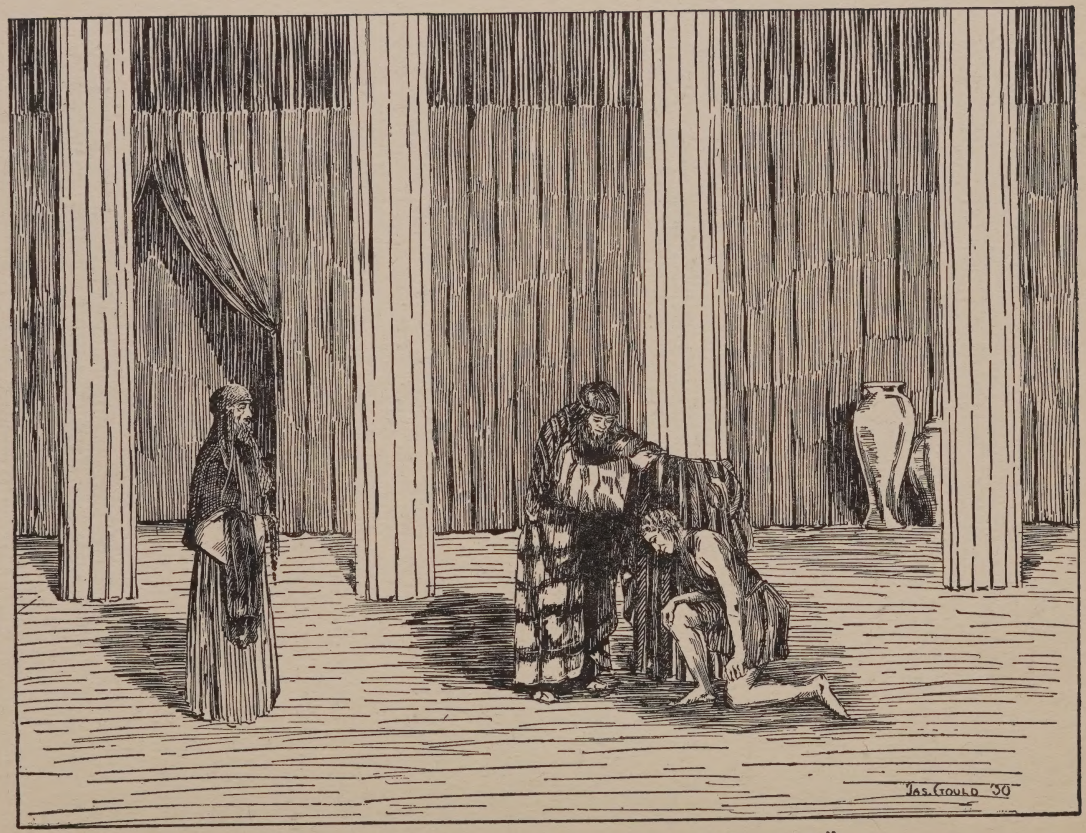
p f f



(*As the father ends his song the servant returns with the robe, the ring, and sandals. The father places the robe about the shoulders of the son.*)

FATHER: Blessed be the Lord for he hath heard the voice of my supplications and hath brought thee again unto me. Behold thou shalt be the honored guest at a feast which my servants shall prepare. Here is a ring for thy finger. (*Places ring on the middle finger of his right hand.*) And now arise and sit here (*indicating bench*) while my servant bathes thy feet and puts sandals upon them.

(*The son rises and sits on the bench while another servant*



"BEHOLD THOU SHALT BE THE HONORED GUEST AT A FEAST."

comes with basin and towel. He wipes off the son's feet with the dampened towel and dries them. The other servant then steps forward with the sandals and fastens them on his feet. Meantime the father has gone out left and returns, as the servant finishes putting the sandals on, with musicians and singers. The musicians may be the same as appeared in Scene II, but they are now in Hebrew costume.)

FATHER: Come, let us go in and rejoice, for this my son (*putting his arm about the son's shoulders*) has returned.

(*All go off right. Servants continue to pass to and fro across the stage bearing water jars, platters, and flat baskets. Music begins to play off-stage right. For this music use the Victor record entitled, "Festival at Bagdad," by Rimsky-Korsakow played by Philadelphia Orchestra on Victor record No. 6246. From the left enters the elder brother who comes left center and stops to listen to the music. A servant comes from the right and the elder brother stops him.*)

ELDER BROTHER: What means this music? Are there guests in the house?

SERVANT: Thy brother has returned, and thy father has commanded that a feast be prepared in his honor. The fatted calf has been slain, and is now being prepared for the banquet. Thy father hath sent a servant to the field to fetch thee and bring thee hither.

ELDER BROTHER: Thou mayest tell my father that I will not come. I have naught to do with a wicked and ungrateful wretch, who wasteth his father's substance and spendeth his inheritance in riotous living.

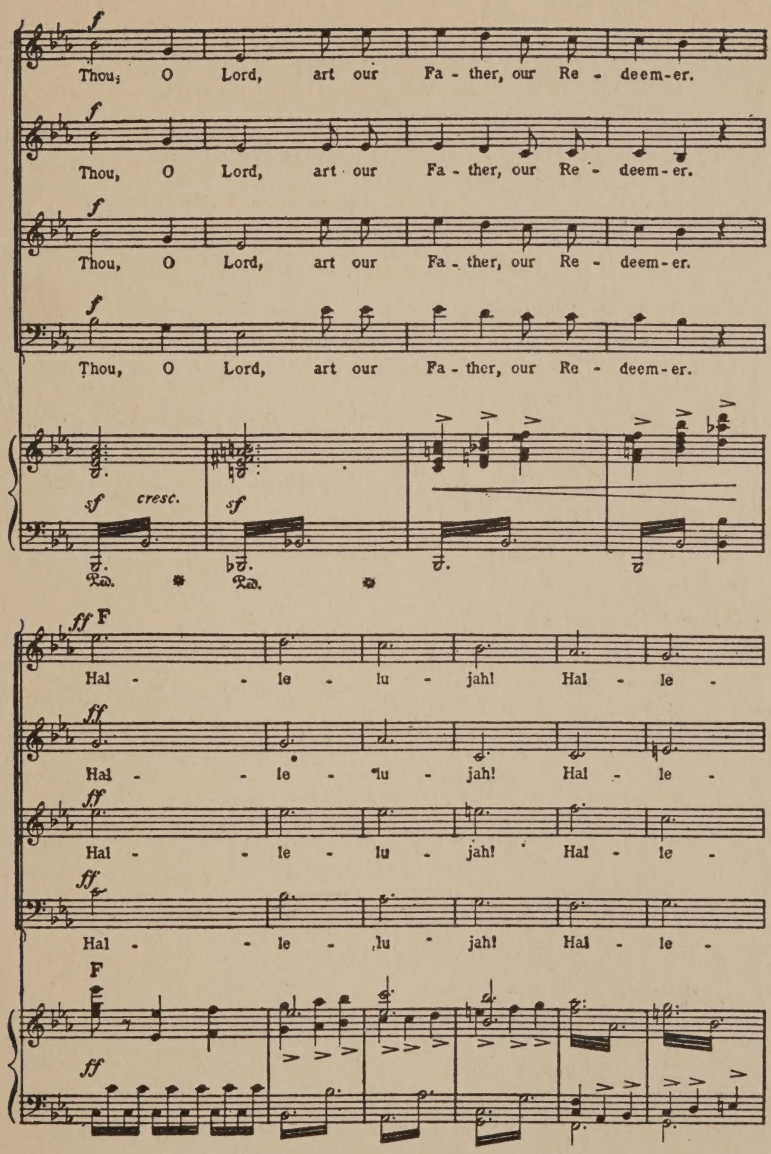
(*Enter the father from right, sees the elder brother and comes to him. The servant bows and goes out left.*)

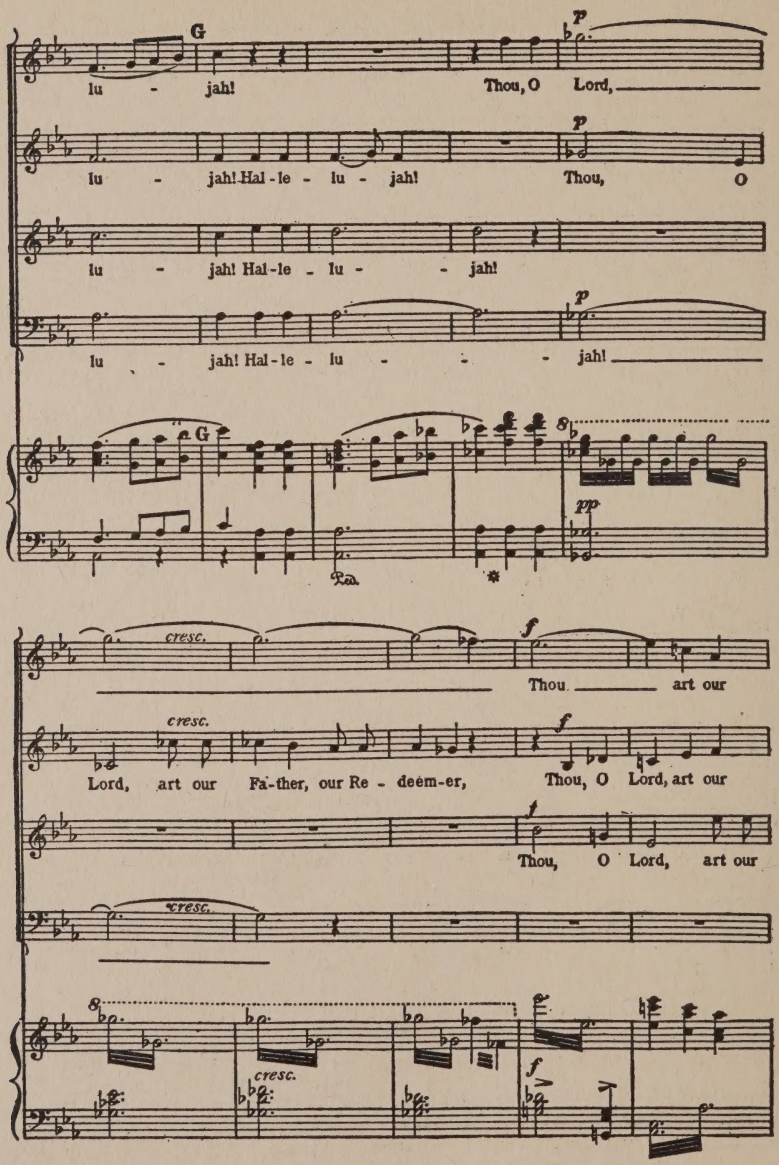
FATHER: Come, my son, and let our household rejoice, for this thy brother has come again unto his father's house.

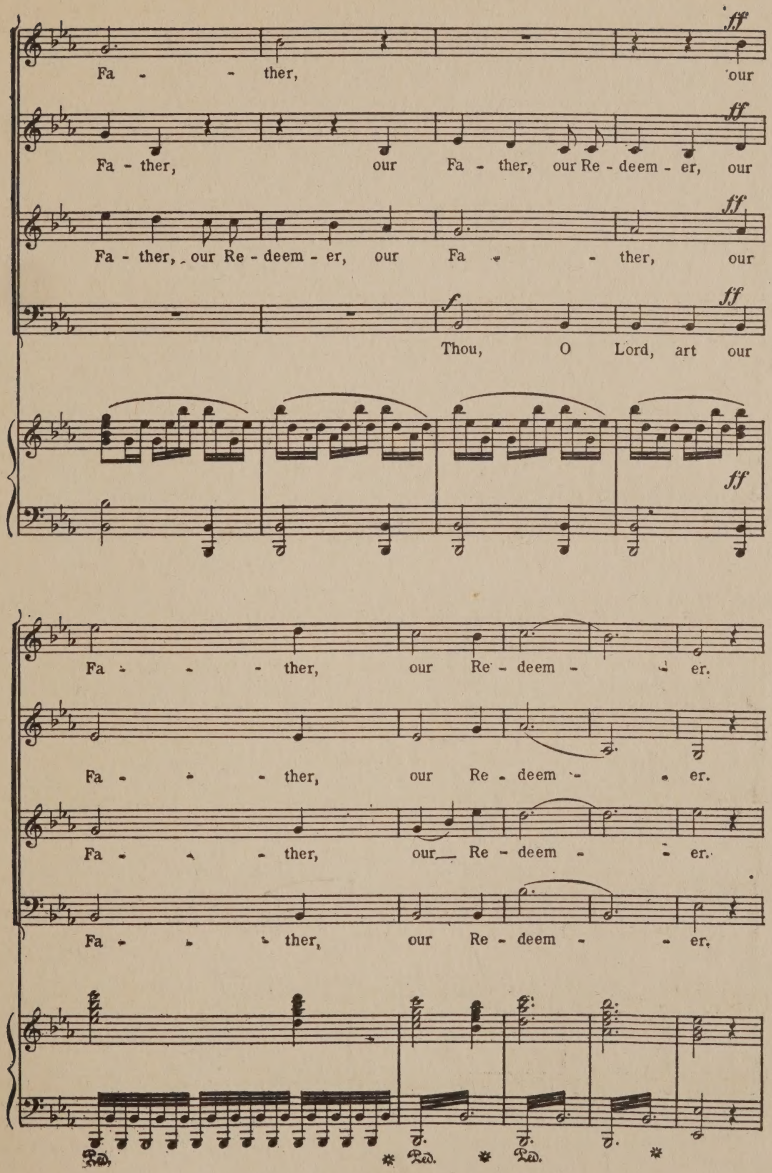
ELDER BROTHER: Nay, father, thou art unjust and dost not consider what is due unto me. Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

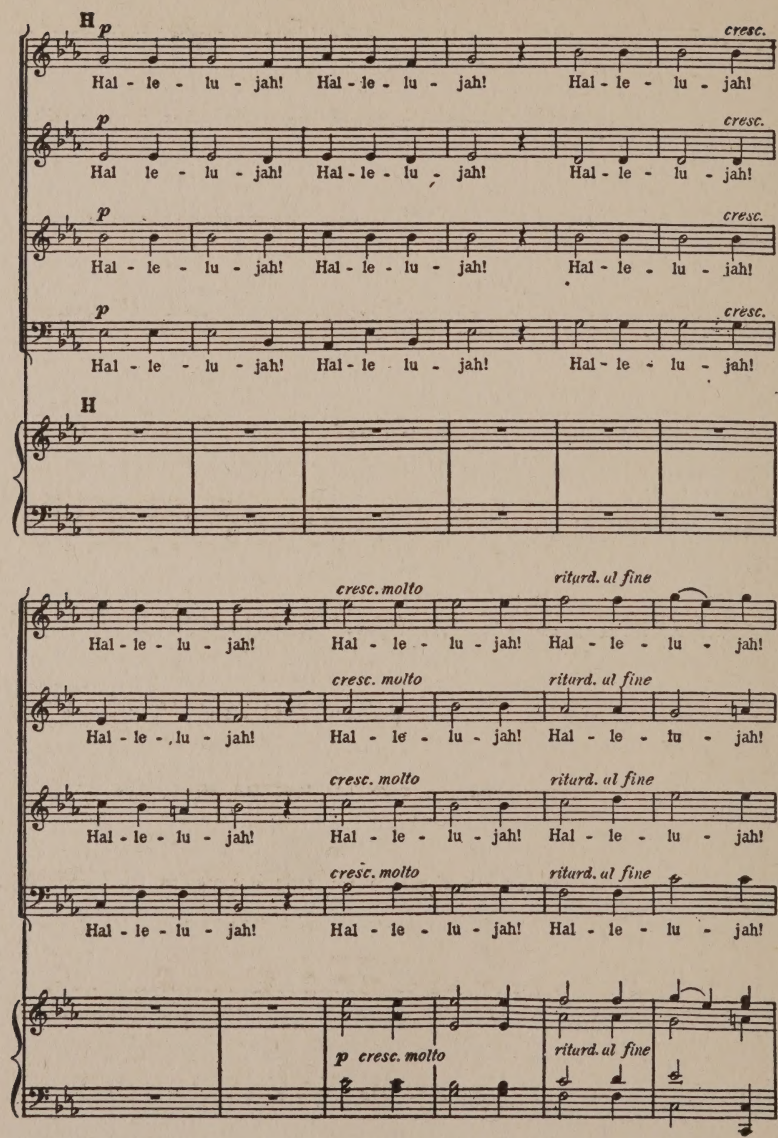
FATHER: Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found!

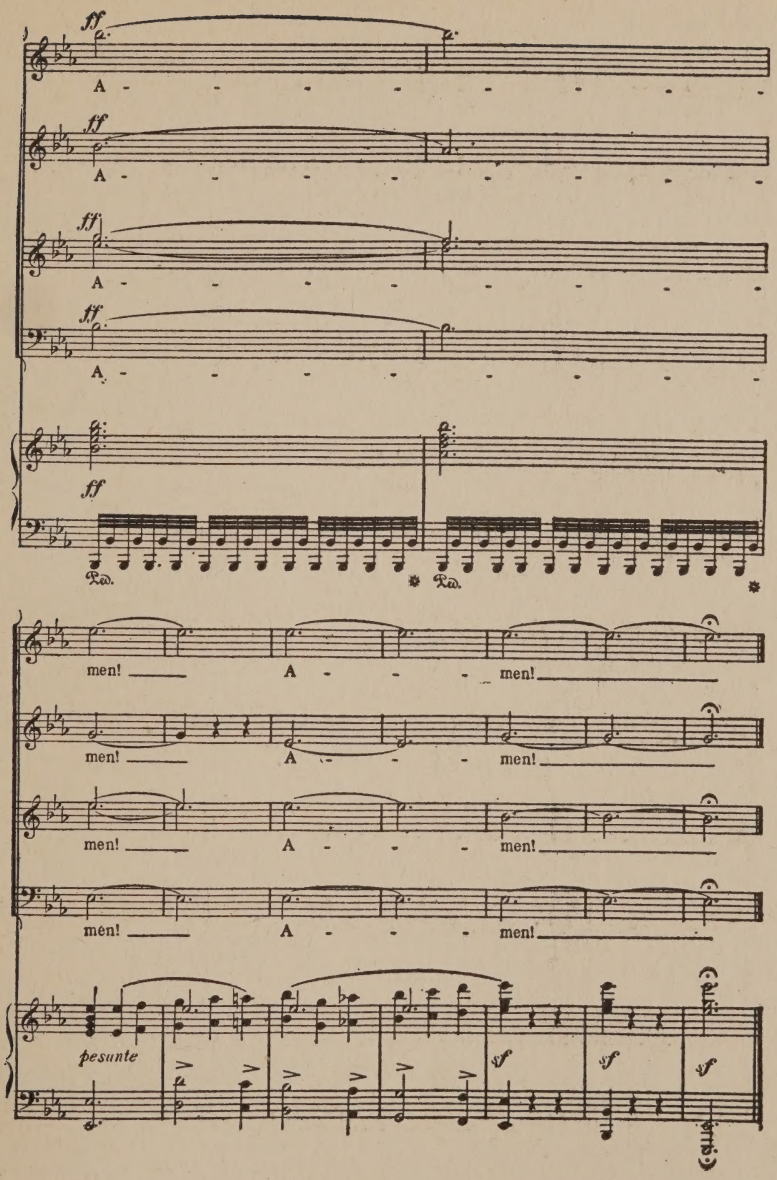
(*From off-stage right the Chorus begins singing "Thou, O Lord, Art Our Father." The father turns and goes off right, followed by the elder brother. The curtains close slowly.*)


f
Thou, O Lord, art our Fa - ther, our Re - deem - er.
f
Thou, O Lord, art our Fa - ther, our Re - deem - er.
f
Thou, O Lord, art our Fa - ther, our Re - deem - er.
f
Thou, O Lord, art our Fa - ther, our Re - deem - er.
sf cresc.
sf
Ped.
ff F
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
ff
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
F
ff


G
p
lu - jah! Thou, O Lord,
p
lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Thou, O
lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - - jah!
p
lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - - - jah!
G
8
pp
cresc.
f
Thou art our
cresc.
f
Lord, art our Fa-ther, our Re - deem-er, Thou, O Lord, art our
f
Thou, O Lord, art our
cresc.
8
cresc.
f


ff
Fa - - ther, our
ff
Fa - ther, our Fa - ther, our Re - deem - er, our
ff
Fa - ther, our Re - deem - er, our Fa - ther, our
f
ff
Thou, O Lord, art our
ff
Fa - - - ther, our Re - deem - er.
Fa - - - ther, our Re - deem - er.
Fa - - ther, our Re - deem - er.
Fa - - ther, our Re - deem - er.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


H
p
cresc.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
p
cresc.
Hal le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
p
cresc.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
p
cresc.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
H
cresc. molto
ritard. ul fine
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
cresc. molto
ritard. ul fine
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
cresc. molto
ritard. ul fine
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
cresc. molto
ritard. ul fine
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
p cresc. molto
ritard. ul fine


ff
A - - - - - - - -
ff
A - - - - - - - -
ff
A - - - - - - - -
ff
A - - - - - - - -
ff
men! A - - - men!
men! A - - - men!
men! A - - - men!
men! A - - - men!
pesante
ff
ff
ff

THE LORD'S PRAYER

(*The auditorium lights remain dim. A spot-light is on the front curtain. The reader in Geneva gown comes center stage.*)

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

MEDITATION WITH CHORAL RESPONSE

(*A brief period of silent prayer and meditation is brought to a close by a choral response sung by the chorus back-stage.*)

HYMN (*Congregation standing*)

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

BENEDICTION

Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

PRODUCTION NOTES
Service Number Ten

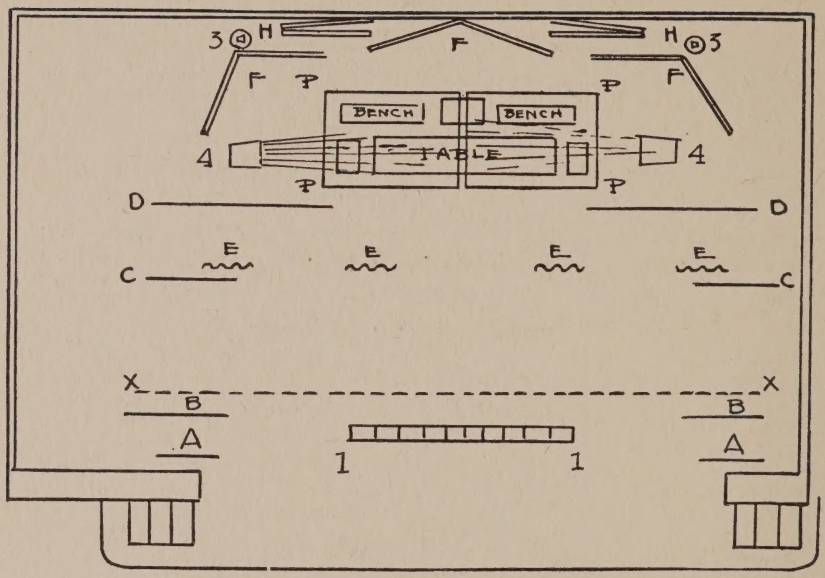
Stage Setting

The accompanying chart gives an adequate description of the arrangement of the stage for the different scenes. The use of the scrim curtain is more completely described under Service Number Two or Service Number Twelve. This entire service may be done in the chancel by using two screens or flipper wings as a background for the dramatic action and having the choir keep their accustomed places.

Costumes

The Hebrew costumes should be made according to the suggestions included in the notes on Service Number Four.

In the banquet scene the costumes should be of the Greek or Roman type; the men wearing tunics with varied colored drapes hanging from the shoulder and the ladies wearing straight loose fitting gowns with over-drapes similar to the style suggested in Service Number Three.



CHART

SERVICE NUMBER TEN

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	Black Curtain
D-D	White Curtain
E-E-E-E	Monk's Cloth Curtain as columns
F-F-F	Black Flipper Wings
H-H	Monk's Cloth Wings
P-P-P-P	Platforms
1-1	Front Border Lights
3-3	Blue Strip-lights
4-4	Amber Flood-lights

SERVICE NUMBER ELEVEN

Theme: *Abraham Lincoln*

Order of Service

HYMN Thy Love Divine Hath Led Us

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Scenes from his life adapted from the play by John Drinkwater

A PROLOGUE OF SOUTHERN MELODIES

Scene I: Seward's room in Washington, 1861

A Musical Interlude: The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Scene II: Two years later

A reception room at the White House

A Musical Interlude: Nobody Knows de Trouble I Seen

Scene III: A short time later

A meeting of the President's Cabinet

HYMN At Length There Dawns the Glorious Day

BENEDICTION

SERVICE NUMBER ELEVEN

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) Thy Love Divine Hath Led Us
Words by Daniel C. Roberts *Tune:* National Hymn

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

A PROLOGUE OF SOUTHERN MELODIES

(*These selections may be played by the church organist on either organ or piano. If this is not possible, use selections from Stephen Foster's music as it is recorded in the Victor Album Set No. C2, on an Orthophonic Victrola.*)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN*

Three scenes from the play by John Drinkwater

CHARACTERS

Abraham Lincoln
William H. Seward, Secretary of State
Johnson White } Confederate
Caleb Jennings } Commissioners
Mrs. Lincoln
Susan, a maid
Mrs. Goliath Blow
Mrs. Otherly
Mr. William Custis, a negro
Stanton } Members of Lincoln's Cabinet
Chase
Hook
Blair
Welles
A Clerk

SCENE I

(*Seward's room at Washington. William H. Seward, Secretary of State, is seated at his table with Johnson White and Caleb Jennings, representing the Commissioners of the Confederate States.*)

WHITE: It's the common feeling in the South, Mr. Seward, that you're the one man at Washington to see this thing with large imagination. I say this with no disrespect to the President.

* These scenes are reproduced by permission of and special arrangement with Houghton-Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers. They appear as Scenes 2, 3 and 4 in the original play.

SEWARD: I appreciate your kindness, Mr. White. But the Union is the Union—you can't get over that. We are faced with a plain fact. Seven of the Southern States have already declared for secession. The President feels—and I may say that I and my colleagues are with him—that to break up the country like that means the decline of America.

JENNINGS: But everything might be done by compromise, Mr. Seward. Withdraw your garrison from Fort Sumter, Beauregard will be instructed to take no further action, South Carolina will be satisfied with the recognition of her authority, and, as likely as not, be willing to give the lead to the other states in reconsidering secession.

SEWARD: It is certainly a very attractive and, I conceive, a humane proposal.

WHITE: By furthering it you might be the saviour of the country from civil war, Mr. Seward.

SEWARD: The President dwelt on his resolution to hold Fort Sumter in his inaugural address. It will be difficult to persuade him to go back on that. He's firm in his decisions.

WHITE: There are people who would call him stubborn. Surely if it were put to him tactfully that so simple a course might avert incalculable disaster, no man would nurse his dignity to the point of not yielding. I speak plainly, but it's a time for plain speaking. Mr. Lincoln is doubtless a man of remarkable qualities: on the two occasions when I have spoken to him I have not been unimpressed. That is so, Mr. Jennings?

JENNINGS: Certainly.

WHITE: But what does his experience of great affairs of state amount to beside yours, Mr. Seward? He must know how much he depends on certain members of his Cabinet, I might say upon a certain member, for advice.

SEWARD: We have to move warily.

JENNINGS: Naturally. A man is sensitive, doubtless, in his first taste of office.

SEWARD: My support of the President is, of course, unquestionable.

WHITE: Oh, entirely. But how can your support be more valuable than in lending him your unequaled understanding?

SEWARD: The whole thing is colored in his mind by the question of slavery.

JENNINGS: Disabuse his mind. Slavery is nothing. Persuade him to withdraw from Fort Sumter, and slavery can be settled round a table. You know there's a considerable support even for abolition in the South itself. If the trade has to be allowed in some districts, what is that compared to the disaster of civil war?

WHITE: We do not believe that the Southern States wish with any enthusiasm to secede. They merely wish to establish their right to do so. Acknowledge that by evacuating Fort Sumter, and nothing will come of it but a perfectly proper concession to an independence of spirit that is not disloyal to the Union at heart.

SEWARD: You understand, of course, that I can say nothing officially.

JENNINGS: These are nothing but informal suggestions.

SEWARD: But I may tell you that I am not unsympathetic.

WHITE: We were sure that that would be so.

SEWARD: And my word is not without influence.

JENNINGS: It can be used to bring you very great credit, Mr. Seward.

SEWARD: In the meantime, you will say nothing of this interview, beyond making your reports, which should be confidential.

WHITE: You may rely upon us.

SEWARD (*rising with the others*): Then I will bid you good-morning.

WHITE: We are profoundly sensible of the magnanimous temper in which we are convinced you will conduct this grave business. Good-morning, Mr. Seward.

JENNINGS: And I ——(*There is a knock at the door.*)

SEWARD: Yes—come in. (*A clerk comes in.*)

CLERK: The President is coming up the stairs, sir.

SEWARD: Thank you. (*The clerk goes.*) This is unfortunate. Say nothing, and go at once. (*Lincoln comes in.*)

LINCOLN: Good-morning, Mr. Seward. Good-morning, gentlemen.

SEWARD: Good-morning, Mr. President. And I am obliged to you for calling, gentlemen. Good-morning. (*They move to go.*)

LINCOLN: Perhaps these gentlemen could spare me ten minutes.

WHITE: It might not ——

LINCOLN: Say five minutes.

JENNINGS: Perhaps you would ——

LINCOLN: I am anxious always for any opportunity to exchange views with our friends of the South. Much enlightenment may be gained in five minutes. Be seated, I beg you—if Mr. Seward will allow us.

SEWARD: By all means. Shall I leave you?

LINCOLN: Leave us—but why? I may want your support, Mr. Secretary, if we should not wholly agree. Be seated, gentlemen. (*Seward places a chair for Lincoln, and they all sit.*) You have messages for us?

WHITE: Well, no, we can't say that.

LINCOLN: No messages? Perhaps I am inquisitive?

SEWARD: These gentlemen are anxious to sound any moderating influences.

LINCOLN: I trust they bring moderating influences with them. You will find me a ready listener, gentlemen.

JENNINGS: It's a delicate matter, Mr. Lincoln. Ours is just an informal visit.

LINCOLN: Quite, quite. But we shall lose nothing by knowing each other's minds.

WHITE: Shall we tell the President what we came to say, Mr. Seward?

LINCOLN: I shall be grateful. If I should fail to understand, Mr. Seward, no doubt, will enlighten me.

JENNINGS: We thought it hardly worth while to trouble you at so early a stage.

LINCOLN: So early a stage of what?

JENNINGS: I mean ——

SEWARD: These gentlemen, in a common anxiety for peace, were merely seeking the best channel through which suggestions could be made.

LINCOLN: To whom?

SEWARD: To the government.

LINCOLN: The head of the government is here.

WHITE: But ——

LINCOLN: Come, gentlemen. What is it?

JENNINGS: It's this matter of Fort Sumter, Mr. President. If you withdraw your garrison from Fort Sumter it won't be looked upon as weakness in you. It will merely be looked upon as a concession to a natural privilege. We believe that the South at heart does not want secession. It wants to establish the right to decide for itself.

LINCOLN: The South wants the stamp of national approval upon slavery. It can't have it.

WHITE: Surely that's not the point. There's no law in the South against slavery.

LINCOLN: Laws come from opinion, Mr. White. The South knows it.

JENNINGS: Mr. President, if I may say so, you don't quite understand.

LINCOLN: Does Mr. Seward understand?

WHITE: We believe so.

LINCOLN: You are wrong. He doesn't understand, because you didn't mean him to. I don't blame you. You think you are acting for the best. You think you've got an honest case. But I'll put your case for you, and I'll put it naked. Many people in this country want abolition; many don't. I'll say nothing for the moment as to the rights and wrongs of it. But every man, whether he wants it or not, knows it may come. Why does the South propose secession? Because it knows abolition may come, and it wants to avoid it. It wants more: it wants the right to extend the slave foundation. We've all been to blame for slavery, but we in the North have been willing to mend our ways. You have not. So you'll secede, and make your own laws. But you weren't prepared for resistance; you don't want resistance. And you hope that if you can tide over the first crisis and make us give way, opinion will prevent us from opposing you with force again, and you'll be able to get your own way about the slave business by threats. That's your case. You didn't say so to Mr. Seward, but it is. Now, I'll give you my answer. Gentlemen, it's no good hiding this thing in a corner. It's got to be settled. I said the other day that Fort Sumter would be held as long as we could hold it. I said it because I know exactly what it means. Why are you investing it? Say, if you like,

it's to establish your right of secession with no purpose of exercising it. Why do you want to establish that right? Because now we will allow no extension of slavery, and because some day we may abolish it. You can't deny it; there's no other answer.

JENNINGS: I see how it is. You may force freedom as much as you like, but we are to beware how we force slavery.

LINCOLN: It couldn't be put better, Mr. Jennings. That's what the Union means. It is a Union that stands for common right. That is its foundation—that is why it is for every honest man to preserve it. Be clear about this issue. If there is war, it will not be on the slave question. If the South is loyal to the Union, it can fight slave legislation by constitutional means, and win its way if it can. If it claims the right to secede, then to preserve this country from disruption, to maintain that right to which every state pledged itself when the Union was won for us by our fathers, war may be the only way. We won't break up the Union, and you shan't. In your hands, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. You can have no conflict without yourselves being the aggressors. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, do not allow it to break our bonds of affection. That is our answer. Tell them that. Will you tell them that?

WHITE: You are determined?

LINCOLN: I beg you to tell them.

JENNINGS: It shall be as you wish.

LINCOLN: Implore them to order Beauregard's return. You can telegraph it now, from here. Will you do that?

WHITE: If you wish it.

LINCOLN: Earnestly. Mr. Seward, will you please place a clerk at their service. Ask for an answer.

(*Seward rings a bell. A clerk comes in.*)

SEWARD: Give these gentlemen a private wire. Place yourself at their disposal.

CLERK: Yes, sir.

(*White and Jennings go out with the clerk. For a moment Lincoln and Seward are silent, Lincoln pacing the room, Seward standing at the table.*)

LINCOLN: Seward, this won't do.

SEWARD: You don't suspect ——

LINCOLN: I do not. But let us be plain. No man can say how wisely, but Providence has brought me to the leadership of this country, with a task before me greater than that which rested on Washington himself. When I made my Cabinet, you were the first man I chose. I do not regret it. I think I never shall. But remember, faith earns faith. What is it? Why didn't those men come to see me?

SEWARD: They thought my word might bear more weight with you than theirs.

LINCOLN: Your word for what?

SEWARD: Discretion about Fort Sumter.

LINCOLN: Discretion?

SEWARD: It's devastating, this thought of war.

LINCOLN: It is. Do you think I'm less sensible of that than you? War should be impossible. But you can only make it impossible by destroying its causes. Don't you see that to withdraw from Fort Sumter is to do nothing of the kind? If one half of this country claims the right to disown the Union, the claim in the eyes of every true guardian among us must be a cause for war, unless we hold the Union to be a false thing instead of the public consent to decent principles of

life that it is. If we withdraw from Fort Sumter, we do nothing to destroy that cause. We can only destroy it by convincing them that secession is a betrayal of their trust. Please God we may do so.

SEWARD: Has there, perhaps, been some timidity in making all this clear to the country?

LINCOLN: Timidity? And you were talking of discretion.

SEWARD: I mean that perhaps our policy has not been sufficiently defined.

LINCOLN: And have you not concurred in all our decisions? Do not deceive yourself. You urge me to discretion in one breath and tax me with timidity in the next. While there was hope that they might call Beauregard back out of their own good sense, I was determined to say nothing to inflame them. Do you call that timidity? Now their intention is clear, and you've heard me speak this morning clearly also. And now you talk about discretion—you, who call what was discretion at the right time, timidity, now counsel timidity at the wrong time, and call it discretion. Seward, you may think I'm simple, but I can see your mind working as plainly as you might see the innards of a clock. You can bring great gifts to this government, with your zeal, and your administrative experience, and your love of men. Don't spoil it by thinking I've got a dull brain.

SEWARD (*slowly*): Yes, I see. I've not been thinking quite clearly about it all.

LINCOLN (*taking a paper from his pocket*): Here's the paper you sent me. "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration. Great Britain . . . Russia . . . Mexico . . . policy. Either the President must control this himself, or devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. It is not in my especial

province, but I neither seek to evade nor to assume responsibility."

(*There is a pause, the two men looking at each other without speaking. Lincoln hands the paper to Seward, who holds it for a moment, tears it up, and throws it into his basket.*)

SEWARD: I beg your pardon.

LINCOLN (*taking his hand*): That's brave of you.

CURTAIN

SCENE II

(*Nearly two years later. A small reception room at the White House. Mrs. Lincoln is writing. She is dressed in a fashion perhaps a little too considered, despairing as she now does of any sartorial grace in her husband, and acutely conscious that she must meet this necessity of office alone. She rings the bell, and Susan, who has taken her promotion more philosophically, comes in.*)

MRS. LINCOLN: Admit any one who calls, Susan. And enquire whether the President will be in to tea.

SUSAN: Mr. Lincoln has just sent word that he will be in.

MRS. LINCOLN: Very well (*Susan is going.*) Susan.

SUSAN: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. LINCOLN: You still say Mr. Lincoln. You should say the President.

SUSAN: Yes, ma'am. But you see, ma'am, it's difficult after calling him Mr. Lincoln for fifteen years.

MRS. LINCOLN: But you must remember. Everybody calls him the President now.

SUSAN: No, ma'am. There's a good many people call him Father Abraham now. And there's some that like him even better

than that. Only today Mr. Coldpenny, at the stores, said, "Well, Susan, and how's 'old Abe' this morning?"

MRS. LINCOLN: I hope you don't encourage them.

SUSAN: Oh, no, ma'am. I always refer to him as Mr. Lincoln.

MRS. LINCOLN: Yes, but you must say the President.

SUSAN: I'm afraid I shan't ever learn, ma'am.

MRS. LINCOLN: You must try.

SUSAN: Yes, of course, ma'am.

MRS. LINCOLN: And bring any visitors up.

SUSAN: Yes, ma'am. There's a lady waiting now.

MRS. LINCOLN: Then why didn't you say so?

SUSAN: That's what I was going to, ma'am, when you began to talk about Mr. —I mean the President, ma'am.

MRS. LINCOLN: Well, show her up.

(*Susan goes. Mrs. Lincoln closes her writing desk. Susan returns, showing in Mrs. Goliath Blow.*)

SUSAN: Mrs. Goliath Blow. (*She goes.*)

MRS. BLOW: Good-afternoon, Mrs. Lincoln.

MRS. LINCOLN: Good-afternoon, Mrs. Blow. Sit down, please. (*They sit.*)

MRS. BLOW: And is the dear President well?

MRS. LINCOLN: Yes. He's rather tired.

MRS. BLOW: Of course, to be sure. This dreadful war. But I hope he's not getting tired of the war.

MRS. LINCOLN: It's a constant anxiety for him. He feels his responsibility very deeply.

MRS. BLOW: To be sure. But you mustn't let him get war-weary. These monsters in the South have got to be stamped out.

MRS. LINCOLN: I don't think you need be afraid of the President's firmness.

MRS. BLOW: Oh, of course not. I was only saying to Goliath

yesterday, "The President will never give way till he has the South squealing," and Goliath agreed. (*Susan comes in.*)

SUSAN: Mrs. Otherly, ma'am.

MRS. LINCOLN: Show Mrs. Otherly in. (*Susan goes.*)

MRS. BLOW: Oh, that dreadful woman! I believe she wants the war to stop.

SUSAN (*at the door*): Mrs. Otherly. (*Mrs. Otherly comes in and Susan goes.*)

MRS. LINCOLN: Good-afternoon, Mrs. Otherly. You know Mrs. Goliath Blow?

MRS. OTHERLY: Yes. Good-afternoon. (*She sits.*)

MRS. BLOW: Goliath says the war will go on for another three years at least.

MRS. OTHERLY: Three years? That would be terrible, wouldn't it?

MRS. BLOW: We must be prepared to make sacrifices.

MRS. OTHERLY: Yes.

MRS. BLOW: It makes my blood boil to think of those people.

MRS. OTHERLY: I used to know a lot of them. Some of them were very kind and nice.

MRS. BLOW: That was just their cunning, depend on it. I'm afraid there's a good deal of disloyalty among us. Shall we see the dear President this afternoon, Mrs. Lincoln?

MRS. LINCOLN: He will be here directly, I think.

MRS. BLOW: You're looking wonderfully well, with all the hard work that you have to do. I've really had to drop some of mine. And with expenses going up, it's all very lowering, don't you think? Goliath and I have had to reduce several of our subscriptions. But, of course, we all have to deny ourselves something. Ah, good-afternoon, dear Mr. President. (*Lincoln comes in. The ladies rise and shake hands with him.*)

LINCOLN: Good-afternoon, ladies.

MRS. OTHERLY: Good-afternoon, Mr. President. (*They all sit.*)

MRS. BLOW: And is there any startling news, Mr. President?

LINCOLN: Madam, every morning when I wake up, and say to myself, a hundred, or two hundred, or a thousand of my countrymen will be killed today, I find it startling.

MRS. BLOW: Oh, yes, of course, to be sure. But I mean, is there any good news?

LINCOLN: Yes. There is news of victory. They lost twenty-seven hundred men—we lost eight hundred.

MRS. BLOW: How splendid!

LINCOLN: Thirty-five hundred.

MRS. BLOW: Oh, but you mustn't talk like that, Mr. President. There were only eight hundred that mattered.

LINCOLN: The world is larger than your heart, madam.

MRS. BLOW: Now the dear President is becoming whimsical, Mrs. Lincoln.

MRS. OTHERLY: Mr. President.

LINCOLN: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. OTHERLY: I don't like to impose upon your hospitality. I know how difficult everything is for you. But one has to take one's opportunities. May I ask you a question?

LINCOLN: Certainly, ma'am.

MRS. OTHERLY: Isn't it possible for you to stop this war? In the name of a suffering country, I ask you that.

MRS. BLOW: I'm sure such a question would never have entered my head.

LINCOLN: It is a perfectly right question. Ma'am, I have but one thought always—how can this thing be stopped? But we must ensure the integrity of the Union. In two years war has become an hourly bitterness to me. I believe I suffer no

less than any man. But it must be endured. The cause was a right one two years ago. It is unchanged.

MRS. OTHERLY: I know you are noble and generous. But I believe that war must be wrong under any circumstances, for any cause.

MRS. BLOW: I'm afraid the President would have but little encouragement if he listened often to this kind of talk.

LINCOLN: I beg you not to harass yourself, madam. Ma'am, I too believe war to be wrong. It is the weakness and the jealousy and the folly of men that make a thing so wrong possible. But we are all weak, and jealous, and foolish. That's how the world is, ma'am, and we cannot outstrip the world. Some of the worst of us are sullen, aggressive still—just clumsy, greedy pirates. Some of us have grown out of that. But the best of us have an instinct to resist aggression if it won't listen to persuasion. You may say it's a wrong instinct. I don't know. But it's there in millions of good men. I don't believe it's a wrong instinct. I believe that the world must come to wisdom slowly. It is for us who hate aggression to persuade men always and earnestly against it, and hope that, little by little, they will hear us. But in the meantime there will come moments when the aggressors will force the instinct to resistance to act. Then we must act earnestly, praying always in our courage that never again will this thing happen. And then we must turn again, and again, and again to persuasion. This appeal to force is the misdeed of an imperfect world. But we are imperfect. We must strive to purify the world, but we must not think ourselves pure above the world. When I had this thing to decide, it would have been easy to say, "No, I will have none of it; it is evil, and I will not touch it." But that would have decided nothing, and I saw what I believed to be the truth as I now put

it to you, ma'am. It's a forlorn thing for any man to have this responsibility in his heart. I may see wrongly, but that's how I see.

MRS. BLOW: I quite agree with you, Mr. President. These brutes in the South must be taught, though I doubt whether you can teach them anything except by destroying them. That's what Goliath says.

LINCOLN: Goliath must be getting quite an old man.

MRS. BLOW: Indeed, he's not, Mr. President. Goliath is only thirty-eight.

LINCOLN: Really, now? Perhaps I might be able to get him a commission.

MRS. BLOW: Oh, no. Goliath couldn't be spared. He's doing contracts for the government, you know. Goliath couldn't possibly go. I'm sure he will be very pleased when I tell him what you say about these people who want to stop the war, Mr. President. I hope Mrs. Otherly is satisfied. Of course, we could all complain. We all have to make sacrifices, as I told Mrs. Otherly.

MRS. OTHERLY: Thank you, Mr. President, for what you've said. I must try to think about it. But I always believed war to be wrong. I didn't want my boy to go, because I believed it to be wrong. But he would. That came to me last week. (*She hands a paper to Lincoln.*)

LINCOLN (*looks at it, rises, and hands it back to her*): Ma'am, there are times when no man may speak. I grieve for you, I grieve for you.

MRS. OTHERLY (*rising*): I think I will go. You don't mind my saying what I did?

LINCOLN: We are all poor creatures, ma'am. Think kindly of me. (*He takes her hand.*) Mary. (*Mrs. Lincoln goes out with Mrs. Otherly.*)

MRS. BLOW: Of course it's very sad for her, poor woman. But she makes her trouble worse by these perverted views, doesn't she? And, I hope you will show no signs of weakening, Mr. President, till it has been made impossible for those shameful rebels to hold up their heads again. Goliath says you ought to make a proclamation that no mercy will be shown to them afterwards. I'm sure I shall never speak to one of them again. (*Rising.*) Well, I must be going. I'll see Mrs. Lincoln as I go out. Good-afternoon, Mr. President. (*She turns at the door, and offers Lincoln her hand, which he does not take.*)

LINCOLN: Good-afternoon, madam. And I'd like to offer ye a word of advice. That poor mother told me what she thought. I don't agree with her, but I honor her. She's wrong, but she is noble. You've told me what you think. I don't agree with you, and I'm ashamed of you and your like. You, who have sacrificed nothing, babble about destroying the South while other people conquer it. I accepted this war with a sick heart, and I've a heart that's near to breaking every day. I accepted it in the name of humanity, and just and merciful dealing, and the hope of love and charity on earth. And you come to me, talking of revenge and destruction, and malice, and enduring hate. These gentle people are mistaken, but they are mistaken cleanly, and in a great name. It is you that dishonor the cause for which we stand—it is you who would make it a mean and little thing. Good-afternoon. (*Mrs. Blow, finding words inadequate, goes. Lincoln moves across the room and rings a bell. After a moment, Susan comes in.*) Susan, if that lady comes here again she may meet with an accident.

SUSAN: Yes, sir. Is that all, sir?

LINCOLN: No, sir, it is not "all, sir." I don't like this coat. I am going to change it. I shall be back in a minute or two, and if a gentleman named Mr. William Custis calls, ask him to wait in here. (*He goes out.*)

(*Susan straightens the chairs. She starts out the door when a quiet, grave, white-haired negro appears facing her.*)

THE NEGRO: It is all right. (*He talks slowly and very quietly.*)

SUSAN: And who in the name of night might you be?

THE NEGRO: Mista William Custus. Mista Lincoln tell me to come here. Nobody stop me, so I come to look for him.

SUSAN: Are you Mr. William Custis?

CUSTIS: Yes.

SUSAN: Mr. Lincoln will be here directly. He's gone to change his coat. You'd better sit down.

CUSTIS: Yes. (*He does so, looking about him with a certain pathetic inquisitiveness.*) Mista Lincoln live here. You his servant? A very fine thing for young girl to be servant to Mista Lincoln.

SUSAN: Well, we get on very well together.

CUSTIS: A very bad thing to be slave in South.

SUSAN: Look here, you Mr. Custis, don't you go mixing me up with slaves.

CUSTIS: No, you not slave. You servant, but you free body. That very mighty thing. A poor servant, born free.

SUSAN: Yes, but look here, are you pitying me, with your "poor servant"?

CUSTIS: Pity? No. I think you very mighty.

SUSAN: Well, I don't know so much about mighty. But I expect you're right. It isn't everyone that rises to the White House.

CUSTIS: It not every one that is free body. That is why you are mighty.

SUSAN: I've never thought much about it.

CUSTIS: I think always about it.

SUSAN: I suppose you're free, aren't you?

CUSTIS: Yes. Not born free. I was beaten when I a little nigger. I saw my mother—I will not remember what I saw.

SUSAN: I'm sorry, Mr. Custis. That was wrong.

CUSTIS: Yes. Wrong.

SUSAN: Are all nig— I mean are all black gentlemen like you?

CUSTIS: No. I have advantages. They not many have advantages.

SUSAN: No, I suppose not. Here's Mr. Lincoln coming. (*Lincoln, coated after his heart's desire, comes to the door. Custis rises.*) This is the gentleman you said, sir. (*She goes out.*)

LINCOLN: Mr. Custis, I'm very glad to see you. (*He offers his hand. Custis takes it, and is about to kiss it. Lincoln stops him gently, sitting.*) Sit down, will you?

CUSTIS (*still standing, keeping his hat in his hand*): It very kind of Mista Lincoln ask me to come to see him.

LINCOLN: I was afraid you might refuse.

CUSTIS: A little shy? Yes. But so much to ask. Glad to come.

LINCOLN: Please sit down.

CUSTIS: Polite?

LINCOLN: Please. I can't sit myself, you see, if you don't. (*Starts to rise.*)

CUSTIS: Black, black. White, white.

LINCOLN: Nonsense. Just two old men, sitting together (*Custis sits—Lincoln's gesture*)—and talking.

CUSTIS: I think I older man than Mista Lincoln.

LINCOLN: Yes, I expect you are. I'm fifty-four.

CUSTIS: I seventy-two.

LINCOLN: I hope I shall look as young when I'm seventy-two.

CUSTIS: Cold water. Much walk. Believe in Lord Jesus Christ. Have always little herbs learnt when a little nigger. Mista

Lincoln try. Very good. (*He hands a small twist of paper to Lincoln.*)

LINCOLN: Now, that's uncommon kind of you. Thank you. I've heard much about your preaching, Mr. Custis.

CUSTIS: Yes.

LINCOLN: I should like to hear you.

CUSTIS: Mista Lincoln great friend of my people.

LINCOLN: I have come at length to a decision.

CUSTIS: A decision?

LINCOLN: Slavery is going. We have been resolved always to confine it. Now it shall be abolished.

CUSTIS: You sure?

LINCOLN: Sure. (*Custis slowly stands up, bows his head, and sits again.*)

CUSTIS: My people much to learn. Years, and years, and years. Ignorant, frightened, suspicious people. It will be difficult, very slow. (*With growing passion.*) But born free bodies. Free. I born slave, Mista Lincoln. No man understand who not born slave.

LINCOLN: Yes, yes. I understand.

CUSTIS (*with his normal regularity*): I think so. Yes.

LINCOLN: I should like you to ask me any question you wish.

CUSTIS: I have some complaint. Perhaps I not understand.

LINCOLN: Tell me.

CUSTIS: Southern soldiers take some black men prisoner. Black men in your uniform. Take them prisoner. Then murder them.

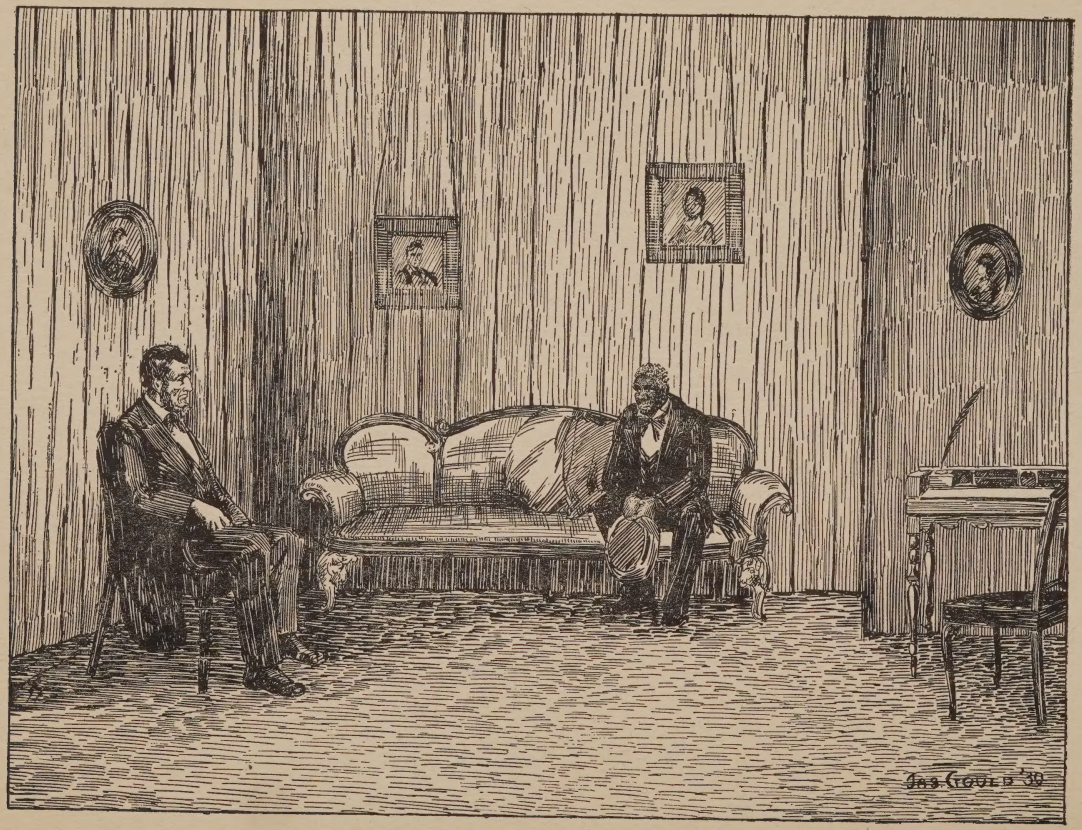
LINCOLN: I know.

CUSTIS: What you do?

LINCOLN: We have sent a protest.

CUSTIS: No good. Must do more.

LINCOLN: What more can we do?



"MISTA LINCOLN GREAT FRIEND OF MY PEOPLE."

CUSTIS: You know.

LINCOLN: Yes, but don't ask me for reprisals.

CUSTIS (*gleaming*): Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth.

LINCOLN: No, no. You must think. Think what you are saying.

CUSTIS: I think of murdered black men.

LINCOLN: You would not ask me to murder?

CUSTIS: Punish—not murder.

LINCOLN: Yes, murder. How can I kill men in cold blood for what has been done by others? Think what would follow. It is for us to set a great example, not to follow a wicked one. You do believe that, don't you?

CUSTIS (*after a pause*): I know. Yes. Let your light so shine before men. I trust Mista Lincoln. Will trust. I was wrong. I was too sorry for my people.

LINCOLN: Will you remember this? For more than two years I have thought of you every day. I have grown a weary man with thinking. But I shall not forget. I promise that.

CUSTIS: You great, kind friend. I will love you.

CURTAIN

SCENE III

(*About the same date. A meeting of the Cabinet at Washington. Smith has gone and Cameron has been replaced by Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. Otherwise the ministry, completed by Seward, Chase, Hook, Blair, and Welles, is as before. They are now arranging themselves at the table, leaving Lincoln's place empty.*)

SEWARD (*coming in*): I've just had my summons. Is there some special news?

STANTON: Yes. McClellan has defeated Lee at Antietam. It's our greatest success. They ought not to recover from it. The tide is turning.

BLAIR: Have you seen the President?

STANTON: I've just been with him.

WELLES: What does he say?

STANTON: He only said, "At last." He's coming directly.

HOOK: He will bring up his proclamation again. In my opinion it is inopportune.

SEWARD: Well, we've learnt by now that the President is the best man among us.

HOOK: There's a good deal of feeling against him everywhere, I find.

BLAIR: He's the one man with character enough for this business.

HOOK: There are other opinions.

SEWARD: Yes, but not here, surely.

HOOK: It's not for me to say. But I ask you, what does he mean about emancipation? I've always understood that it was the Union we were fighting for, and that abolition was to be kept in our minds for legislation at the right moment. And now one day he talks as though emancipation were his only concern, and the next as though he would throw up the whole idea, if by doing it he could secure peace with the establishment of the Union. Where are we?

SEWARD: No, you're wrong. It's the Union first now with him, but there's no question about his views on slavery. You know that perfectly well. But he always kept his policy about slavery free in his mind, to be directed as he thought best for the sake of the Union. You remember his words: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union." Nothing could

be plainer than that, just as nothing could be plainer than his determination to free the slaves when he can.

HOOK: Well, there are some who would have acted differently.

BLAIR: And you may depend upon it they would not have acted so wisely.

STANTON: I don't altogether agree with the President. But he's the only man I should agree with at all.

HOOK: To issue the proclamation now, and that's what he will propose, mark my words, will be to confuse the public mind just when we want to keep it clear.

WELLES: Are you sure he will propose to issue it now?

HOOK: You see if he doesn't.

WELLES: If he does I shall support him.

SEWARD: Is Lee's army broken?

STANTON: Not yet—but it is in grave danger.

HOOK: Why doesn't the President come? One would think this news was nothing.

CHASE: I must say I'm anxious to know what he has to say about it all. (*A clerk comes in.*)

CLERK: The President's compliments, and he will be here in a moment. (*He goes.*)

HOOK: I shall oppose it if it comes up.

CHASE: He may say nothing about it.

SEWARD: I think he will.

STANTON: Anyhow, it's the critical moment.

BLAIR: Here he comes. (*Lincoln comes in carrying a small book. The others rise.*)

LINCOLN: Good-morning, gentlemen. (*He takes his place. All sit.*)

THE MINISTERS: Good-morning, Mr. President.

SEWARD: Great news, we hear.

HOOK: If we leave things with the army to take their course for a little now, we ought to see through our difficulties.

LINCOLN: It's an exciting morning, gentlemen. I feel rather excited myself. I find my mind not at its best in excitement. Will you allow me? (*Opening his book.*) It may compose us all. It is Mr. Artemus Ward's latest.

(*The Ministers, with the exception of Hook, who makes no attempt to hide his irritation, and Stanton, who would do the same but for his disapproval of Hook, listen with good-humored patience and amusement while he reads the following passage from Artemus Ward:*)

"High Handed Outrage at Utica"

"In the Fall of 1856, I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate city in the State of New York. The people gave me a cordyal recepshun. The press was loud in her prases. 1 day as I was givin a descripshun of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile what was my skorn and disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

" 'What under the son are you abowt?' cried I.

"Sez he, 'What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?' and he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

"Sez I, 'You egrejus ass, that airs a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle.'

"Sez he, 'That's all very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show himself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site,' with which observashun he kaved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of

the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdict of Arson in the 3d degree."

STANTON: May we now consider affairs of State?

HOOK: Yes, we may.

LINCOLN: Mr. Hook says, yes, we may.

STANTON: Thank you.

LINCOLN: Oh, no. Thank Mr. Hook.

SEWARD: McClellan is in pursuit of Lee, I suppose.

LINCOLN: You suppose a great deal. But for the first time McClellan has the chance of being in pursuit of Lee, and that's the first sign of their end. If McClellan doesn't take his chance, we'll move Grant down to the job. That will mean delay, but no matter. The mastery has changed hands.

BLAIR: Grant drinks.

LINCOLN: Then tell me the name of his brand. I'll send some barrels to the others. He wins victories.

HOOK: Is there other business?

LINCOLN: There is. Some weeks ago I showed you a draft I made proclaiming freedom for all slaves.

HOOK (*aside to Welles*): I told you so.

LINCOLN: You thought then it was not the time to issue it. I agreed. I think the moment has come. May I read it to you again? "It is proclaimed that on the first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free." That allows three months from today. There are clauses dealing with compensation in a separate draft.

HOOK: I must oppose the issue of such a proclamation at this moment in the most unqualified terms. This question should

be left until our victory is complete. To thrust it forward now would be to invite dissension when we most need unity.

WELLES: I do not quite understand, Mr. President, why you think this the precise moment.

LINCOLN: Believe me, gentlemen, I have considered this matter with all the earnestness and understanding of which I am capable.

HOOK: But when the New York *Tribune* urged you to come forward with a clear declaration six months ago, you rebuked them.

LINCOLN: Because I thought the occasion not the right one. It was useless to issue a proclamation that might be as inoperative as the Pope's bull against the comet. My duty, it has seemed to me, has been to be loyal to a principle, and not to betray it by expressing it in action at the wrong time. That is what I conceive statesmanship to be. For long now I have had two fixed resolves. To preserve the Union, and to abolish slavery. How to preserve the Union I was always clear, and more than two years of bitterness have not dulled my vision. We have fought for the Union, and we are now winning for the Union. When and how to proclaim abolition I have all this time been uncertain. I am uncertain no longer. A few weeks ago I saw that, too, clearly. So soon, I said to myself, as the rebel army shall be driven out of Maryland, and it becomes plain to the world that victory is assured to us in the end, the time will have come to announce that with that victory and a vindicated Union will come abolition. I made the promise to myself—and to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfill that promise. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This

I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I beg you to stand with me in this thing.

HOOK: In my opinion, it's altogether too impetuous.

LINCOLN: One other observation I will make. I know very well that others might in this matter, as in others, do better than I can, and if I were satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I cannot claim undivided confidence, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take.

STANTON: Could this be left over a short time for consideration?

CHASE: I feel that we should remember that our only public cause at the moment is the preservation of the Union.

HOOK: I entirely agree.

LINCOLN: Gentlemen, we cannot escape history. We of this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope on earth. (*He places the proclamation in front of him.*) "Shall be thenceforward and forever free." Gentlemen, I pray for your support. (*He signs it.*)

(*The ministers rise. Seward, Welles, and Blair shake Lincoln's hand and go out. Stanton and Chase bow to him, and follow. Hook, the last to rise, moves away, making no sign.*)

LINCOLN: Hook.

HOOK: Yes, Mr. President.

LINCOLN: Hook, one cannot help hearing things.

HOOK: I beg your pardon?

LINCOLN: Hook, there's a way some people have, when a man says a disagreeable thing, of asking him to repeat it, hoping to embarrass him. It's often effective. But I'm not easily embarrassed. I said one cannot help hearing things.

HOOK: And I do not understand what you mean, Mr. President.

LINCOLN: Come, Hook, we're alone. Lincoln is a good enough name. And I think you understand.

HOOK: How should I?

LINCOLN: Then, plainly, there are intrigues going on.

HOOK: Against the government?

LINCOLN: No. In it. Against me.

HOOK: Criticism, perhaps.

LINCOLN: To what end? To better my ways?

HOOK: I presume that might be the purpose.

LINCOLN: Then, why am I not told what it is?

HOOK: I imagine it's a natural compunction.

LINCOLN: Or ambition?

HOOK: What do you mean?

LINCOLN: You think you ought to be in my place.

HOOK: You are well informed.

LINCOLN: You cannot imagine why everyone does not see that you ought to be in my place.

HOOK: By what right do you say that?

LINCOLN: Is it not true?

HOOK: You take me unprepared. You have me at a disadvantage.

LINCOLN: You speak as a very scrupulous man, Hook.

HOOK: Do you question my honor?

LINCOLN: As you will.

HOOK: Then I resign.

LINCOLN: As a protest against ——

HOOK: Your suspicion.

LINCOLN: It is false?

HOOK: Very well, I will be frank. I mistrust your judgment.

LINCOLN: In what?

HOOK: Generally. You overemphasize abolition.

LINCOLN: You don't mean that. You mean that you fear possible public feeling against abolition.

HOOK: It must be persuaded, not forced.

LINCOLN: All the most worthy elements in it are persuaded. But the ungenerous elements make the most noise, and you hear them only. You will run from the terrible name of Abolitionist even when it is pronounced by worthless creatures whom you know you have every reason to despise.

HOOK: You have, in my opinion, failed in necessary firmness in saying what will be the individual penalties of rebellion.

LINCOLN: This is a war. I will not allow it to become a blood-feud.

HOOK: We are fighting treason. We must meet it with severity.

LINCOLN: We will defeat treason. And I will meet it with conciliation.

HOOK: It is a policy of weakness.

LINCOLN: It is a policy of faith—it is a policy of compassion. (*Warmly.*) Hook, why do you plague me with these jealousies? Once before I found a member of my Cabinet working behind my back. But he was disinterested, and he made amends nobly. But, Hook, you have allowed the burden of these days to sour you. I know it all. I've watched you plotting and plotting for authority. And I, who am a lonely man, have been sick at heart. So great is the task God has given to my hand, and so few are my days, that my deepest hunger is always for loyalty in my own house. You have withheld it from me. You have done great service in your office,

but you have grown envious. Now you resign, as you did once before when I came openly to you in friendship. And you think that again I shall flatter you and coax you to stay. I don't think I ought to do it. I will not do it. I must take you at your word.

HOOK: I am content. (*He turns to go.*)

LINCOLN: Will you shake hands?

HOOK: I beg you will excuse me.

(*He goes. Lincoln stands silently for a moment, a traveled, lonely captain. He rings a bell, and a clerk comes in.*)

LINCOLN: Ask Mr. Hay to come in.

CLERK: Yes, sir.

(*He goes. Lincoln, from the folds of his pockets, produces another book, and holds it unopened. Hay comes in.*)

LINCOLN: I'm rather tired today, Hay. Read to me a little. (*He hands him the book.*) "The Tempest"—you know the passage.

HAY (*reading*):

Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

LINCOLN: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life . . .

CURTAIN

HYMN (*Congregation standing*)

At Length There Dawns the Glorious Day

Words by Ozora S. Davis *Tune*: All Saints

At length there dawns the glorious day
By prophets long foretold;
At length the chorus clearer grows
That shepherds heard of old.
The day of growing brotherhood
Breaks on our eager eyes,
And human hatreds flee before
The radiant eastern skies.

For what are sundering strains of blood,
Or ancient caste and creed?
One claim unites all men in Christ
To serve each human need.
Then here together, brother men,
We pledge the Christ anew
Our loyal love, our stalwart faith,
Our service strong and true.

One common faith unites us all.
We seek one common goal,
One common comfort broods upon
The struggling human soul.
To this clear call of brotherhood
Our hearts responsive ring;
We join the glorious new crusade
Of our great Lord and King.

BENEDICTION

And now may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with you all. Amen.

PRODUCTION NOTES
Service Number Eleven

Stage Setting

An unusual arrangement of the stage is suggested by the charts for this service. By a division of the stage through the use of flipper wings, the three scenes may be set at one time. The front half of the stage is divided into two parts. The chart shows how these parts are used for the first and second scenes respectively. The extra flipper wing is indicated which masks the particular scene which is not in use. This method creates an interesting effect and allows for the quickest possible change from one scene to another.

The first scene which has the black curtain and the black side of the flipper wing as a background is furnished with a small table on which is an old-fashioned lamp. Four Windsor chairs are placed on the spots indicated. An old map hangs on the wall.

The second scene has the white curtain and the white side of the flipper wing as a background. A small settee covered with blue damask stands back center. A writing desk against the left stage wall and an easy chair right stage complete the furniture. Three old lithographs hang on the wall.

In the third scene which occupies the entire width of the stage, a heavy oak table stands center stage surrounded by the correct number of Windsor chairs. Books, papers, and inkwells with quill pens are on the table. A large American flag is draped on the back wall.

Costumes and Make-up

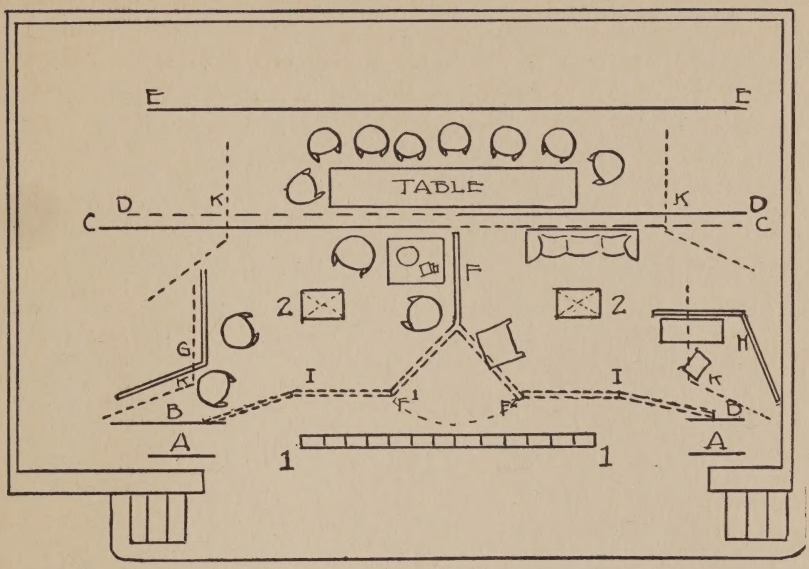
In casting the part of Lincoln, naturally it is necessary to select someone whose physiognomy is similar to that of President Lincoln. His costume and make-up should then follow carefully the best photographic studies we have available of Lincoln.

An attempt should be made to make the characters in Lincoln's Cabinet as authentic as possible. Many pictures are available which

give in detail the facial characteristics of these well-known figures. These pictures should be followed as accurately as possible.

The old negro wears an old Prince Albert coat and carries a worn high hat. His hair is very gray.

The ladies wear the hoopskirt dresses and bonnets characteristic of the period. Mrs. Lincoln is dressed meticulously. Susan wears a dress of figured cotton material, which has a basque and full skirt. An apron and small cap complete her costume.



CHART

SERVICE NUMBER ELEVEN

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	Black Curtain—first scene
D-D	White Curtain—second scene
E-E	Monk's Cloth Curtain—third scene
F-F-F	Black and White Flipper Wing which divides stage for first and second scenes, swinging left for black set and right for white
G	Black Flipper Wing
H	White Flipper Wing
I-I	Black Flipper Wing used to mask second set during first scene and first set during second scene
K-K-K-K	Positions for Monk's Cloth Wings in last scene
1-1	Front Border Lights
2-2	Amber Second Border
	The placing of tables, chairs and other furniture is indicated

SERVICE NUMBER TWELVE

Theme: *Prayer*

Order of Service

Musical Prelude Kamennoi-Ostrow Rubenstein

Prologue

A Greek Processional

A Prayer to Buddha

An Indian Ceremonial

Hymn Gather Us In

A Negro Spiritual

The Pharisee and the Publican

Hymn Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

The Lord's Prayer

Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane

Hymn Lord of Life beneath the Dome

Benediction

SERVICE NUMBER TWELVE

MUSICAL PRELUDE Kamennoi-Ostrow Rubenstein

(*The musical prelude is played on the organ if possible, but the Victor recording may be used on an Orthophonic Victrola. Record No. 35820. Lights in auditorium are dimmed.*)

PROLOGUE

(*A reader in Geneva gown or cassock and surplice comes from between front curtains and stands center stage as he reads.*)

Man reaches out to know God. From age to age he seeks to discover the source of life. The Indian, a lone sentinel on a hill-top, worships the sun spreading its light as a flame o'er eastern skies; the psalmist sings the praises of the deliverer of his nation; Jesus, in the cool of a garden, discovers the way of abundant living.

From primitive man to prophet and seer voices are lifted, seeking an answer to their quest for the meaning of life. The terror of the savage trying to appease the wrath of an evil power; the words of the prophet, "Comfort ye, Comfort ye my people, saith your God"; the voice of Jesus, "I am come that ye may have life and have it more abundantly." In every age and time, in every tribe and nation, men at prayer reach out toward God, the source and the meaning of life.

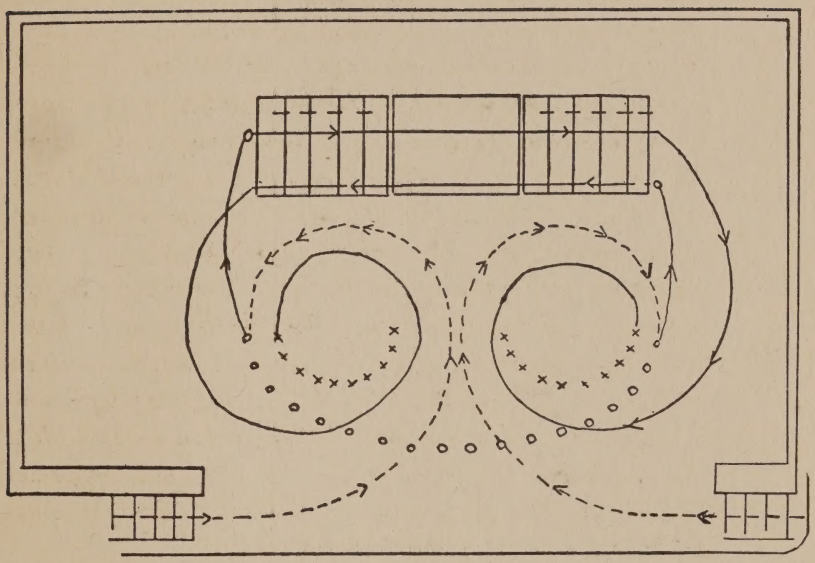
THE GREEK PROCESSIONAL

(*The curtain opens revealing the interior of a Greek tem-*

ple. Upstage center is an altar; on this stands a Grecian urn containing incense. Steps lead up from right and left stage to the altar. A series of columns extends across the stage in front of the altar. Other columns stand downstage right and left. Soft-colored lights, rose, blue, green, and amber, are reflected from the columns as if light were coming from windows off-stage right and left. A highlight of light amber seems to surround the altar with warm sunlight. From the rear of the auditorium come twenty maidens in gowns of various hues. They proceed slowly one by one, to the measured strains of the music, ten passing down the right aisle and ten down the left. The first two carry torches with which to light the incense. The two processions ascend to the stage by the steps at the front of the stage right and left. The two torch-bearers continue across stage, ascend the steps to the altar and light the incense. The other members of the processional follow the movements suggested in the chart which accompanies this service. The procession ends as they kneel in a semicircle before the altar and pray in unison:)

Zeus! Zeus, whate'er He be
If this name He love to hear
This He shall be called of me.
Searching earth and sea and air
Refuge nowhere can I find
Save Him only, if my mind
Will cast off before it die
The burden of this vanity.

One there was who reigned of old,
Big with wrath to brave and blast,



CHART

PROCESSION IN SERVICE NUMBER TWELVE

- - - -	Line of march to first semicircle
o o o o	Semicircle while first two girls light altar
———	Line of march to semicircle for prayer
x x x x	Semicircle—all kneel and pray in unison

Note: After prayer the two lines circle about each other and then ascend steps and tableau in graceful poses either side of altar

Lo, His name is no more told!
And who followed met at last
His third-thrower, and is gone.
Only they whose hearts have known
Zeus, the conquerer and friend,
They shall win their vision's end.

Zeus the Guide, who made man turn
Thoughtward, Zeus, who did ordain,
Man by suffering shall learn.
So the heart of him, again
Aching with remembered pain,
Bleeds and sleepeth not, until
Wisdom comes against his will.
'Tis the gift of One by strife
Lifted to the throne of life.

A Chorus from Æschylus's "Agamemnon"
translated by Gilbert Murray

(*As the prayer ends and the curtain closes, start playing the "Hymn to Apollo," sung by the Palestrina Choir, Victor record No. 20896.*)

CURTAIN

A Prayer to Buddha

(*A Buddhist priest stands center stage, silhouetted against the black curtain. Before him is a brass urn on a pedestal. Wisps of smoke rise from the urn and reflect a greenish light which glows on the figure of the priest. This light comes from an overhead spot. He stands motionless as his lips move in prayer; for the prayer use a special recording of "A Buddhist Prayer" which is included in an album*

set of Javanese records which may be secured from The Gramophone Shop, 47 East 47th Street, New York City.)

CURTAIN

AN INDIAN CEREMONIAL

(A young Indian appears center stage as though on a mountain-top. The steps used in the Greek temple scene have been covered with the rock-painted cloth. He stands with arms folded facing upstage toward the white curtain which is suffused with the blue light of early dawn. As he watches, the red glow of the sunrise begins to show, gradually covering the curtain with its rays. Slowly he stretches his arms upward and begins to pray:)

O Great Mystery, my heart is open,
I give my soul into Thy keeping,
No thought is within me save of Thee!
Let my Manitou come to me, nor fail me,
Let Him give me a promise of protection,
Let me see His visible form, His visage,
That I may know my Manitou and obey Him.
My heart is open, I give my soul,
I give my soul to thee, Great Manitou!
Let mine eyes see a vision of the future
That I may know myself and my destiny!

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) — Gather Us In
Words by George Matheson — *Tune:* Penitentia

Gather us in, Thou love, that fillest all;
Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold;
Rend each man's temple veil, and bid it fall,
That we may know that Thou hast been of old.

Thine is the mystic life great India craves;
Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam;
Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves;
Thine is the empire of vast China's dream.

Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride;
Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves;
Thine is Judea's law with love beside,
The truth that censures and the grace that saves.

Some seek a Father in the heavens above;
Some ask a human image to adore;
Some crave a spirit vast as life and love;
Within Thy mansions we have all and more.

A Negro Spiritual

(*The auditorium lights are dimmed once more and the curtain opens. The scrim curtain is drawn across the stage. On it is projected the scene of a small cabin, surrounded by trees. From backstage comes the voice of an old negro singing "Nobody knows de trouble I've seen." For this use the Victor recording of Paul Robeson, Record No. 20068. At the beginning of the second stanza, a light is brought up behind the scrim curtain which fades out the cabin and shows an old white-haired negro, smoking his pipe.*)

CURTAIN

The Pharisee and the Publican

(*When the curtain opens again, the columns are as in the Greek temple scene, but the steps and altar have been removed. The Publican stands with bowed head downstage right, reading a scroll. The Pharisee enters upstage right, sees the Publican, averts his face, and comes across to a position downstage left.*)

PHARISEE:

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
O my God, I trust in Thee;
Let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me,
Yea, let none that wait upon Thee be ashamed;
Let them be ashamed that transgress without cause.
(*He glances toward the Publican.*)
Show me Thy ways, O Lord; teach me Thy paths.
Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me:
For Thou art the God of my salvation;
On Thee do I wait all the day.

Consider mine enemies; for they are many;
And they hate me with a cruel hatred.
O keep my soul and deliver me:
Let me not be ashamed.
Let integrity and uprightness preserve me,
For I wait on Thee.

I thank Thee, O God, that I am not as other men are,
Extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican.
(*Again looks at him.*)
I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess.

I will walk in my integrity,
My foot standeth in an even place;
In the congregation will I bless the Lord.
(*He goes off right, carefully avoiding the Publican.*)

PUBLICAN (*he smites his breast three times, and keeps his head bowed*): O Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!

CURTAIN

(*The lights in the auditorium are brought up.*)

HYMN (*Congregation seated*) Dear Lord and Father of Mankind
Words by John Greenleaf Whittier *Tune:* Whittier

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper rev'rence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

(*The auditorium lights are again dimmed and the reader of the Prologue appears once more center stage and reads the following Scripture and Prayer:*)

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men.

Verily, I say unto you they have their reward.
But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.
But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking.
Be ye therefore not like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.
After this manner therefore pray ye (*the Congregation prays in unison*):

Our Father which art in heaven,
  Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done
  On earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
  As we forgive those who trespass against us
And lead us not into temptation
  But deliver us from evil
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the
    glory forever and ever. Amen.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE

(*The curtain opens and reveals, framed by the black curtains, the tableau of the figure of Jesus at prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane. One of the sets of platforms and steps has been covered with the rock-painted cloth, forming the background for the kneeling figure as shown in the illustration. The scene is lighted by a moonlight blue light with a shaft of amber light coming from a high point left*

stage and striking across the face of Jesus. This tableau is held while a voice off-stage reads the following:)

Then cometh Jesus with them to a place called Gethsemane, and saith to His disciples, Sit ye here while I go yonder and pray. And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.

And He went a little farther, and fell on His face and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

And He cometh unto His disciples and findeth them asleep and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

He went away again the second time and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done. And He came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy.

And He left them and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. Then cometh He to His disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

CURTAIN

(*The lights in the auditorium are brought up.*)

HYMN (*Congregation standing*) Lord of Life beneath the Dome
Words by Mary A. Lathbury *Tune:* Chautauqua

Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face

"NOT AS I WILL, BUT AS THOU WILT."

To the fold of Thy embrace
For Thou art nigh.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

While the deep'ning shadows fall,
Heart of Love enfolding all,
Thro' the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

When forever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

BENEDICTION (*The reader of Prologue appears center stage and pronounces the benediction.*)

The peace of God which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.

PRODUCTION NOTES
Service Number Twelve

Stage Setting

Complete details are given in the charts. The arrangements make it possible for the service to proceed without interruption.

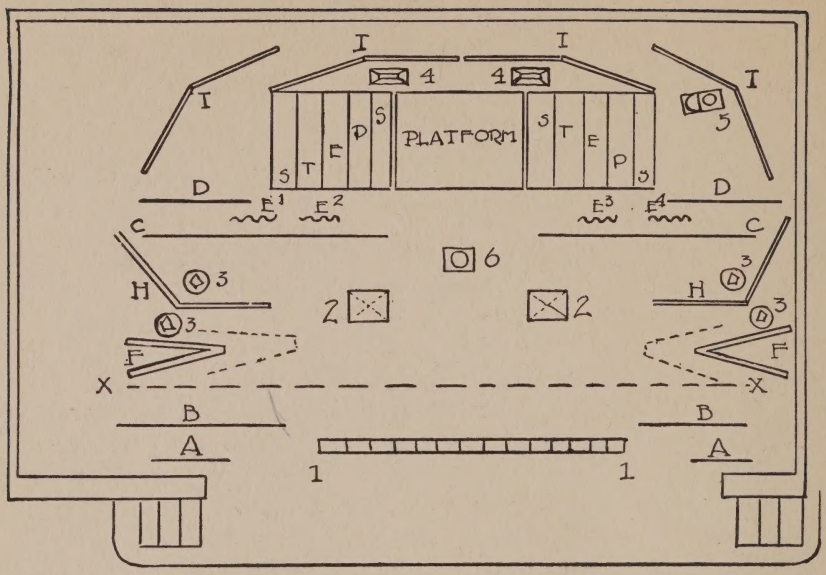
Costumes

Greek Maidens: long, straight, loose gowns of soft silk or voile. They are caught up by silver ribbon just below the waist, so that the material folds over gracefully; the ribbon passes again around the waist and crosses over the breasts. The side seams are open from the knee down. The gowns should be of various colors—dark green, light green, dark red, yellow, bright blue, violet, lavender.

Buddhist Priest: if possible, a Japanese robe should be secured; but if this is not available, use a long black gown of silk or sateen with a long sash of orange. The make-up must be distinctly oriental; an effective queue can be made by using a black silk stocking, tying it near the top to form a scull cap, and then plaiting the rest.

Indian: loin cloth and head band with feather. The body should be bronzed with grease paint.

Pharisee and Publican: costumes similar to those described in Service Number Four.



CHART

SERVICE NUMBER TWELVE

A-A	Front Curtain
B-B	Oleo Curtain
C-C	Black Curtain—closed during Buddhist Prayer and Negro Spiritual
D-D	White Curtain—closed during Pharisee and Publican
E-E-E-E	Monk's Cloth Curtain used as columns for Pharisee and Publican and Greek Processional—masked by black curtain during other scenes
F-F	Black Flipper Wings—moved to position indicated during Negro Spiritual
I-I-I-I	White Flipper Wings
H-H	Monk's Cloth Flipper Wings
1-1	Front Border—blue for Greek Processional—amber for Pharisee and Publican
2-2	Amber Second Border—for Pharisee and Publican
3-3-3-3	Rose, blue, green and amber strip-lights for Greek Processional and Pharisee and Publican
4-4	Two Flood-lights laid on floor—blue gelatins for Greek Processional—amber and red gelatins for Indian Ceremonial
5	High Spot-light for Jesus in Gethsemane
6	Overhead Baby Spot-light for Prayer to Buddha

Note: For the last scene, Jesus in Gethsemane, one set of steps is placed on top of the platform and is covered with the rock-painted cloth. The Flipper Wings I-I-I-I are reversed showing their black sides.

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